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MURRAY'S
ENGLISH READER;

OR,

PIECES IN PROSE AND POETRY,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST WRITERS.

DESIGNED

TO ASSIST YOUNG PERSONS TO READ WITH PROPRIETY AND EFFECT;
TO IMPROVE THEIR LANGUAGE AND SENTIMENTS;

AND

TO INCULCATE SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES
OF PIETY AND VIRTUE.

PRECEDED BY

**AN INTRODUCTION TO WALKER'S SYSTEM OF
THE INFLECTIONS.**

ILLUSTRATED BY SUITABLE EXAMPLES.

~~~~~  
Revised, and interspersed with many new Pieces,

**BY THE REV. JOHN DAVIS, A. M.**

*Corresponding Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris; Editor  
of the Improved Editions of Murray's Grammars, Goldsmith's  
England, Walker's Dictionary, &c. &c.*

**Stereotype Edition.**

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

J. & A. M'MILLAN, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.



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## PREFACE.

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**MANY** selections of excellent matter have been made for the benefit of young persons. Performances of this kind are of so great utility, that fresh productions of them, and new attempts to improve the young mind, will scarcely be deemed superfluous, if the writer make his compilation instructive and interesting, and sufficiently distinct from others.

The present work, as the title expresses, aims at the attainment of three objects: to improve youth in the art of reading; to meliorate their language and sentiments; and to inculcate some of the most important principles of piety and virtue.

The pieces selected, not only give exercise to a great variety of emotions, and the correspondent tones and variations of voice, but contain sentences, and members of sentences, which are diversified, proportioned, and pointed with accuracy. Exercises of this nature are, it is presumed, well calculated to teach youth to read with propriety and effect. A selection of sentences, in which variety and proportion, with exact punctuation, have been carefully observed, in all their parts, as well as with respect to one another, will probably have a much greater effect in properly teaching the art of reading, than is commonly imagined. In such constructions, every thing is accommodated to the understanding and the voice; and the common difficulties in learning to read well, are obviated. When the learner has acquired a habit of reading such sentences with justness and facility, he will readily apply that habit, and the improvements he has made, to sentences more complicated and irregular, and of a construction entirely different.

The language of the pieces chosen for this collection, has been carefully regarded. Purity, propriety, perspicuity, and, in many instances, elegance of diction, distinguish them. They are extracted from the works of the most correct and elegant writers. From the sources whence the sentiments are drawn, the reader may expect to find them connected and regular, sufficiently important and impressive, and divested of everything that is either trite or eccentric. The frequent perusal of such composition naturally tends to infuse a taste for this species of excellence; and to produce a habit of thinking, and of composing, with judgment and accuracy.

That this collection may also serve the purpose of promoting piety and virtue, the Compiler has introduced many extracts, which place religion in the most amiable light, and which recommend a great variety of moral duties, by the excellence of their nature, and the happy effects they produce. These subjects are exhibited in a style and manner, which are calculated to arrest the attention of youth, and to make strong and durable impressions on their minds.

The Compiler has been careful to avoid every expression and sentiment that might gratify a corrupt mind, or, in the least degree, offend the eye or ear of innocence. This he conceives to be peculiarly incumbent on every person who writes for the benefit of youth. It would, indeed, be a great and happy improvement in education, if no writings were allowed to come under

their notice, but such as are perfectly innocent; and if, on all proper occasions, they were encouraged to peruse those which tend to inspire a due reverence for virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, as well as to animate them with sentiments of piety and goodness. Such impressions deeply engraven on their minds, and connected with all their attainments, could scarcely fail of attending them through life; and of producing a solidity of principle and character, that would be able to resist the danger arising from future intercourse with the world.

The reader will perceive, that the Compiler has been solicitous to recommend to young persons, the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, by interspersing through his work, some of the most beautiful and interesting passages of those invaluable writings. To excite an early taste and veneration for this great rule of life, is a point of so high importance, as to warrant the attempt to promote it on every proper occasion.

To improve the young mind, and to afford some assistance to tutors, in the arduous and important work of education, were the motives which led to this production. If the Author should be so successful as to accomplish these ends, even in a small degree, he will think that his time and pains have been well employed, and will deem himself amply rewarded.

#### ADVERTISEMENT TO THE IMPROVED EDITION.

THE *English Reader*, as it proceeded from the hands of LINDLEY MURRAY, is well calculated to further the important objects which that eminently useful writer had in view in its compilation. The pervading style of the work is, in the highest degree, pure and perspicuous; and the sentiments contained in it are never unfavourable to the acquisition of the best moral and religious principles. An objection, however, has been made by some intelligent persons, that its character is rather sombre and monotonous, both as respects the ideas, and the language in which they are clothed. This objection the present Editor of the *Reader* has endeavoured to obviate, by leaving out some of Murray's pieces, and introducing others of a more varied kind, selected from the writings of several of the most distinguished authors of the present day. But, while these passages are thought to be somewhat more lively, and much more eloquent, than those which have been omitted, it is presumed that they will be found in unison with the spirit and the plan of the original Compiler.

By stereotyping the work, and putting the lines a little closer, the Editor has been enabled to insert nearly one hundred pieces more than were contained in any of the York editions.

In order to keep pace with the present advanced state of the art of reading, it has also been deemed proper to omit Murray's Introductory Observations, and insert in their place a synopsis of WALKER'S admirable system of the Inflections of the voice. The subject, however, is so fully treated, that no observation or rule has been withheld that might be useful in the attainment of a branch of learning now justly considered so necessary both to good reading and correct recitation. Still farther to illustrate the system, each chapter is commenced with a piece marked with the principal inflections.

\* The pieces marked \* have been introduced by the present Editor.  
BELFAST, April, 1832.

#### Table of the Circumflexes RULES FOR

RULE I.—Com  
II.—Neg  
III.—Dire  
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IX.—Com  
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Note

IX.—Sub

# CONTENTS.

## INTRODUCTION.

|                                                                               | Page |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.....                                                 | 7    |
| Table of the Inflections.....                                                 | 8    |
| Circumflexes and Monotone.....                                                | 9    |
| RULES FOR INFLECTING SENTENCES, OR PARTS OF SENTENCES.                        |      |
| RULE I.—Complete and Independent Sense.....                                   | 9    |
| II.—Negative Sentences, or Members of Sentences.....                          | 10   |
| III.—Direct Period.....                                                       | ib.  |
| Exception to the First and Third Rule.....                                    | ib.  |
| INTERROGATION.                                                                |      |
| IV.—Questions asked by Verbs.....                                             | 11   |
| Exception.—Long Interrogative Sentence.....                                   | ib.  |
| V.—Questions commencing with Pronouns or Adverbs.....                         | ib.  |
| VI.—Interrogative Sentences, connected by the Conjunction or.....             | ib.  |
| VII.—Questions followed by Answers.....                                       | 12   |
| PARENTHESIS.                                                                  |      |
| VIII.—The manner of Pronouncing the Parenthesis.....                          | 12   |
| Note 1.—Short Intervening Members.....                                        | 13   |
| Note 2.—Longer Intervening Members.....                                       | ib.  |
| Exception.—Parenthesis ending with an Emphatical Word.....                    | ib.  |
| SERIES.                                                                       |      |
| Explanation of the Series.....                                                | 13   |
| Table of the Inflections of the Simple Series.....                            | 14   |
| Examples of the Simple Series.....                                            | ib.  |
| IX.—Commencing Compound Series.....                                           | ib.  |
| X.—Concluding Compound Series.....                                            | 15   |
| Note.—Series of Series.....                                                   | ib.  |
| HARMONIC INFLECTION.                                                          |      |
| XI.—This Inflection falls on Words forming the most agreeable Cadence.....    | 16   |
| Observations and Examples.....                                                | ib.  |
| EXCLAMATION.                                                                  |      |
| XII.—Word repeated in form of an Exclamation.....                             | 17   |
| ACCENT.                                                                       |      |
| XIII.—Words the same in part of their Elements.....                           | 17   |
| EMPHASIS.....                                                                 | 18   |
| Single Emphasis.....                                                          | 19   |
| Double Emphasis.....                                                          | ib.  |
| Treble Emphasis.....                                                          | ib.  |
| General Emphasis.....                                                         | ib.  |
| RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.....                                                   | 20   |
| DIRECTIONS FOR READING VERSE.                                                 |      |
| RULE I.—How to begin a Poem.....                                              | 21   |
| II.—Verse the same as Prose, in respect to Accent and Emphasis.....           | ib.  |
| III.—The Vowel, when cut off, preserved in Pronunciation.....                 | ib.  |
| IV.—The Cæsura and Demi-cæsura.....                                           | 22   |
| V.—A Pause at the end of Lines.....                                           | ib.  |
| VI.—How to form a Cadence.....                                                | 23   |
| VII.—The Simile.....                                                          | ib.  |
| VIII.—The Inflection, when no Pause in the Sense at the end of the Verse..... | ib.  |
| Note.—Rising Inflection in Verse as in Prose.....                             | ib.  |
| IX.—Sublime Descriptions in Poetry.....                                       | 24   |



## CONTENTS.

**PART I.**  
**PIECES IN PROSE.**

**CHAP. I.—Select Sentences and Paragraphs.**

Page

25

**CHAP. II.—Narrative Pieces.****Sect.**

|                                                          |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 1. No Rank or Possessions can make the Guilty Mind Happy | 35 |
| 2. Haman; or, the Misery of Pride                        | 36 |
| 3. Lady Jane Grey                                        | 37 |
| 4. Ortogrul; or, the Vanity of Riches                    | 40 |
| 5. The Hill of Science                                   | 42 |
| 6. The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life         | 45 |
| 7. La Roche                                              | 49 |

**CHAP. III.—Didactic Pieces.**

|                                                                                         |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. The Folly of Mispending Time                                                         | 51  |
| 2. The Importance of a Good Education                                                   | 52  |
| 3. On Forgiveness                                                                       | 54  |
| 4. Comforts of Religion                                                                 | 55  |
| 5. On the Importance of Order in the Distribution of our Time                           | 56  |
| 6. Moderation in our Wishes recommended                                                 | 58  |
| 7. The Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, the Source of Consolation to Good Men | 59  |
| 8. On retirement and Meditation                                                         | 63  |
| 9. The Elements subservient to the Wants of Man                                         | ib. |
| 10. The Improvement of the Mind, the principal Source of Happiness                      | 65  |
| 11. The Misery of Infidelity                                                            | 66  |
| 12. Christ, the Desire of all Nations                                                   | 68  |
| 13. To a Young Man on the Choice of Friends                                             | 69  |
| 14. The Insignificance of the World                                                     | 70  |
| 15. Equal Distribution of Enjoyment                                                     | 73  |
| 16. Uncertainty of Human Expectations                                                   | 74  |
| 17. On Character                                                                        | 75  |
| 18. Christ, the Image and Glory of God                                                  | 76  |
| 19. On Gentleness and Modesty                                                           | 77  |
| 20. The Philanthropy of the Gospel                                                      | 79  |

**CHAP. IV.—Argumentative Pieces.**

|                                                           |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 1. Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct           | 80 |
| 2. Virtue and Piety, Man's Highest Interest               | 81 |
| 3. The Misfortunes of Men mostly chargeable on themselves | 82 |
| 4. On the Immorality of the Soul                          | 85 |
| 5. The same Subject                                       | 87 |

**CHAP. V.—Descriptive Pieces.**

|                                              |     |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. On the Dissolution of Nature              | 88  |
| 2. The Seasons                               | 89  |
| 3. The Cataract of Niagara, in Canada        | 90  |
| 4. The Grotto of Antiparos                   | 91  |
| 5. Earthquake at Catania                     | 93  |
| 6. Creation                                  | 94  |
| 7. Charity                                   | 95  |
| 8. On the Beauties of the Psalms             | 96  |
| 9. Character of Alfred, King of England      | 97  |
| 10. Character of Queen Elizabeth             | 98  |
| 11. On England                               | 100 |
| 12. The Christian Mother                     | 101 |
| 13. On the Dissolution of all Visible Things | 102 |

**Sect.**

|                                   |
|-----------------------------------|
| 14. The Puritan                   |
| 15. The Intellect                 |
| 16. On Day and Night              |
| 17. Rural Life                    |
| 18. On Poetry                     |
| 19. On Westminster                |
| 20. On the Advantages of Learning |
| 21. The Divine                    |
| 22. On the Gre                    |

|                           |
|---------------------------|
| 1. The Good Man           |
| 2. An Eminence            |
| 3. The Close of Life      |
| 4. The Clemency of Joseph |
| 5. The Elderly            |
| 6. War, a Fraud           |
| 7. Comal and              |
| 8. The widow              |
| 9. The same,              |
| 10. The Head-s            |
| 11. The Village           |

|                 |
|-----------------|
| 1. Christianity |
| Bayle           |
| 2. The Vices    |
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| 3. The Glory of |
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| 4. On the Dea   |
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| 6. Beauty and   |
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| 1. The Apost    |
| Agrippa         |
| 2. Cicero aga   |
| 3. Lord Mans    |
| the Bill        |
| ing the         |
| 4. An Address   |
| 5. Speech of    |
| against         |
| 6. Grattan on   |
| 7. Curran for   |
| 8. Pitt on the  |
| 9. On the san   |
| 10. Rolla to th |
| 11. Funeral E   |

|                |
|----------------|
| 1. Excellence  |
| 2. Earthquak   |
| 3. Letter from |
| able You       |



# CONTENTS.

3

|  | Sect.                                                                                                                                                  | Page |
|--|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|  | 14. The Puritans.....                                                                                                                                  | 102  |
|  | 15. The Intellectual Character of Milton.....                                                                                                          | 105  |
|  | 16. On Day and Night, and the Seasons.....                                                                                                             | 106  |
|  | 17. Rural Life in England.....                                                                                                                         | 107  |
|  | 18. On Poetry.....                                                                                                                                     | 110  |
|  | 19. On Westminster Abbey.....                                                                                                                          | 112  |
|  | 20. On the Advantages of the Telescope and Microscope.....                                                                                             | 114  |
|  | 21. The Divine Character.....                                                                                                                          | 115  |
|  | 22. On the Greatness of Bonaparte.....                                                                                                                 | 116  |
|  | CHAP. VI.— <i>Pathetic Pieces.</i>                                                                                                                     |      |
|  | 1. The Good Man's Comfort in Affliction.....                                                                                                           | 119  |
|  | 2. An Eminent Instance of True Fortitude.....                                                                                                          | ib.  |
|  | 3. The Close of Life.....                                                                                                                              | 121  |
|  | 4. The Clemency and Amiable Character of the Patriarch Joseph.....                                                                                     | 122  |
|  | 5. The Elder's Deathbed.....                                                                                                                           | 125  |
|  | 6. War, a Fragment.....                                                                                                                                | 128  |
|  | 7. Comal and Galvina.....                                                                                                                              | 129  |
|  | 8. The widow and her Son.....                                                                                                                          | 130  |
|  | 9. The same, continued.....                                                                                                                            | 133  |
|  | 10. The Head-stone.....                                                                                                                                | 136  |
|  | 11. The Village Teacher.....                                                                                                                           | 140  |
|  | CHAP. VII.— <i>Dialogues.</i>                                                                                                                          |      |
|  | 1. Christianity defended against Scepticism.—Locke and Bayle.....                                                                                      | 142  |
|  | 2. The Vices and Follies of Men should excite Compassion rather than ridicule.—Democritus and Heraclitus.....                                          | 147  |
|  | 3. The Glory of a Wise and Peaceful King is more solid than that of an Unjust Conqueror.—Romulus and Numa Pompilius.....                               | 149  |
|  | 4. On the Death of Morar.—Reyno and Alpin.....                                                                                                         | 152  |
|  | 5. Moderate Wishes the Source of Happiness.—Menalcus and Eschinus.....                                                                                 | 153  |
|  | 6. Beauty and Utility combined in the Productions of Nature.—Theron and Aspasio.....                                                                   | 154  |
|  | CHAP. VIII.— <i>Public Speeches.</i>                                                                                                                   |      |
|  | 1. The Apostle Paul's noble Defence before Festus and Agrippa.....                                                                                     | 157  |
|  | 2. Cicero against Verres.....                                                                                                                          | 159  |
|  | 3. Lord Mansfield's Speech in the House of Peers, 1770, on the Bill for Preventing the Delays of Justice, by claiming the Privilege of Parliament..... | 162  |
|  | 4. An Address to Young Persons.....                                                                                                                    | 166  |
|  | 5. Speech of Lord Chatham against the American War, and against employing the Indians in it.....                                                       | 169  |
|  | 6. Grattan on the Declaration of Rights.....                                                                                                           | 172  |
|  | 7. Curran for Hamilton Rowan.....                                                                                                                      | 174  |
|  | 8. Pitt on the African Slave Trade.....                                                                                                                | 176  |
|  | 9. On the same Subject.....                                                                                                                            | 178  |
|  | 10. Rolla to the Peruvians.....                                                                                                                        | 180  |
|  | 11. Funeral Eulogium on Dr. Franklin.....                                                                                                              | 181  |
|  | CHAP. IX.— <i>Promiscuous Pieces.</i>                                                                                                                  |      |
|  | 1. Excellence of the Holy Scriptures.....                                                                                                              | 182  |
|  | 2. Earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1638.....                                                                                                       | 183  |
|  | 3. Letter from Pliny to Marcellinus, on the Death of an Amiable Young Woman.....                                                                       | 186  |

| Sect.                                                                     | Page |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| 4. On the Government of our Thoughts                                      | 187  |
| 5. Reflections on Christ's Sermon on the Mount                            | 189  |
| 6. Schemes of Life often Illusory                                         | 190  |
| 7. The Influence of Devotion on the Happiness of Life                     | 192  |
| 8. Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not subject to the influence of Fortune | 194  |
| 9. What are the real and solid Enjoyments of Human Life                   | 195  |
| 10. The Speech of Fabricus to King Pyrrhus                                | 197  |
| 11. The Pleasures resulting from a Proper Use of our Faculties            | 198  |
| 12. Character of James I. King of England                                 | ib.  |
| 13. On Charles V.'s resigning his Dominions                               | 199  |
| 14. Feelings excited by a long Voyage                                     | 202  |
| 15. Address to the Sea                                                    | 204  |
| 16. A Morning in the Highlands                                            | 205  |
| 17. Maternal Affection                                                    | 207  |
| 18. The Virtues of Irreligious Men, an Aggravation of their Guilt         | 208  |
| 19. On Happiness                                                          | 209  |
| 20. On Autumn                                                             | 210  |
| 21. On the Beauty and Force of the English Language                       | 211  |
| 22. Arguments in favour of the Planets being inhabited                    | 213  |
| 23. St. Paul at Athens                                                    | 215  |
| 24. The folly of Ambition                                                 | 216  |
| 25. The Resurrection of Christ                                            | 219  |
| 26. Omnipresence of the Deity                                             | 220  |
| 27. On Genius and Fame                                                    | 222  |
| 28. War                                                                   | 223  |
| 29. On Humility                                                           | 224  |
| 30. Remarks on Homer, the Bible, Dante, and Ossian                        | 227  |
| 31. The Last Day                                                          | 231  |

## PART II.

## PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAP. I.—*Short and Easy Pieces.*

| Sect.                         | Page |
|-------------------------------|------|
| 1. To the Butterfly           | 235  |
| 2. On the Sensitive Plant     | ib.  |
| 3. The Setting Sun            | 236  |
| 4. Saturday Night             | ib.  |
| 5. The Day of Life            | 237  |
| 6. On Truth                   | ib.  |
| 7. A Receipt for Happiness    | 238  |
| 8. The Daisy                  | ib.  |
| 9. Morning Hymn for Children  | 239  |
| 10. Evening Hymn for Children | ib.  |
| 11. The Condescension of God  | 240  |

CHAP. II.—*Narrative Pieces.*

|                                                    |     |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. The Bees and the Bees                           | 241 |
| 2. The Nightingale and the Glow-worm               | ib. |
| 3. The Youth and the Philosopher                   | 242 |
| 4. The Bee, the Lily of the Valley, and the Tulip  | 244 |
| 5. The Stranger and his Friend                     | 246 |
| 6. Discourse between Adam and Eve retiring to rest | 247 |

## Sect.

|                      |
|----------------------|
| 1. The Glories       |
| 2. The Creation      |
| 3. Hymn              |
| 4. God Visible       |
| 5. Sunday Morning    |
| 6. Sunday Evening    |
| 7. The Power of      |
| 8. An Address to     |
| 9. The Dwelling      |
| 10. Devotion         |
| 11. A Morning Hymn   |
| 12. An Evening       |
| 13. The Nativity     |
| 14. On Prayer        |
| 15. Grave of a Child |
| 16. Lines written    |
| 17. The Goodness     |
| 18. On Life          |
| 19. The Influence    |

|                       |
|-----------------------|
| 1 Indignant Sentiment |
| and on Slavery        |
| 2 On True Dignity     |
| 3 Cruelty to Brutes   |
| 4 A Paraphrase on     |
| Matthew               |
| 5 Reflections on      |
| 6 On Pride            |
| 7 On Procrastination  |
| 8 On Taste            |
| 9 Whatsoever you do   |
| even so to God        |
| 10. Nothing forms     |

|                        |
|------------------------|
| 1 The Morning          |
| 2 Rural Sounds         |
| 3 Liberty and Slavery  |
| 4 True Happiness       |
| 5 Picture of a Country |
| 6 The Sabbath          |
| 7 The Pleasures of     |
| Imagination            |
| 8 The Rainbow          |
| 9 The Field of Vision  |
| 10 Night               |
| 11 On Rome             |
| 12 On the Plain        |
| 13 The Covenant        |

|                     |
|---------------------|
| 1 Elegy on Pity     |
| 2 Stanzas written   |
| 3 The Burial of     |
| 4 A Mother's Lament |
| 5 On the Downfall   |
| 6 The Hermit        |



| Sect.                       | Page |
|-----------------------------|------|
| 7 Who is my Neighbour?      | 304  |
| 8 Eliza                     | 305  |
| 9 Ode to Pity               | 306  |
| 10 Presentiment of Death    | 307  |
| 11 Marcella                 | 308  |
| 12 The Mother to her Infant | 309  |
| 13 The Deserted Wife        | 310  |
| 14 A Ship Sinking           | 311  |
| 15 Hymn to Humanity         | 312  |

#### CHAP. VII.—*Promiscuous Pieces.*

|                                                     |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1 The Order of Nature                               | 315 |
| 2 The Pursuit of Happiness often ill directed       | 316 |
| 3 Reflections on a Skull                            | 318 |
| 4 The Fireside                                      | 319 |
| 5 The Road to Happiness open to all men             | 321 |
| 6 Providence vindicated in the present State of Man | 322 |
| 7 The Anticipations of Hope                         | 323 |
| 8 Human Frailty                                     | 324 |
| 9 The Harvest Moon                                  | 325 |
| 10 Song of the Stars                                | 326 |
| 11 The Ocean                                        | 327 |
| 12 Lines written in a Highland Glen                 | 328 |
| 13 Modern Greece                                    | 329 |
| 14 The Well of St. Keyne                            | 330 |
| 15 Conscience                                       | 331 |
| 16 Description of Spring                            | 332 |
| 17 Heavenly Minstrel                                | 333 |
| 18 Kirkstall Abbey revisited                        | 334 |
| 19 Summer Sabbath Walk                              | 335 |
| 20 Youth                                            | 337 |
| 21 Westminster Abbey                                | 338 |
| 22 A Morning Scene                                  | 340 |
| 23 Thunder Storm among the Alps                     | 341 |
| 24 The Daisy in India                               | 343 |
| 25 Home                                             | 344 |
| 26 Ode to Adversity                                 | 345 |
| 27 The Butterfly                                    | 346 |
| 28 Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College        | 347 |
| 29 Mont Blanc                                       | 350 |
| 30 To the Evening Primrose                          | 351 |
| 31 The Evening Hour                                 | 352 |
| 32 Ode to Content                                   | 353 |
| 33 Ode to Peace                                     | 354 |
| 34 A Field Flower                                   | 355 |
| 35 Spring                                           | 356 |
| 36 On Genius                                        | 357 |
| 37 Memory                                           | 358 |
| 38 The Hour of Death                                | 359 |
| 39 On Parting                                       | 360 |
| 40 Seasons of Prayer                                | 361 |
| 41 Meditation on the Woods                          | 363 |
| 42 The Pilgrims to Emmaus                           | 365 |
| 43 The Beacon                                       | 366 |
| 44 Hymn on a Review of the Seasons                  | 367 |

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# INTRODUCTION.

## INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

THE difference between speaking and musical sounds, is, that *musical sounds* remains for some specified time on one particular note, and *leap* from one part of the scale to the other; while *speaking sounds*, instead of dwelling any particular time on the note with which they commence, are perpetually sliding either upwards or downwards, to the neighbouring notes, without any perceptible rest on any. So that speaking and musical sounds are essentially distinct: the former being constantly in motion from the moment they commence; the latter being at rest for some given time in one precise note.

By reflecting on the manner in which words are pronounced, we discover that they are pronounced either sliding upwards or downwards, or in a Monotone. Having maturely considered this, we conclude, that the primary division of speaking sounds is into the upward or downward slides of the voice; or, into a combination of the two, called the Circumflex.

There are, therefore, two inflections of the voice—the upward, or Rising Inflection; and the downward, or Falling Inflection. The former is represented by the acute accent, and is mostly used at a comma, to imply the continuation of the sense: or in asking a question beginning with a verb; thus, “Do you leave town’ to-day?” The latter is represented by the grave accent, and is generally used at a semicolon or colon, to imply a conclusion of sense: we might also use it in answer to the former question; as, “Yes’, I do’.”

TABLE OF THE INFLECTIONS.

1. Did he do it voluntarily', or involuntarily'?
  2. Did he speak determinately', or indeterminately'?
  3. Did he say it knowingly', or unknowingly'?
  4. Did he say conscience', or conscience'?
  5. Did he act justly', or unjustly'?
  6. Did he say justice', or injustice'?
  7. Does she walk gracefully', or ungracefully'?
  8. Did he say mind', or mind'?
  9. Did they say ugly', or ugly'?
  10. Should we say earnest', or earnest'?
  11. Did they say all', or all'?
  12. Should we say London', or London'?
  13. Did they say tolerable', or tolerable'?
  14. Should we say beautiful', or beautiful'?
  15. Should we say earth', or earth'?
  16. We should not say candle', but candle'.
  17. We should not say book', but book'.
  18. We should not say pen', but pen'.
  19. We should not say sky', but sky'.
  20. We should not say snuffers', but snuffers'.
  21. We should not say guile', but guile'.
  22. We should not say town', but town'.
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1. He did it voluntarily', not involuntarily'.
  2. He spoke determinately', not indeterminately'.
  3. He said it knowingly', not unknowingly'.
  4. He said conscience', not conscience'.
  5. He acted justly', not unjustly'.
  6. He said justice', not injustice'.
  7. She walks gracefully', not ungracefully'.
  8. He said mind', not mind'.
  9. They said ugly', not ugly'.
  10. We should say earnest', not earnest'.
  11. They said all', not all'.
  12. We should say London', not London'.
  13. They said tolerable', not tolerable'.
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  22. We should say town', not town'.

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## CIRCUMFLEXES.

*Falling and Rising.*

The Rising Circumflex begins with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising, upon the same syllable; and seems, as it were, to bend the voice upwards.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with Clodius. All our other calamities were tolerable; but no one can patiently bear the death of Clodius.

*Rising and Falling.*

The Falling Circumflex begins with the rising inflection, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable; and seems to bend the voice downwards.

*Queen.* Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

*Hamlet.* Madam, you have my father much offended.

## MONOTONE.

When the tone of the voice is not inflected, it is called the *Monotone*.

*High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat.*

## RULES FOR INFLECTING SENTENCES, OR PARTS OF SENTENCES.

**RULE I.**—The Falling Inflection takes place where the sense is complete and independent, whether it be at the end of a sentence, or a part of a sentence.

Age, in a virtuous person, carries with it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth.

It is this which recommends variety; where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long on any particular object.

Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation; and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

**RULE II.**—Negative sentences, or members of sentences, adopt the rising inflection.

It is not enough that you continue steadfast and immoveable; you must also abound in the work of the Lord, if you expect your labours to be crowned with success.

Virtue is of intrinsic value, and good desert; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependant on power, but the guide of all power.

**RULE III.**—Every direct period requires a long pause, with the rising inflection, at the end of the first principal member.

As, while hope remains, there can be no full and positive misery; so, while fear is yet alive, happiness is incomplete.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces.

Virtue were a kind of misery, if fame were all the garland that crowned her.

No man can rise above the infirmities of nature, unless assisted by God.

As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so, men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments.

### *Exception to the First and Third Rule.*

When the commencing member of an antithesis contains a concession requiring a strong emphasis, and an appeal is made to the feelings in the second member, the latter has the rising, and the former the falling inflection.

If we have no regard for religion in youth, we ought to have some regard for it in age.

If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others.

When a Persian soldier was reviling Alexander the Great, his officer reprimanded him by saying: "Sir, you were paid to fight Alexander, and not to rail at him."

The duty of a soldier consists in obeying, not directing his general.

If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them.

If these sentences had been so constructed, as to make the latter member a mere inference from, or consequence

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the former, the inflections would have remained according to the first and third Rule.

If we have no regard for religion in youth, we have seldom any regard for it in age.

If we have no regard for our own character, it is scarcely to be expected that we should have any for the character of others.

## INTERROGATION.

**RULE IV.**—Questions commencing with, or asked by adverbs, take the rising inflection.

Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with his snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one?

Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die anywhere but in his country? Will you retain the memorials of his valiant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every man on earth would be proud to receive within its walls?

**Exception.**—When an interrogative sentence, begun with a verb, is very long, or concludes a paragraph, it may end with the falling inflection.

The Brigantes, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps; and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: and shall not we, untaught, unsubdued, and struggling, not for the acquisition, but for the continuance of liberty, declare, at the very onset, what aid of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

**RULE V.**—Questions commencing with pronouns or adjectives, take the falling inflection.

Who continually keeps this globe on which we dwell in its orbit? Who giveth day and night, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest? Who produces every plant, and brings forth successively every animal? Who supplies the returning wants of every living creature?

Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,  
And men that they are brethren? Why delight  
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties  
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together  
In one soft bond of amity and love?

**RULE VI.**—When interrogative sentences, or members of sentences, connected by the disjunctive conjunction *or*, succeed each other, the first ends with the rising, and the last with the falling inflection.

Shall we in your person crown' the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy' him?

Is the goodness' or wisdom' of the Divine Being, more manifest in this his proceeding'?

But should these credulous infidels, after all, be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it what harm' could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable?—the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents or children's husbands or wives'; masters or servants'; friends or neighbours? Or would it not make men more virtuous, and consequently, more happy in every' situation?

**RULE VII.**—When questions are followed by answers, the question should be delivered in a higher tone of voice, and, after a suitable pause, the answer returned in a firm but lower tone.

Are you poor'? Show yourself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Are you wealthy'? Show yourself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect'? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite'? Let them not minister to pride but adorn them with humility.

## PARENTHESIS.

**RULE VIII.**—A Parenthesis must be delivered or pronounced in a lower tone of voice, and with a more rapid delivery than the rest of the sentence, and conclude with the same pause and inflection which terminate the member that immediately precedes it.

The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes' (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing') do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking.

Young master was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman. Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim' (extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan' (for that was the coachman's name'), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time to this? Are we not here now'? continued the corporal', (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability'); and are we not' (dropping his hat on the ground and going in a moment)?

**Note 1.**—Short intervening members, such as, *said I, say he, replied I, &c.* not only follow the inflection, but the tone of the member that precedes them. Thus, when the

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preceding member breaks off with the rising inflection, these members are not pronounced, like other parentheses, in a lower, but in a higher and feebler tone than the rest.

Thus, then', said he', since you are urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how', said I', do we possess it? Is it sensual or intellectual? There you are entering', said he', upon the detail.

**Note 2.**—But when the intervening member goes farther than these simple phrases, they must always be pronounced in a lower tone of voice, and terminate with the rising inflection.

I had letters' from him (here I felt in my pockets') that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well.

**Exception.**—Whatever be the inflection that precedes, the parenthesis must end with the falling inflection when it terminates with an emphatical word; and when the parenthesis is long, it may be pronounced in a monotone.

But if ye were ever present, if ye were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best; if you Æschines, in particular, were thus persuaded' (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honours, which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible course'); if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

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## SERIES.

By the word Series is to be understood, an enumeration of particulars, whether independent, or having a common reference.

When the members of a series consist of single words, the series is called *simple*.

Humanity', justice', generosity', and public spirit', are the qualities most useful to others.

When the members of a series consist of several words, it is called *compound*.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face': she has touched it with vermilion'; planted in it a double row of ivory'; made it the seat of smiles and blushes'; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes'; hung it on each side with

curious organs of sense; given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of harmony as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a *commencing series*: when it ends a sentence, whether it may begin or not, it is called a *concluding series*.

### Table of the Inflections of the Simple Series.

| COMMENCING.     |                                      | CONCLUDING.     |                                      |
|-----------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------------|
| No. of Members. |                                      | No. of Members. |                                      |
| 2               | ..... 1' 2'                          | 2               | ..... 1' 2'                          |
| 3               | ..... 1' 2' 3'                       | 3               | ..... 1' 2' 3'                       |
| 4               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4'                    | 4               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4'                    |
| 5               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'                 | 5               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'                 |
| 6               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'              | 6               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'              |
| 7               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'           | 7               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'           |
| 8               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'        | 8               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'        |
| 9               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'     | 9               | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'     |
| 10              | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10' | 10              | ..... 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10' |

### Examples of the Simple Commencing Series.

**THREE MEMBERS.**—The young', the healthy', and the prosperous', should not presume on their advantages.

**FIVE MEMBERS.**—The presence', knowledge', power', wisdom', and goodness' of God must all be unbounded.

#### TEN MEMBERS.

Next then, you authors, be not you severe;

Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!

One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten',

All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

### Examples of the Simple Concluding Series.

**FOUR MEMBERS.**—Fear not, ye righteous, amidst the distresses of life. You have an Almighty Friend continually at hand to pity', to support', to defend', and to relieve' you.

#### SEVEN MEMBERS.

They passed over many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;

Rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death

**RULE IX.**—In the commencing compound series, the falling inflection takes place in every member but the last.

A contemplation of God's works', a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment', a generous concern for the good of mankind', tears shed in silence for the misery of others', a private desire of resentment broken and subdued', an unfeigned exercise of humility', or any other virtue', are such actions as denominate men great and reputable.

**RULE X.**—Every member takes

True gentleness rejoices with thee to please every tender-hearted, and to be patient

**Note.**—When a series of distinct portions follow in such a manner as to be according to the together, according to the sentence; that series.

The soul consists the will', with speak more philosophy different ways see' and hear'; other like exercise

The first portion stand, will, improve may be considered but one portion as a commencement viency to it; the rising, and portion must be the first word inflection, with on the word portion, being first word have inflection.

On the other contracted in the revenge', an avenging, are natural

As this is a member but one of the falling inflection has a series Table of the

**RULE X.**—In the concluding compound series, every member takes the falling inflection, except the *last but one*.

True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burdens'; to rejoice with those who rejoice'; to weep with those who weep'; to please every one his neighbour for his good'; to be kind and tender-hearted'; to be pitiful and courteous'; to support the weak'; and to be patient towards all men'.

**Note.**—When several members of a sentence, consisting of distinct portions of similar or opposite words in a series, follow in succession, they must be pronounced singly, according to the number of members in each portion; and together, according to the number of portions in the whole sentence; that the whole may form one related compound series.

The soul consists of many faculties; as the understanding' and the will', with all the senses both inward and outward'; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand', will', imagine'; see' and hear'; love' and discourse'; and apply herself to many other like exercises, of different kinds and natures'.

The first portion of this series of series', *she can understand, will, imagine*, as it contains one complete portion, may be considered as a concluding series; and as it forms but one portion of a greater series, it may be considered as a commencing one, and must be pronounced in subserviency to it; that is, the first and second word must have the rising, and the last the falling inflection. The next portion must be pronounced in a similar manner; that is, the first word with the rising, and the last with the falling inflection, with the voice a little higher and more forcible on the word *hear* than on the word *imagine*. The next portion, being the last but one, alters its inflections; the first word having the falling, and the last the rising inflection.

On the other hand, those evil spirits who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust' and sensuality', malice' and revenge', an aversion to everything that is good', just', and laudable', are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery.

As this is a commencing series of series', the last member but one of the second series may be pronounced with the falling inflection at *revenge*; and, as the last member has a series of three single words, they come under the Table of the Inflections of the Simple Commencing Series.



## HARMONIC INFLECTION.

Though the rule for Harmonic Inflection is extremely *indefinite*, yet we subjoin it, and give a few examples to assist the reader in acquiring some knowledge of this inflection.

**RULE XI.**—When a series of similar sentences, or members of sentences, form a branch of a subject or paragraph; the last sentence or member must fall gradually into a lower tone, and adopt the harmonic inflection on such words as form the most agreeable cadence.

We may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we have once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees' exchange' that' pleasure', which it takes in the performance of its duty', for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

By using the falling inflection on the word *entertainments*, and introducing the harmonic inflection upon the words *degrees* and *exchange*, and upon *that* and *pleasure*; that is, the rising inflection upon *degrees* and *that*, and the falling upon *exchange* and *pleasure*; by this means, the monotony will be broken, the thought enforced, and the period rendered much more musical. This sentence is read as the first three members of a compound concluding series.

One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age, has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas' voyage by the map; as I question not, but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little' more', in that divine' author', than the bare matters of fact.

Here we find placing the rising inflection upon the word *little*, and the falling upon *more*; and the falling upon *divine*, and the rising upon *author*; gives both a distinctness and harmony to the cadence. This sentence is read as the first three members of a compound concluding series of three members.

Cratius very often recommends the fine taste as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it; and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed,

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**RULE XII**  
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and how' we may acquire', that fine' taste of writing' which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Placing the rising inflection upon *how*, and the falling upon *acquire*; the falling inflection on *fine*, and the rising upon *writing*; prevents a sameness which would otherwise arise from the similitude of the three members, and gives an agreeable close to the sentence. This is read as the last example.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are, in a most particular manner, possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded' to opinions' full of contradiction' and impossibility'; and at the same' time', look upon the smallest' difficulty' in an article' of faith' as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

This arrangement of inflections on the latter part of the sentence gives a fine harmony and variety to the sentence; which it otherwise would not possess. This sentence appears to be inflected with regard to the words *wedded' to opinions' full of contradiction' and impossibility'*, as the first two members of a compound concluding series of three members; the last of which, *same' time'*, *look upon the smallest' difficulty' in an article' of faith' as a sufficient reason for rejecting it*, as a compound concluding series of four members.

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### EXCLAMATION.

**RULE XII.**—When the Exclamation comes immediately after a question, and, as it were, repeats it; in this case, the repeated question, which is really an exclamation, assumes the rising inflection.

Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news? What news? Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to Greece?

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### ACCENT.

**RULE XIII.**—Words that are the same in part of their elements, when distinguished from, or opposed to each other, no matter what is their ordinary accentuation, take the accent on that syllable in which they differ.

Neither justice nor injustice has any thing to do with the present question.

The riches of a prince must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects.

Thought and language act and re-act upon each other.

### EMPHASIS.

Emphasis, in the usual sense of the word, is that stress or force with which words are pronounced, so as to be distinguished from the rest of the sentence.

All words are pronounced with emphatic, accented, or unaccented or feeble force. When words have an antithesis expressed or understood, or when the speaker or reader wishes to enforce strongly the ideas they represent, they are called *emphatic*. They are said to be accented, when they consist of principal verbs, nouns, adjectives, and even adverbs. They are said to be unaccented or feeble, when they consist of auxiliary verbs, pronouns, conjunctions, and other particles that depend upon an emphatic word.

Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.

Here we find the word *indifferent* pronounced more forcibly than the words *exercise*, *temperance*, and *strengthen*, though they are pronounced with more force than the particles *and*, *an*, and even than the word *constitution*.

The principal circumstance that distinguishes emphatical words from others, seems to be *a meaning which points out, or distinguishes something as distinct or opposite to some other thing*. When this opposition is expressed in words, it forms an antithesis, the opposite parts of which are always emphatical. Thus, in the following couplet of Pope :

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in *writing* or in *judging* ill.

The words *writing* and *judging* are opposed to each other, and are therefore the emphatical words; where we may likewise observe, that the disjunctive *or*, by which the antithesis is connected, means one of the things exclusively of the other. The same may be observed in another couplet from the same author; where one branch of the antithesis is not expressed, but understood,

Get wealth and place, if possible with grace;  
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

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Here it appears evidently, that the words *any means*, which are the most emphatical, are directly opposed to the means understood by the word *grace*; and the last line is perfectly equivalent to this: *If not by these means, by any other means, get wealth and place.*

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## SINGLE EMPHASIS.

When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, the positive must have the falling, and the negative the rising inflection.

We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

It is not the business of virtue to *extirpate* the affections of the mind, but to *regulate* them.

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## DOUBLE EMPHASIS.

The falling inflection takes place on the first emphatic word; the rising, on the second and third; and the falling, on the fourth.

Custom is the *plague* of *wise* men, and the *idol* of *fools*.

It is as great a point of wisdom to *hide* ignorance, as to *discover* knowledge.

As it is the part of *justice* never to do *violence*, it is of *modesty* never to commit *offence*.

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## TREBLE EMPHASIS.

The rising inflection takes place on the first and third, and the falling on the second of the first three emphatic words; the first and third of the other three have the falling, whilst the second takes the rising inflection.

A *friend* cannot be *known* in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* cannot be *hidden* in *adversity*.

Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. The *first* life is *short* and *transient*; his *second*, *permanent* and *lasting*.

*Passions* are *winds*, to urge us o'er the *wave*;  
*Reason* the *rudder*, to direct and *save*.

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## GENERAL EMPHASIS.

When we wish to give a passage or paragraph with the greatest possible emphasis, not only every word of it

becomes emphatic, but even the parts of *compound* words are pronounced as if they were separate and independent.

There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands; while this state had not one ship—no, *not one wall*!

That's truly great! what think you, 'twas set up  
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,  
But doing right in stern despite of Nature;  
Shutting their ears 'gainst all her little cries,  
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd!  
At Aulis—one pour'd out a daughter's life,  
And gu'n'd more glory than by all his wars!  
Another slew a sister in just rage!  
A third, the theme of all succeeding time,  
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son!  
Nay, some for virtue have entomb'd themselves,  
As he of Carthage—an immortal name!  
But there is *one step left*—above them all!  
Above their history, above their fable!  
A *wife*,—*bride*,—*mistress*,—*unenjoyed*!—Do that,  
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory!

Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, *bind*, *scourge*, *torture* with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of all liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

## RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.

Mr. Walker has given in the following lines all that is considered important or practically useful upon this subject:

In pausing, ever let this rule take place:  
Never to *separate* words, in any case,  
That are *less separable* than those you *join*;  
And—which imports the same—not to *combine*  
Such words together as do not *relate*  
*So closely* as the words you *separate*.

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## DIRECTIONS FOR READING POETRY.

RULE I.—As the exact tone of the passion, or emotion which verse excites, is not at first easy to hit, it will be proper always to begin a poem in a simple and almost prosaic style; and so proceed, till, warmed with the subject, we feel the emotion which we wish to express.

Gray's Elegy on the Extirpation of the Bards is almost the only one that does not admit of commencing moderately.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!  
Confusion on thy banners wait, &c.

RULE II.—In verse, every syllable is to have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose. Hence the article *the* ought never to have a stress, though placed in that part of the verse where the ear expects an accent.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind.  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride the never-failing vice of fools.

An injudicious reader of verse would be apt to lay a stress upon the word *the* in the third line, whereas a good reader would transfer it to the words *what* and *weak*.

The last syllable of the word *excellent*, in the following couplet, being the place of the stress, is very apt to draw the organs to a wrong pronunciation of the word, in compliance with the rhythmus of the verse:

Their praise is still—the style is excellent;  
The sense they humbly take upon content.

But a stress upon the last syllable of this word would be only indulging the ear in a childish jingle of syllables, and ought to be avoided upon pain of the greatest possible reproach to a good reader.

RULE III.—The vowel *e*, which is often cut off by an apostrophe in the word *the*, and in syllables before *r*, as in *dang'rous*, *gen'rous*, ought to be preserved in the pronunciation; as the syllable it forms is so short, as not to increase the number of syllables to the ear, or at all hurt the harmony.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill:  
But of the two, less *dang'rous* is th' offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

**RULE IV.**—Almost every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of the line, which is called the *cæsura*; without which, much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony, will be lost.

So much they hate the crowd, | that if the throng  
By chance go right, | they purposely go wrong.  
Know, then, thyself; | presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind | is man.

But besides the capital pause, there are certain subordinate pauses, called *demi-cæsuras*, which, though not so essential as the capital pause, yet according to many of our prosodists, form some of the greatest delicacies in reading verse, and are an inexhaustible source of variety and harmony in the composition of poetic numbers. To manage these *demi-cæsuras* well, will require great judgment on the part of the reader, lest he fall into an affected sing-song in pronouncing verses of this kind.

Warms | in the sun, || refreshes | in the breeze,  
Glow | in the stars, || and blossoms | in the trees;  
Lives | through all life, || extends | through all extent,  
Spreads | undivided, || operates | unspent.

The *cæsura* in the middle of these lines is marked with a double acute; the *demi-cæsura* in the other parts of the above lines, by a single acute.

**RULE V.**—At the end of every line in poetry, must be a pause, proportioned to the intimate or remote connection subsisting between them.

—————Deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight; then soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then  
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale  
The battle hung.—————

The pauses at the end of these lines are so small, when compared with those in the body of the lines, that an appeal may be made to every ear for the truth of the rule laid down.

**RULE VI.**  
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**RULE VII.**  
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**RULE VIII.**  
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**RULE VI.**—In order to form a cadence in a period in rhyming verse, we must adopt the falling inflection with considerable force, in the cæsura of the last line but one.

Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more;  
Each might his several province' || well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

**RULE VII.**—A simile, in poetry, ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice, than that part of the passage which precedes it.

So when an angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd)  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

**RULE VIII.**—When there is no pause in the sense at the end of the verse, the last word must have exactly the same inflection it would have in prose.

O'er their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.

In this example, the word *pure* has the falling inflection as it would have were the sentence pronounced prosaically. For the same reason, the words *retired* and *went* must be pronounced with the rising inflection.

At his command the uprooted hills retired'  
Each to his place; they heard his voice and went  
Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

*Note.*—Though, in verse, we frequently suspend the voice by the rising inflection; where, if the composition were prose, we should adopt the falling; yet, wherever, in prose, the member or sentence would necessarily require the rising inflection, this inflection must be adopted in verse.

He who through vast eternity can pierce,  
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;  
Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns;  
What varied being peoples every star,  
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are:

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,  
The strong connections, nice dependencies,  
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?  
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,  
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

Here, every line but the fifth might take the falling inflection, like a commencing series of five members; but, at the fifth, where the two principal constructive parts unite, and the sense begins to form, here, both in prose and verse, must be the principal pause and the rising inflection. The two questions at the end ought to have the rising inflection also, as they would have it in prose; though, from injudiciously printing the last couplet, so as to form a fresh paragraph, the word *whole* is generally pronounced with the falling inflection, as being at the end of a paragraph, which would be prevented by uniting the last couplet to the rest, so as to form one complete portion; which, no doubt, was the intention of the poet.

**RULE IX.**—Sublime, grand, and magnificent descriptions in poetry, frequently require a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone, to give it variety.

The use of the monotone has been already exemplified in page 9, in the grand description of Satan's throne; and may be further illustrated by a passage of the Allegro of the same poet:

Hence! loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born;  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings;  
There, under elm shades and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

In repeating this passage, we shall find the darkness and horror of the cell wonderfully augmented by pronouncing the eighth line,

There, under elm shades and low-brow'd rocks,  
in a low monotone.

EN

CHAP. I

DILIGENT

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THE

# ENGLISH READER.

## PART I.

### PIECES IN PROSE.

#### CHAP. I.—SELECT SENTENCES, &c.

##### SECTION I.

**D**ILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth.

Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood.

Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue.

Disappointments and distress are often blessings in disguise.

Change and alteration form the very essence of the world.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise.

In order to acquire a capacity for happiness, it must be our first study to rectify inward disorders.

Whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart.

From our eagerness to grasp, we strangle and destroy, pleasure.

A temperate spirit, and moderate expectations, are excellent safeguards of the mind, in this uncertain and changing state.

There is nothing, except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.



The value of any possession is to be chiefly estimated by the relief which it can bring us in the time of our greatest need.

No person who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given loose rein to his desires and passions, can tell how far they may carry him.

Tranquillity of mind is always most likely to be attained, when the business of the world is tempered with thoughtful and serious retreat.

He who would act like a wise man, and build his house on the rock, and not on the sand, should contemplate human life, not only in the sunshine, but in the shade.

Let usefulness and beneficence, not ostentation and vanity, direct the train of your pursuits.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

Patience, by preserving composure within, resists the impression which trouble makes from without.

Compassionate affections, even when they draw tears from our eyes for human misery, convey satisfaction to the heart.

They who have nothing to give, can often afford relief to others, by imparting what they feel.

Our ignorance of what is to come, and of what is really good or evil, should correct anxiety about worldly success.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of succeeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

The best preparation for all the uncertainties of futurity, consists in a well-ordered mind, a good conscience, and a cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.

## SECTION II.

The chief misfortunes that befall us in life, can be traced to some vices or follies which we have committed.

Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth.

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different, as rarely to coincide.

Man, in his highest earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direction of the current.

The corrupt, bad, frustrated world confers

The external, empty, and sickly distresses of guilt.

No station so unblemished, no rashness, malice

Moral and so much from them they are taught

He who prides yet has no feeling to admire and reason to distrust

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The corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

The external misfortune of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are light in comparison of those inward distresses of mind, occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from the attacks of rashness, malice, or envy.

Moral and religious instruction derives its efficacy, not so much from what men are taught to know, as from what they are taught to feel.

He who pretends to great sensibility towards men, and yet has no feeling for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the universe, has reason to distrust the truth and delicacy of his sensibility.

When, upon rational and sober inquiry, we have established our principles, let us not suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical.

When we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a depraved heart.

Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation, tends to debase the mind, and to weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.

Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the sentiments of the great, as ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, have in misleading the opinions of the multitude.

Mixed as the present state is, reason and religion pronounce, that generally, if not always, there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain, in the condition of man.

Society, when formed, requires distinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good.

That the temper, the sentiments, the morality, and, in general, the whole conduct and character of men, are influenced by the example and disposition of the persons with whom they associate, is a reflection which has long since passed into a proverb, and been ranked among the

standing maxims of human wisdom, in all ages of the world.

### SECTION III.

THE desire of improvement discovers a liberal mind; and is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind, and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Moderate and simple pleasures relish high with the temperate: in the midst of his studied refinements, the voluptuary languishes.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

Virtue, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of a comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the sense; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together.

In no station, in no period, let us think ourselves secure from the dangers which spring from our passions. Every age, and every station, they beset; from youth to gray hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.

Riches and pleasures are the chief temptations to criminal deeds. Yet those riches, when obtained, may very possibly overwhelm us with unforeseen miseries. Those pleasures may cut short our health and life.

He who is accustomed to turn aside from the world, and commune with himself in retirement, will, sometime at least, hear the truths which the multitude do not tell him. A more sound instructor will lift his voice, and awaken within the heart those latent suggestions, which the world had overpowered and suppressed.

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Amusement often becomes the business, instead of the relaxation of young persons; it is then highly pernicious.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes; and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

The spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition, which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

Reveal none of the secrets of thy friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice.

Man, always prosperous, would be giddy and insolent; always afflicted, would be sullen or despondent. Hopes and fears, joy and sorrow, are, therefore, so blended in his life, as both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to recall, from time to time, the admonitions of conscience.

#### SECTION IV.

We have seen the husbandman scattering his seed upon the furrowed ground. It springs up, is gathered into his barn, and crowns his labors with joy and plenty.—Thus the man who distributes his fortune with generosity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of those whom he obliges; by the approbation of his own mind; and by the favour of Heaven.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness; intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious; but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honourable, though in a peasant.

An elevated genius, employed in little things, appears—to use the simile of Læginus—like the sun in his evening declination: he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

If envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as

their persons, fortunes, and dignities)—I presume the self-love common to human nature, would generally make them prefer their own condition.

We have obliged some persons:—very well!—what would we have more? Is not the consciousness of doing good, a sufficient reward?

Do not hurt yourselves or others, by the pursuit of pleasure. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal.

Art thou poor?—show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy?—show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life; though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity (which indeed it were not salutary for man always to enjoy); yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be said to give “rest to them who labour and are heavy laden.”

What a smiling aspect does the love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of friends and relations, give to every surrounding object, and every returning day! With what a lustre does it gild even the small habitation, where this placid intercourse dwells; where such scenes of heartfelt satisfaction succeed uninterruptedly to one another!

How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear every where around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart!

The hope of future happiness is a perpetual source of consolation to good men. Under trouble it soothes their minds; amidst temptation, it supports their virtue; and, in their dying moments, enables them to say, “O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?”

AGESILAUS, thought more which they A wiser than “Train up a child in the way of the Lord, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

An Italian was his estate nothing with dantly repaired extensive domain by negligence out for show.

When Alexander was telling a falsehood he speaks the truth.

L'Estrange's frolicsome behaviour of a pond; and the water, One of the made this a consider, that to us.”

Sully, the at his table, it is to which was frequently plicity; but ancient philosophy is sufficient to dispense with the

Socrates, his mind, with His cleanliness, which he took of his free and tranquil

Eminent between Da my brother



## SECTION V.

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, being asked, what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered: "Those which they ought to practice when they come to be men." A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate. An estate which will, indeed, produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence; to be overrun with noxious plants; or laid out for show, rather than use.

When Aristotle was asked, what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth."

L'Estrange, in his fables, tells us, that a number of frolicsome boys were one day watching frogs at the side of a pond; and that, as any of them put their heads above the water, they pelted them down again with stones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this striking observation: "Children, you do not consider, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

Sully, the great statesman of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days, the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached, by the courtiers, for this simplicity; but he used to reply to them in the words of an ancient philosopher, "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them: if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

Socrates, though primarily attentive to the culture of his mind, was not negligent of his external appearance. His cleanliness resulted from those ideas of order and decency, which governed all his actions; and the care which he took of his health, from his desire to preserve his mind free and tranquil.

Eminently pleasing and honourable was the friendship between David and Jonathan. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan," said the plaintive and surviving

David; "very pleasant hast thou been to me: thy love to me was wonderful; passing the love of woman."

Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded by a musket-ball, which broke the bone of his thigh. He was carried about a mile and a half, to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was immediately brought to him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened at that instant to be carried by him, looked up to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

Alexander the Great demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas. "By the same right," replied he, "that Alexander enslaves the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and he is styled a conqueror, because he commands great fleets and armies." We too often judge of men by the splendour, and not by the merit of their actions.

Antoninus Pius, the Roman emperor, was an amiable and good man. When any of his courtiers attempted to inflame him with a passion for military glory, he used to answer, that he more desired the preservation of one subject, than the destruction of a thousand enemies.

Men are too often ingenious in making themselves miserable, by aggravating to their own fancy, beyond bounds, all the evils which they endure. They compare themselves with none but those whom they imagine to be more happy; and complain, that upon them alone has fallen the whole load of human sorrows. Would they look with a more impartial eye on the world, they would see themselves surrounded with sufferers; and find that they are only drinking out of that mixed cup, which Providence has prepared for all.—"I will restore thy daughter again to life," said the eastern sage, to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave upon her tomb, the names of three persons who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after such persons; but found the inquiry vain, and was silent.

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## SECTION VI.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows, is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed. But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

We should cherish sentiments of charity towards all men. The Author of all good nourishes much piety and virtue in hearts that are unknown to us; and beholds repentance ready to spring up among many whom we consider as reprobates.

No one ought to consider himself as insignificant in the sight of his Creator. In our several stations, we are all sent forth to be labourers in the vineyard of our heavenly Father. Every man has his work allotted, his talent committed to him; by the due improvement of which he may, in one way or other, serve God, promote virtue, and be useful in the world.

The love of praise should be preserved under proper subordination to the principle of duty. In itself, it is a useful motive to action: but when allowed to extend its influence too far, it corrupts the whole character; and produces guilt, disgrace, and misery. To be entirely destitute of it, is a defect: to be governed by it, is depravity. The proper adjustment of the several principles of action in human nature, is a matter that deserves our highest attention. For when any one of them becomes either too weak or too strong, it endangers both our virtue and our happiness.

The desires and passions of a vicious man, having once obtained an unlimited sway, trample him under their feet. They make him feel, that he is subject to various, contradictory, and imperious masters, who often pull him different ways. His soul is rendered the receptacle of many repugnant and jarring dispositions; and resembles some barbarous country, cantoned out into different principalities, which are continually waging war with one another.

Diseases, poverty, disappointment, and shame, are far from being, in every instance, the unavoidable doom of man. They are much more frequently the offspring of his own misguided choice. Intemperance engenders disease, sloth produces poverty, pride creates disappointments, and dishonesty exposes to shame.

The ungoverned passions of men betray them into a thousand follies; their follies, into crimes; and their crimes, into misfortunes.

When we reflect on the many distresses which abound in human life; on the scanty proportion of happiness which any man is here allowed to enjoy; on the small difference which the diversity of fortune makes on that scanty proportion; it is surprising, that envy should ever have been a prevalent passion among men, much more that it should have prevailed among Christians. Where so much is suffered in common, little room is left for envy. There is more occasion for pity and sympathy, and inclination to assist each other.

At our first setting out in life, while yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; let us beware of the seducing appearances which surround us, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If we allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, our inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early possession of our mind, we may date from that moment the ruin of our tranquillity.

Every man has some darling passion, which generally affords the first introduction to vice. The irregular gratifications into which it occasionally seduces him, appear under the form of venial weaknesses; and are indulged in the beginning with scrupulousness and reserve. But by longer practice, these restraints weaken, and the power of habit grows. One vice brings in another to its aid. By a sort of natural affinity, they connect and entwine themselves together; till their roots come to be spread wide and deep over all the soul.

How many young persons have at first set out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart: generous, charitable, and humane; kind to their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse! And yet, how often have we seen all those fair appearances unhappily blasted in the progress of life, merely through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures; and those very persons who promised once to be blessings to the world, sunk down, in the end, to be the burden and nuisance of society!

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## CHAPTER II.

## NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECT. I.—*No Rank or Possessions can make the guilty Mind happy.*

DIONYSIUS', the tyrant of Sicily', was far from being happy', though he possessed great riches', and all the pleasures' which wealth' and power' could procure'. Damocles', one of his flatterers', deceived by these specious appearances of happiness, took occasion to compliment him on the extent of his power', his treasures', and royal magnificence', and declared that no monarch had ever been greater' or happier' than Dionysius'. "Hast thou a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness'; and to know, by experience, what the enjoyments are', of which thou hast so high an idea?" Damocles', with joy, accepted the offer'. The king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared', and a gilded sofa, covered with rich embroidery, placed for his favourite'. Side-boards', loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value', were arranged in the apartment'. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to attend his table', and to obey his commands' with the utmost readiness', and the most profound submission'. Fragrant ointments', chaplets of flowers', and rich perfumes', were added to the entertainment'. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies' of every kind'. Damocles, intoxicated with pleasure, fancied himself' amongst superior beings'. But in the midst of all this happiness', as he lay indulging himself in state, he sees let down from the ceiling', exactly over his head, a glittering sword hung by a single hair'. The sight of impending destruction' put a speedy end to his joy' and revelling'. The pomp of his attendance', the glitter of the carved plate', and the delicacy of the viands', ceased to afford him any pleasure'. He dreads' to stretch forth his hand to the table'. He throws' off the garland of roses'. He hastens' to remove from his dangerous situation'; and earnestly' entreats' the king to restore him to his former humble condition', having no desire to enjoy any longer a happiness' so terrible'.



By this device, Dionysius intimated to Damocles, how miserable he was in the midst of all his treasures', and in possession' of all the honours' and enjoyments' which royalty' could bestow'.

CICERO.

SECT. II.—*Haman; or, the Misery of Pride.*

AHASUERUS, who is supposed to be the prince known among the Greek historians by the name of Artaxerxes, had advanced to the chief dignity of his kingdom, Haman, an Amalekite, who inherited all the ancient enmity of his race to the Jewish nation. He appears, from what is recorded of him, to have been a very wicked minister. Raised to greatness without merit, he employed his power solely for the gratification of his passions. As the honours which he possessed were next to royal, his pride was every day fed with that servile homage which is peculiar to Asiatic courts; and all the servants of the king prostrated themselves before him. In the midst of this general adulation, one person only stooped not to Haman. This was Mordecai the Jew; who, knowing this Amalekite to be an enemy to the people of God; and, with virtuous indignation, despising that insolence of prosperity with which he saw him lifted up; "bowed not, nor did him reverence." On this appearance of disrespect from Mordecai, Haman "was full of wrath; but he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone." Personal revenge was not sufficient to satisfy him. So violent and black were his passions, that he resolved to exterminate the whole nation to which Mordecai belonged. Abusing, for this cruel purpose, the favour of his credulous sovereign, he obtained a decree to be sent forth, that, against a certain day, all the Jews throughout the Persian dominions should be put to the sword. Meanwhile, confident of success, and blind to approaching ruin, he continued exulting in his prosperity. Invited by Ahasuerus to a royal banquet which Esther the queen had prepared, "he went forth that day joyful, and with a glad heart." But behold how slight an incident was sufficient to poison his joy! As he went forth he saw Mordecai in the king's gate, and observed that he still refused to do him homage: "he stood not up, nor was moved for him;" although he well knew the formidable designs, which Haman was preparing to execute. One private man, who despised his greatness,

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and disdained submission, while a whole kingdom trembled before him; one spirit, which the utmost stretch of his power could neither subdue nor humble, blasted his triumphs. His whole soul was shaken with a storm of passion. Wrath, pride, and a desire of revenge, rose into fury. With difficulty he restrained himself in public; but as soon as he came to his own house, he was forced to disclose the agony of his mind. He gathered together his friends and family, with Zeresh his wife. "He told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and of all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king." He said, moreover, "Yea, Esther the queen suffered no man to come in with the king, to the banquet that she had prepared, but myself; and tomorrow also am I invited to her with the king." After all this preamble, what is the conclusion?—"Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

The sequel of Haman's history I shall not now pursue. It might afford matter for much instruction, by the conspicuous justice of God in his fall and punishment. But, contemplating only the singular situation, in which the expressions just quoted present him, and the violent agitation of his mind which they display, the following reflections naturally arise: How miserable is vice, when one guilty passion creates so much torment! how unavailing is prosperity, when, in the height of it, a single disappointment can destroy the relish of all its pleasures! how weak is human nature, which, in the absence of real, is thus prone to form to itself imaginary woes! BLAIR.

### SECT. III.—*Lady Jane Grey.*

THIS excellent personage was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents.

She was carefully educated in the principles of the Reformation; and her wisdom and virtue rendered her a shining example to her sex. But it was her lot to continue only a short period on this stage of being; for, in early life, she fell a sacrifice to the wild ambition of the duke of Northumberland; who promoted a marriage between her and his son, lord Guilford Dudley; and raised her to the throne of England in opposition to the rights

of Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of their marriage, she was only about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also very young: a season of life very unequal to oppose the interested views of artful and aspiring men; who, instead of exposing them to danger, should have been the protectors of their innocence and youth.

This extraordinary young person, beside the solid endowments of piety and virtue, possessed the most engaging disposition, the most accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with king Edward VI. she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and classical literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of several modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and upon his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him that she received more pleasure from that author, than others could reap from all their sport and gaiety."—Her heart, replete with this love of literature and serious studies, and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept the crown; pleaded the preferable right of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in that private station in which she was born. Overcome at last with the entreaties rather than reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all, of her husband: she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her elevation was of very short continuance. The nation declared for queen Mary; and the lady Jane, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more satisfaction than she felt when royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every per-

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son, from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given to lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send priests, who molested her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion to Popery, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by solid arguments, but also to write a letter to her sister, in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guilford, desired permission to see her: but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever united; and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and lord Guilford together on the same scaffold, at Tower-hill; but the Council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and, having given him from the window some token of her remembrance she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports, which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her.

She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, "that human justice was against his body, but the Divine Mercy would be favourable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse: and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour." On the scaffold, she made a speech to the bystanders, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said that her offence was, not that she had laid her hand upon the crown, but that she had not rejected it with sufficient constancy: that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey: that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and, though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others: and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend any way to the destruction of the commonwealth.—After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted to the executioner.—HUME.

#### SECT. IV.—*Ortogrul; or, the Vanity of Riches.*

As Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitude on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants; and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted

to enter. He admired the floors covered with the neatness of his

"Surely," happiness; with content and nature has professed forth to be enjoyed which the man dishes of luxury lulls him in his groves of Java of Ganges. I wish, and he him, and all who O Ortogrul, in perpetual torment amusement in own reflection what does with the poor; and themselves.

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Full of his ber for six months. He sometimes one of the king for diamonds some hours passed insensibly as was ranging might teach of a hill shade his steps, his him. "Ortogrit: listen to mountain." down the road scattering it



to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets; and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

"Surely," said he to himself, "this palace is the seat of happiness; where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, O Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire; and who hast no amusement in thy power, that can withhold thee from thy own reflections? They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him; and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will, from this moment, endeavour to be rich."

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich. He sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings in India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. "Ortogrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity: listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain." Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said

his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent; or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?"—"Let me be quickly rich," said Ortogrul; "let the golden stream be quick and violent."—"Look round thee," said his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but, following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by silent profit and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise; and, in twenty years, purchased lands, on which he raised a house equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier; to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal: he gave all that approached him, hopes of pleasing him; and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every sort of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered." DR. JOHNSON.

#### SECT. V.—*The Hill of Science.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city

soothed my sleep insensibly agreeable revivified inspired.

I immediately the middle of before any crowd of people, charged with the liveliness, though difficult. I observed climb the hill but, as they to their view before discerning mountain at As I was gently friendly instead before thee, is the temple and a veil of progress of her.

After I had eye towards ascent; and look, a pierce all his motion an eagle up after him with unequal, and Pleasure was When Pride to the tottering tried paths; that his feet served that Truth often Genius was I saw a perplexation. In pace, his eye removing even most of the slow and to

soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared. "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untrodden paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unrelenting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who

ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulty of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and, though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted; their sight grew dim; and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance—a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by

the shock, and Oblivion.

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#### SECT. VI.—

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the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!"—But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!"—"What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?"—"I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity."—While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out mine arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward; and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

AIKIN.

SECT. VI.—*The Journey of a Day; a Picture of Human Life.*

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking





his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused; afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He arose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion; and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him: his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither. I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the

dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on, a while in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation: we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another: we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. JOHNSON.

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\*SECT. VII.—*La Roche.*

On the last day of Mr. Hume's journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself, at last, in view of the lake in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. Hume's making inquiry who was the person they had been burying; one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not the young lady, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier!"—"La Roche?" exclaimed he in reply. Alas! it was she indeed! The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. Hume: "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."—"Acquainted with her!—Good Heaven!—when—how—where did she die!—Where is her father?"—"She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe: the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel, he had done the greatest services. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should: he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him."—He followed the man, without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people

were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased. La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. Hume was not less affected than they. —La Roche arose. "Father of mercies!" said he, "forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift up to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends, it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would"—his tears flowed afresh—"I feel too much myself, and am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child, too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago, you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a Father amid the chastenings of my God.—O could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out

with consideration on whose power contemplation inflict! For we know that him, with out where sorrow is perfect. O my child: but never to be Would ye that as she lived; death of the r

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with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death;  
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inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope:  
we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with  
him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land  
where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it  
is perfect. Go, then; mourn not for me, I have not lost  
my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again,  
never to be separated. But ye are also my children:—  
Would ye that I should grieve without comfort? So live  
as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the  
death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

MACKENZIE.

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CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

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\*SECT. I.—*The Folly of mispending Time.*

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the pre-  
sent state of things, which his system of opinions  
obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed  
of the earth, "That its greatest part is covered by the  
uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered  
with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands;  
some scorched with uninterrupted heat, and some petri-  
fied with perpetual frost: so that only a few regions re-  
main for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle,  
and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time  
allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted  
all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appro-  
priated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed  
by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating  
the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the  
reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that  
is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen im-  
perceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find  
that part of our duration very small of which we can truly

call ourselves masters', or which we can spend wholly at our own choice'. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares', in a constant recurrence of the same employments'; many of our provisions for ease or happiness' are always exhausted by the present' day; and a great part of our existence serves no other' purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest'.

Of the few moments which are left' at our disposal, it may reasonably be expected', that we should be so frugal', as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent': and perhaps it might be found, that, as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives', though much contracted by incidental distraction', would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason' and virtue'; that we want not time', but diligence', for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient'.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto', that *time was his estate*'; an estate', indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation', but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry', and satisfy the most extensive' desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence', to be overrun with noxious plants', or laid out for show' rather than for use'.

DA. JOHNSON.

## SECT. II.—*The Importance of a Good Education.*

I CONSIDER a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colour, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and

that the art of fluens matter, the stone, and is to a block. The philosopher or the great r plebeian, which and have brou with reading contemplating vated; to see tion in obstinac and despair.

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that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations; who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is, therefore, an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another, by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped; sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to

great elegance; but seldom meet with any, to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

ADDISON.

### SECT. III.—*On Forgiveness.*

THE most plain and natural sentiments of equity concur with divine authority, to enforce the duty of forgiveness. Let him who has never in his life done wrong, be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let such as are conscious of frailties and crimes consider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others. Common failings are the strongest lesson of mutual forbearance. Were this virtue unknown among men, order and comfort, peace and repose would be strangers to human life. Injuries retaliated according to the exorbitant measure which passion prescribes, would excite resentment in return. The injured person would become the injurer; and thus wrongs, retaliations, and fresh injuries, would circulate in endless succession, till the world was rendered a field of blood. Of all the passions which invade the human breast, revenge is the most direful. When allowed to reign with full dominion, it is more than sufficient to poison the few pleasures which remain to man in his present state. How much soever a person may suffer from injustice, he is always in hazard of suffering more from the prosecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy cannot inflict what is equal to the torment he creates to himself, by means of the fierce and desperate passions which he allows to rage in his soul.

Those evil spirits who inhabit the regions of misery, are represented as delighting in revenge and cruelty; but all that is great and good in the universe, is on the side of clemency and mercy. The Almighty Ruler of the world, though for ages offended by the unrighteousness, and insulted by the impiety of men, is "long-suffering and slow to anger." His Son, when he appeared in our nature, exhibited, both in his life and his death, the most illustrious example of forgiveness which the world ever beheld. If we look into the history of mankind, we shall find that in every age, they who have been respected as worthy, or admired as great, have been distinguished for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds. A noble and magnanimous

spirit is not from the others feel. Of their impotent than with anger.—It has been can no sooner make himself g

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ADDISON.

mous spirit is always superior to it. This spirit suffers not from the injuries of men those severe shocks which others feel. Collected within itself, it stands unmoved by their impotent assaults; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct. —It has been truly said, that the greatest man on earth can no sooner commit an injury, than a good man can make himself greater by forgiving it. BLAIR.

#### SECT. IV.—*Comforts of Religion.*

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty; who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connexions. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, and experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had formerly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when they for whom we labour are cut off from us; they who animated and who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity; whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of Philosophy.

It might therefore be expected, that those philosophers who think they stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind; and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals and to their happiness. It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them



from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment; and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures; and may render others very miserable by making them doubt those truths, in which they are most deeply interested: but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

GREGORY.

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SECT. V.—*On the Importance of Order in the Distribution of our Time.*

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heavens. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is, to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it, as the mea-

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sure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds, with anguish, that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons, is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas, those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance; or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

BLAIR.

SECT. VI.—*Moderation in our Wishes recommended.*

THE active mind of man seldom or never rests satisfied with its present condition, how prosperous soever. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher sphere of enjoyments; it finds itself, in every situation of fortune, straitened and confined. Sensible of deficiency in its state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the aspiring wish, after something beyond what is enjoyed at present. Hence, that restlessness which prevails so generally among mankind. Hence, that disgust of pleasures which they have tried; that passion for novelty; that ambition of rising to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves an indistinct idea. All which may be considered as indications of a certain native original greatness in the human soul, swelling beyond the limits of its present condition, and pointing to the higher objects for which it was made. Happy, if these latent remains of our primitive state, served to direct our wishes towards their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true bliss.

But, in this dark and bewildered state, the aspiring tendency of our nature unfortunately takes an opposite direction, and feeds a very misplaced ambition. The flattering appearances which here present themselves to sense; the distinctions which fortune confers; the advantages and pleasures which we imagine the world to be capable of bestowing, fill up the ultimate wish of most men. These are the objects which engross their solitary musings, and stimulate their active labours; which warm the breasts of the young, animate the industry of the middle-aged, and often keep alive the passions of the old, until the very close of life.

Assuredly there is nothing unlawful in our wishing to be freed from whatever is disagreeable, and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when these wishes are not tempered by reason, they are in danger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Desires and wishes are the first springs of action. When they become exorbitant, the whole character is likely to be tainted. If we suffer our fancy to create to itself worlds of ideal happiness, we shall discompose the peace and order of our minds, and foment many hurtful passions.

## CHAP. III.

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SECT. VII.—*the*

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Here, then, let moderation begin its reign; by bringing within reasonable bounds the wishes that we form. As soon as they become extravagant, let us check them, by proper reflections on the fallacious nature of those objects, which the world hangs out to allure desire.

You have strayed, my friends, from the road which conducts to felicity; you have dishonoured the native dignity of your souls, in allowing your wishes to terminate on nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatness or happiness. Your imagination roves in a land of shadows. Unreal forms deceive you. It is no more than a phantom, an illusion of happiness, which attracts your fond admiration; nay, an illusion of happiness, which often conceals much real misery.

Do you imagine that all are happy, who have attained to those summits of distinction, towards which your wishes aspire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown, that where roses were supposed to bloom, nothing but briars and thorns grew! Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station with which you are now dissatisfied. With all that is splendid and shining in the world, it is decreed that there should mix many deep shades of woe. On the elevated situations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall. There the storm spends its violence, and there the thunder breaks; while, safe and unhurt, the inhabitants of the vale remain below.—Retreat, then, from those vain and pernicious excursions of extravagant desire. Satisfy yourselves with what is rational and attainable. Train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happiness. Remember, and admire, the wisdom of Agur's petition: "Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee; and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal; and take the name of my God in vain."

BLAIR.

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SECT. VII.—*Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, the source of Consolation to good Men.*

I WAS yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which

appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened, by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose, at length, in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it, in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rising still above this which we discovered; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison to the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves.

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By the help of glasses, we see many stars, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question that the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of Infinite Power, prompted by Infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought: I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendence. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature; and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space; and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure ascribing it to Him, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conception is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those

little prejudices, which rise in us unawares and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, in every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, which is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially reside in it. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial; and is as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another; or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separated from the body, and should it with one glance of thought start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it, for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity; it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart, in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that

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\* SECT. I.

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ADDISON.

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\* SECT. VIII.—*On Retirement and Meditation.*

RETIREMENT and meditation open a source of new and better entertainment than you meet with in the world. You will soon find, that the world does not perform what it promises. The circle of earthly enjoyments is narrow and circumscribed; the career of sensual pleasure is soon run; and when the novelty is over, the charm is gone. Who has not felt the satiety and weariness of the king of Israel, when he exclaimed, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit?"—Unhappy is the man, who, in these cases, has nothing within to console him under his disappointment. Miserable is the man who has no resources within himself, who cannot enjoy his own company, who depends for happiness upon the next amusement, or the news of the day.

But the wise man has treasures within himself. The house of solitude is to him the house of meditation. He communes with his heart alone. He views the actions of his past life. He corrects what is amiss; he rejoices in what is right; and, wiser by experience, lays the plans of his future life. The great and the noble, the wise and the learned, the pious and the good, have been lovers of serious retirement. On this field, the patriot forms schemes, the philosopher pursues his discoveries, the saint improves himself in wisdom and goodness. Solitude is the hallowed ground which religion, in every age, has adopted as her own. There, her sacred inspiration is felt, and her holy mysteries elevate the soul; there, devotion lifts up her voice; there, falls the tear of contrition; there, the heart pours itself forth before him who made, and him who redeemed it. Apart from men, you live with nature, and converse with God.

LOGAN.

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\* SECT. IX.—*The Elements subservient to the Wants of Man.*

THE eye of man is turned, not towards heaven, as the poets and even some philosophers allege, but to the horizon; so that he may view at once the heaven which illu-

minates him, and the earth which supports him. His visual rays take in nearly half of the celestial hemisphere, and of the plane on which he treads; and their reach extends from the grain of sand which he tramples under foot, to the star which shines over his head at an immeasurable distance.

Man alone, of all animals, can enjoy equally the day and the night; he alone can bear to live within the torrid zone, and upon the ice of the frigid. If certain animals be partakers with him in these advantages, it is only by means of his instructions, and under his protection. For this advantage, he is indebted to the element of fire, of which he alone is the sovereign lord.

Though the dog is much more intelligent than the monkey, and is a witness every hour of the effects of fire, and accustomed to live only on meat that is dressed; yet, if you give him raw flesh, he will never think of roasting it on the coals. This barrier, which separates man from the brute, weak as it may appear, is insurmountable to animals. God has intrusted the first agent in nature to that being alone, who, by his reason, is qualified to make a right use of it.

This element is universally necessary to human existence, even in the hottest climates. By means of fire alone, man guards his habitation by night from the ravenous beasts of prey; drives away the insects which thirst for his blood; and clears the ground of the trees and plants which cover it, the stems and trunks of which would resist every species of cultivation. In every country, with fire he prepares his food, dissolves metals, vitrifies rocks, hardens clay, softens iron, and gives to all the productions of the earth the forms and the combinations which his necessities require.

The benefits which man derives from the air, are no less extensive. Few animals are, like him, capable of respiring with equal ease at the level of the sea, and on the summit of the loftiest mountains. Man is the only being that gives to air all the modulations of which it is susceptible. With his voice alone, he imitates the hissing, the cries, the singing of all animals; while he enjoys the gift of speech, denied to every other. Sometimes he communicates sensibility to the ear: he makes it sigh in the pipe, complain in the flute, threaten in the trumpet, and animate to the tone of his passions the brass, the box-tree, and the reed.

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Sometimes he makes the air his slave: he forces it to grind, to bruise, and to move to his advantage an endless variety of machinery. In a word he yokes it to his marine car, and constrains it to waft him even over the billows of the ocean.

As man is the only being that has the disposal of fire, which is the principle of life, so he alone practices agriculture, which is its support. All animals who live upon fruits, have, like him, occasion for it, and most of them the experience; but no one the practice. The ox never thinks of sowing the grain which he treads out upon the barn-floor; nor the monkey, the maize of the field which he plunders.

ST. PIERRE.

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\*SECT. X.—*The Improvement of the Mind, the principal Source of Happiness.*

THE chief blessing to an intelligent being, that which makes all other blessings poor, is the improvement of his own mind. Man is glorious and happy, not by what he has, but by what he is. He can receive nothing better or nobler, than the unfolding of his own spiritual nature. The highest existence in the universe is Mind; for God is Mind; and the development of that principle which assimilates us to God, must be our supreme good. The omnipotent Creator, we have reason to think, can bestow nothing greater than intelligence, love, rectitude, energy of will and of benevolent action; for these are the splendours of his own nature. We adore him for these. In imparting these, he imparts, as it were, himself. We are too apt to look abroad for good. But the only true good is within. In this outward universe, magnificent as it is in the bright day and the starry night—in the earth and the skies, we can discover nothing so vast as thought, so strong as the unconquerable purpose of duty, so sublime as the spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. A mind, which withstands all the powers of the outward universe—all the pains which fire, and sword, and storm can inflict, rather than swerve from uprightness—is nobler than the universe. Why will we not learn the glory of the soul? We are seeking a foreign good. But we all possess within us what is of more worth than the external creation. For this outward system is the product of Mind. All its harmony, beauty, and bene-



ficent influences, are the fruits and manifestations of Thought and Love; and is it not nobler and happier, to be enriched with these energies, from which the universe springs, and to which it owes its magnificence, than to possess the universe itself? It is not what we have, but what we *are*, which constitutes our glory and felicity. The only true and durable riches belong to the mind. A soul, narrow and debased, may extend its possessions to the end of the earth; but is poor and wretched still. It is through inward health that we enjoy all outward things. Philosophers teach us, that the mind creates the beauty which it admires in nature; and we all know, that when abandoned to evil passions, it can blot out this beauty, and spread over the fairest scenes the gloom of a dungeon. We all know, that by vice it can turn the cup of social happiness into poison, and the most prosperous condition of life into a curse.

From these views we learn that the true friend and Saviour, is not he who acts for us abroad, but who acts within—who sets the soul free, touches the springs of thought and affection, binds us to God, and, by assimilating us to the Creator, brings us into harmony with the creation. Thus the end which we have ascribed to Christ, is the most glorious and beneficent which can be accomplished by any power on earth or in heaven. CHANNING.

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\* SECT. XI.—*The Misery of Infidelity.*

INFIDELITY operates directly in impairing or destroying our comfort. It implies the negation of all those truths which tend most effectually to support and cheer us under the calamity of our lot. Even in the midst of prosperity, the doctrines which it teaches us to reject are calculated to elevate our minds, and to increase our joy. We partake of the blessings of life with a far purer, and a far higher relish, when we regard them as bestowed by the hand of an all-perfect God; and when we receive them through the channel of a mercy secured to us by the mediation of his own Son, and when we contemplate them as pledges and foretastes of that "fulness of joy" which remains for us "at his right hand" in heaven. And that which deprives us of this divine relish, must so far be deemed inimical to us, as abridging our happiness, which, at the

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best, is but mixed and circumscribed. But such is the effect of infidelity, whose baneful touch withers the charm of every earthly blessing, reduces it to the degraded level of a mere animal gratification, and leaves us to feed upon it like the beasts that perish, without a thought that rises above the dust, and without a thought that points beyond the grave.

It is, however, amidst trials and sorrows that infidelity appears in its most just and frightful aspect. When subjected to the multifarious ills which flesh is heir to, what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation? What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief, that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardships you please: give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors:—do all this; only let me trust in my Saviour, and “pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence,” and I will “fear no evil;” I will rise superior to affliction—I will “rejoice in my tribulation.” But let infidelity interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectations to a few years, as uncertain as they are short; and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burden of distress? or where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell; but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of cold water to refresh me in the weariness and the faintings of my pilgrimage. Oh! what can I be but comfortless and wretched, when I am without Christ, without God, and without hope!

DR. A. THOMPSON.

\* SECT. XII.—*Christ, the Desire of all Nations.*

THE principle of love, the sense of moral beauty, are not less deeply rooted in our constitution, nor have they been less active, than the less noble, the debasing passion of fear. Tradition, poetry, mythology, philosophy, are all rich in aspirations after something far purer, lovelier, brighter, than the world has ever seen. The feeling might be traced in a thousand intermediate forms, through the immense gradation from barbarian fictions of a golden age of innocence, to the lofty dreams, and unearthly reveries, and shadowings forth of spiritual perfection, in the mystical philosophy of Plato. All fiction tells this truth, that humanity has the wish and the want for something above its present moral condition; and that, while it is of the earth, earthy, it aspires to be, and would now see and love that which is as are the angels of God in heaven. Hence, tales of long-past ages before the world grew corrupt, when all was infantine simplicity and innocence; and of coming ages, when goodness shall re-appear, and elevate the race perhaps to earthly immortality. Hence, contemporaneous fictions of happy valleys and blessed islands, far in the west, where the sun shone benignantly after traversing a guilty and a troublous world. Hence, the characters in whose conception romance and poetry delight, with all their godlike attributes. They are the prayer of the universal human heart to nature and to God, to show us, though it be but for once, the blessed sight of humanity in its best estate, free from guilt, from weakness, from impurity, from selfishness, without stain, spot, or soil; the softened, but unclouded reflection of its pure and holy Creator. And God granted the prayer in Jesus of Nazareth. There was the purity of infancy with the full development of maturity. There was tenderness without weakness, and energy without harshness. He benevolently consorted with the vilest, while his goodness shamed the righteousness of the severest. He was in the house of feasting, and in the house of mourning; and the heart revered and blessed him in them both. He was in the bosom of his Father, and unfolded the truths of heaven, and the mysteries of eternity; and, the while, his eye rested in love and gladness on the sparrow's wing, and the lily's blossom. He wrought miracles, and wiped away tears.

## CHAP. III.

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He was not of the world—that world which he lived and died to redeem. By his side on the couch at the last paschal supper, by the foot of his cross as he was expiring, his eye and heart rested on “the beloved disciple;” that heart whose universal benevolence so identified him with humanity, that he was one with the whole human race, who all live in him as they died in their first progenitor: “for as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; and as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.”

Fox.

\*SECT. XIII.—*To a Young Man on the Choice of Friends.*

You will hear weak men repeating, every day, that friendship has left the world. The amount of this observation is, that they have never found it. When I inquire into the character of these declaimers, I find them to be selfish men, who consider friendship as a compact of advantage; unsteady men, who cannot continue long in the same mind; or vicious men, who must either debauch their friends, or part with them. The friendship of selfishness, if there be such a thing, endures only till one of the parties is deceived. A weak mind is steady till it is engaged in forming a new friendship, and a vicious man has no reason to complain. From all this, I wish you to learn, if you desire to obtain this blessing of infinite price, that it depends on yourself whether you shall ever obtain it. If you come to the market, bring along with you the coin which will purchase the commodity. The free and uncontrolled commerce of the affections is founded on virtue, of which, if you are destitute, you have no right to blame other men for the want of friendship. Do you wish to enjoy the esteem of good men? I know no other way to obtain it, than by making yourself worthy of it. A young man, who possesses any degree of reflection and foresight, will easily see the vast advantage of recommending himself to the worthy, by a due regard to his character. He secures not only the approbation of his own mind, and a fair reputation in the mean time; but, like a general who is beloved by his army, he is surrounded by an impenetrable host, who will repel the dangers of life, and make his passage through it safe and honourable. The love of good men is a defence to him who possesses it. It gives the whole world a favourable impression of his virtues; and it opens

to him sources of advantage and improvement, of which nothing but bad conduct can possibly deprive him.

Vice seeks concealment; and it is one of its distinguished attributes, that it persuades its votaries to indulge in its practices without the fear of detection. Men's delicacy hinders them from telling you, that you were last evening committing a debauch. Your own self-love will not allow you to believe, that a thing is known which you wish to conceal. You do not know that the men around you contrive to look into your heart, or at least into your most secret actions. Or, if the thing should be known, you flatter yourself that the apologies which you make will be generally sustained. These are the dangerous rocks on which the innocence and integrity of thousands are daily shipwrecked, beyond the hopes of recovery. Be not deluded: there are a thousand avenues to the heart, and to the most secret actions, through which the world obtain distorted views of your character; and your only safety is to have nothing to conceal. There is no truth of greater importance to a young man beginning life, than this one which I am stating. The vain hope of concealment is often the first thing that blunts the edge of that ingenuousness which guards his virtue. Be assured, then, that if men do not judge of you as you are, they will be ready to err on the uncharitable side, and make you worse rather than better. Were it even possible to deceive the quick and satirical eye of the world, your character would gain the detestable addition of hypocrisy to your other vices; and you would shun the intimacy of good men, for fear of being discovered. Your connections with the worthy are the test and security of your virtue. Cultivate their friendship, imitate their example, and listen to their advice.

GENER.

\* SECT. XIV.—*The Insignificance of the World.*

THOUGH this earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed upon it, were to be put out for ever—an event, so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity; by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high

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scale of the Almighty's workmanship?—a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though this earth and these heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say, that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions?—that they are occupied with people?—that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there?—that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in?—that piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them?—and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die

under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution; and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But, such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy. CHALMERS.

## \* SECT. X.

ALL sensual luxury to him it is familiar. the highest the lowest. H and capable of pleasures, indu to be excited of persons in he looks up, and whose appetite his;—whose s tainments, and whose days are whose nights a fares sumptuous than he; he w gent excitement by his cheaper ease is lulled in in every part o pillow, enjoys the supposition some kind or delightful, than silken seat.

Continual re sensual pleasu lights into flat which fills the difference by h The sweetest their effect up melody. The of opulence, a daily meal. T “a cup of cold draught of inte minate the hou sober day-light And the softes only a seat to th

\* SECT. XV.—*Equal Distribution of Enjoyment.*

ALL sensual pleasure is a relative thing. That which is luxury to him to whom it is new, is none to those to whom it is familiar. The continual recurrence of them, reduces the highest ranks of sensual gratification to a level with the lowest. He who is in possession of an easy sufficiency, and capable of commanding a series of plain and humble pleasures, indulges a groundless envy, when he suffers it to be excited by the higher, but the habitual indulgences of persons in superior station. The enjoyments to which he looks up, are not superior to his own. There are those whose appetites are courted by more costly provision than his;—whose senses are excited by more stimulating entertainments, and soothed by smoother accommodations;—whose days are spent in more expensive amusements, and whose nights are passed upon softer pillows: but he who fares sumptuously every day, sits down to no sweeter feast than he; he whose delight is daily stirred by more pungent excitements, is no more animated by them than he is by his cheaper and soberer pastime; and he whose love of ease is lulled in a downier lap,—whose situation is covered in every part of it with cushion, and lined all over with pillow, enjoys not a more delicious recumbence, even upon the supposition of his mixing along with it the labour, of some kind or other, which is necessary to render rest delightful, than belongs to *his* hour of repose in his less silken seat.

Continual repetition wears away the exquisiteness of all sensual pleasure, and gradually dulls the most lively delights into flat and insipid sensation. That landscape which fills the traveller with rapture, is regarded with indifference by him who sees it every day from his window. The sweetest sounds that art can combine, lose much of their effect upon an ear that is perpetually listening to melody. The most costly luxuries that can load the board of opulence, are but bread to him who makes them his daily meal. The cordial that exhilarates the sober, is but "a cup of cold water" to one who is accustomed to the draught of intemperance. The brilliant lustres that illuminate the house of public amusement, are no more than sober day-light to him who passes all his evenings there. And the softest couch into which languor ever sunk, is only a seat to those who never recline upon one less soft.

When custom has made them necessary, the highest order of sensual pleasures communicates no higher satisfaction than the supply of her necessary wants affords to simple nature. And let me be allowed to stop one moment to remark, how much *they* are exposed to pain in this world of change, to whom the deprivation of luxury were the horror of famine; exclusion from gay assemblies, the dreariness of solitude; the soberness of domestic society; the gloom of imprisonment; the loss of soft clothing; the misery of nakedness; and the reduction of elegant life's redundant conveniences, the bare condition of savage and unaccommodated man!

FAWCETT.

\* SECT. XVI.—*Uncertainty of Human Expectations.*

DARK and uncertain is the state of being in which we now exist. Human life is not formed to answer those high expectations, which, in the era of youth and imagination, we are apt to entertain. When we first set out in life, we bid defiance to the evil day; we indulge in dreams and visions of romantic bliss; and fondly lay the scene of perfect and uninterrupted happiness for the time to come. But experience soon undeceives us: we awake, and find that it was but a dream. We make but few steps in life, without finding the world to be a turbulent scene: we soon experience the changes that await us, and feel the thorns of the wilderness wherein we dwell. Our hopes are frequently blasted in the bud; our designs are defeated in the very moment of expectation; and we meet with sorrow, and vexation, and disappointment on all hands. There are lives besides our own in which we are deeply interested;—lives in which *our* happiness is placed, and on which our hopes depend. Just when we have laid a plan of happy life; when, after the experience of years, we have found out a few chosen friends, and have begun to enjoy that little circle in which we would wish to live and to die; an unexpected stroke disappoints our hopes, and lays all our schemes in the dust. When, after much labour and care, we have reared the goodly structure; when we have fenced it, as we fondly imagine, from every storm that blows, and indulge the pleasing hope that it will always endure; an invisible hand interposes, and overturns it from the foundation.

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that thy mountain stands strong, and that thou art firm as the cedar of Lebanon—but, stand in awe. Before the mighty God of Jacob, and by the blast of the breath of his nostrils, the mountain hath been overturned, and the cedar of Lebanon hath fallen like the leaf before the tempest. At this very moment of time, the wheel is in motion that reverses the lot of men, that brings the prosperous to the dust, and lays the mighty low. Now, O man, thou rejoicest in thy strength; but know, that for thee, the bed of languishing, the bed of death, will be spread. Thou now removest from thee the evil day, and sayest in thy heart, thou shalt never see sorrow; but, remember the changes of this mortal life. The calmest and the stillest hour precedes the whirlwind and the earthquake; the monarch hath drawn the chariot of state in which he was wont to ride in triumph; and the greatest who ever awed the world, have moralized at the turn of the wheel.

LOGAN.

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\*SECT. XVII.—*On Character.*

I know nothing that gives a man greater pleasure than a fair and respectable character, if he is conscious that he deserves it. The estimation of the worthy is the reward of honest and upright intentions, and a reward precious as ointment poured forth; and, notwithstanding the attempts of the malicious, and bad as this world is said to be, every good man will enjoy this reward. The best actions are capable of misrepresentation, and the purest motives may be sullied by those who choose to enter into the heart. But the arrows of slander are so generally sent abroad, that, by aiming at all, they hurt nobody; or, if they do, it is the person who has his quiver full of them. A man of respectable character is superior to the use of slander, and cannot be hurt by it: he may have as much weakness and imperfection as to make the attack possible; but he has as much merit as to render it harmless.

There is no other possible way of securing our good character in this censorious world, than by deserving it. I have seen many attempts made to gain a reputation, by accumulating wealth, by a splendid use of it, by shining talents, by noise, by show, and even by defaming other men; but I have never seen any successful attempt, where a man was not beloved for the goodness of his heart, and



respected for his virtues. Men are extremely apt to err on this point. The wish of being creditable and respected is general; but we will not take the plain and beaten road. We wish, in spite of nature, to excel in qualities which are of no use; and we will not take the trouble to practice the virtues which are in our power. Our self-partiality whispers that we have wit, talents, or taste; and we absurdly imagine, that these are more essential to our character than humanity and goodness. This is a radical defect, which every young man should labour to cure.

Vanity, indeed, is much more frequently displayed with respect to the powers of the understanding, than to the dispositions of the heart. It is not impossible, that there may be persons of such exquisitely tender feelings, as to be moved, almost to tears, at the tale of distress, who yet are hypocrites in sensibility, or who indulge their feelings without attempting to relieve the misery which excites them. Such characters are rare, because the affectation is ridiculous, and mankind expect that pretenders to compassion will support their pretensions by acts of kindness. But every man thinks that he has a right to display the powers of his understanding. He derives the means from a fund as inexhaustible as his vanity; and he obtains his imaginary victory without expense. Let us not, then, confound the means with the end. Our character and respectability depend on the use that we make of our talents, not on the display of them; and, therefore, our first object in life is, not to appear wise, but to be good. GENE.

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\*SECT. XVIII.—*Christ, the Image and Glory of God.*

NOT the most highly gifted in mind, nor the most despotic in power, nor the most influential in goodness, of all the sons of men, can furnish out a picture of the Deity like Christ. At best, they are but beams of that glory, of which he was the brightness. Look at his miracles. In raising the dead, there is an indication of divine power which nature never supplied. Look at his knowledge of the human heart and future events. That emanated from a higher wisdom than what designed the orbits of the planets, or combined the elements of material existence. In the dignity in which the Galilean peasant walked the earth, and looked down upon its rulers, and rebuked its lords,

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and raised its slaves, and legislated for human hearts, and promised eternal life, and established the kingdom of heaven, learn the moral grandeur of God. That unsullied purity on which the keenest malice and the vilest falsehood could fix no stain, portrays the Divine holiness. That untiring patience which no stupidity or perversity could baffle; that lowliness which disdained not the child, the slave, the sinner, the outcast; that kindness to all, which consorted with the Samaritan, and was gracious to the Gentile;—do they not preach to our inmost hearts, of God's forbearance, condescension, and impartiality? That mercy which so promptly welcomed back the erring follower, and so generously prayed even for his murderers,—is it not an impressive lesson on the fathomless mercy and free forgiveness of our God and Father? And that benevolence which prompted him to incessant exertion; which supported him through unparalleled suffering; which was alike the soul of his discourses, his actions, his miracles; which shone through his life and his death; whose splendours were around his brow when he expired on the cross, and when he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;—what is it but a glorious revelation of the glorious truth, that God is love?

Fox.

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\* SECT. XIX.—*On Gentleness and Modesty.*

THE qualities which I wish you to possess, are of such a nature as to make you estimable in any situation, or in any company. Gentleness and modesty are equally attractive to the high and the low, to the learned and the unlearned. In possessing what is unassuming and amiable, you interfere with no person's claims, and you interrupt the progress of no person's vanity. You secure the silence of the severe, and the approbation of the worthy. Be assured, then, that you may make yourself very agreeable to your friends and associates, although you are not too eager, at your entrance on life, to display the shining qualities which you possess. I have known teasing and disagreeable effects produced by the ambition of young people, to shine where they should have been instructed. Sometimes they acquire a degree of incurable petulance, by the easy victories which they obtain over modest merit. Every wise man feels a sensible disappointment on such

occasions, and laments that the forwardness of a vain young man or woman should have prevented the pleasure and instruction which he expected in the conversation of the learned; while this vain young man or woman was inwardly and foolishly exulting in the fancied power of entertaining others. But what is still more serious, this petulance becomes incorrigible: the reward of it is the reserve of your friends; and, in time, you are excluded from those select meetings, where they wish to indulge in free conversation, without impertinence.

All young persons should know, while their rank and connections will secure their reception into the company of their equals, that there are many particular parties formed, from which they will be positively excluded if they are destitute of the qualities which make them agreeable. These are, the good sense and information which enable them to bring their share to the feast of reason, and the modesty which will prevent their good sense from being troublesome.

Your first great care, then, in conversation, as in reading, is, to have your understanding equal to what you hear. Use your endeavour to have that distinct perception of every sentence uttered in company, which will give your mind the precise idea of the person who uttered it. Quick apprehension will make you a more agreeable companion, than a smart reply. That little degree of vanity which enters into the composition even of modest men, is more flattered when they are distinctly understood, than when they are well answered. Avoid, therefore, that disagreeable absence of manner, and vacancy of countenance, which are the indications of a weak mind, when you listen to the conversation of your seniors. Show, at least, that desire to understand, which will make them adapt their observations to your capacity. If you wish to please your friends by *your* conversation, you must first learn the art of being pleased with *theirs*. Do not allow yourself to be hurried away by the dangerous desire of speaking, when you ought to be silent. But remember there is an attentive, I had almost said an eloquent silence, which displays the intelligence, and, at the same time, the modesty of a young person. This, be assured, is the charm which makes sixteen attractive.

GENEER.

\* SECT. XX

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\* SECT. XX.—*The Philanthropy of the Gospel.*

To say that the principle of disinterested benevolence had never been known among men before the publication of Christianity, would be an exaggeration;—an exaggeration similar to that of affirming, that the doctrine of immortality was new to mankind when taught by our Lord. In truth, the one had, in every age, been imperfectly practised, and the other dimly supposed; yet neither the one principle nor the other existed in sufficient strength to be the source of substantial benefit to mankind. But Christ, while he emphatically “brought life and immortality to light,” and so claimed to be the author of hope for man, did also with such effect lay the hand of his healing power upon the human heart, long palsied by sensualities and selfishness, that it has ever since shed forth a fountain of active kindness, largely available for the relief of want and misery.

As matter of history, unquestionable and conspicuous, Christianity has in every age fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and redeemed the captive, and visited the sick. It has put to shame the atrocities of the ancient popular amusements, annihilated sanguinary rites, brought slavery into disesteem and disuse, and abolished excruciating punishments; it has even softened the ferocity of war; and, in a word, is seen constantly at work, edging away oppressions, and moving on towards the perfect triumph which avowedly it meditates—that of removing from the earth every wo which the inconsideration, or the selfishness, or the malignity of man inflicts upon his fellows.

It remains, then, to ask, by what *special* means has Christianity effected these ameliorations? and it will be found, that the power and success of the new principle of benevolence, taught in the Scriptures, are not more remarkable than are its constitution and its ingredients. Christian philanthropy, though it takes up among its elements the native benevolence of the human heart, is a compound principle, essentially differing from the spontaneous sympathies of our nature. Now, as this new and composite benevolence has, by a trial of eighteen centuries, and under every imaginable diversity of circumstance, proved its practical efficiency, and its immense superiority over the crude elementary principle of kind-

ness, it would be a violation of the acknowledged methods of modern science, to adhere pertinaciously to the old and inefficient element, and to condemn the improved principle. All we have to do on an occasion wherein the welfare of our fellows is so deeply interested, is to take care that our own benevolence, and the benevolence which we recommend to others, is of the true and genuine sort—in other words, that it is indeed—Christian. If, as every one would profess, we desire to live, not for selfish pleasure, but to promote the happiness of others; if we would become, not idle well-wishers to our species, not closet philanthropists, dreaming of impracticable reforms, and grudging the cost of effective relief, but real benefactors to mankind, we must take up the lessons of New Testament philanthropy, just as they lie on the page before us; and, without imagining simpler methods, follow humbly in the track of experience. By this book alone, have men been effectively taught to do good. *Anonymous.*

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CHAPTER IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

SECT. I.—*Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

ALL men pursue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady, but durable kind, or there is not. If not, then all good must be transient and uncertain; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking; like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause: and that cause must either be external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cause; since all derived from externals must fluctuate, as they fluctuate. By the same rule, it cannot be derived from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external,

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will proportionably destroy its essence'. What, then, remains? but the cause internal!—the very cause which we have supposed', when we place the sovereign good of mind'—in rectitude' of conduct'.  
HARRIS.

SECT. II.—*Virtue and Piety, Man's highest Interest.*

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own, or a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered it all myself? No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone! It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence, then, follows? or can there be any other than this?—If I seek an interest of my own detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and which can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are sufficient to convince me, that the thing is, somewhere at least, possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourse of

arts and letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself?—to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour?—to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

HARRIS.

SECT. III.—*The Misfortunes of Men mostly chargeable on themselves.*

WE find man placed in a world, where he has by no means the disposal of the events that happen. Calamities sometimes befall the worthiest and the best, which it is not in their power to prevent; and where nothing is left them, but to acknowledge, and to submit to, the high hand of Heaven. For such visitations of trial, many good and wise reasons can be assigned, which the present subject leads me not to discuss. But though these unavoidable calamities make a part, yet they make not the chief part, of the vexations and sorrows that distress human life. A multitude of evils beset us, for the source of which we must look to another quarter. No sooner has any thing in the health, or in the circumstances of men, gone cross to their wishes, than they begin to talk of the unequal distribution of the good things of this life; they envy the condition of others, they repine at their own lot, and fret against the Ruler of the world.

Full of these sentiments, one man pines under a broken constitution. But let us ask him, whether he can, fairly and honestly assign no cause for this but the unknown decree of Heaven? Has he duly valued the blessing of health, and always observed the rules of virtue and sobriety? Has he been moderate in his life, and temperate in all his pleasures? If now he is only paying the price

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of his former, perhaps his forgotten indulgences, has he any title to complain as if he were suffering unjustly? Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth. Among the thousands who languish there, we should find the proportion of innocent sufferers to be small. We should see faded youth, premature old age, and the prospect of an untimely grave, to be the portion of multitudes, who, in one way or other, have brought those evils on themselves; while yet these martyrs of vice and folly, have the assurance to arraign the hard fate of man, and to "fret against the Lord."

But you, perhaps, complain of hardships of another kind: of the injustice of the world; of the poverty which you suffer, and the discouragements under which you labour; of the crosses and disappointments of which your life has been doomed to be full.—Before you give too much scope to your discontent, let me desire you to reflect impartially upon your past train of life. Have not sloth, or pride, or ill temper, or sinful passions, misled you often from the path of sound and wise conduct? Have you not been wanting to yourselves, in improving those opportunities which Providence offered you, for bettering and advancing your state? If you have chosen to indulge your humour, or your taste, in the gratification of indolence or pleasure, can you complain because others, in preference to you, have obtained those advantages which naturally belong to useful labours and honourable pursuits? Have not the consequences of some false steps, into which your passions or your pleasures have betrayed you, pursued you through much of your life; tainted, perhaps, your characters, involved you in embarrassments, or sunk you into neglect?—It is an old saying, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune in the world. It is certain, that the world seldom turns wholly against a man, unless through his own fault. "Religion is," in general, "profitable unto all things." Virtue, diligence, and industry, joined with good temper and prudence, have ever been found the surest road to prosperity; and, where men fail of attaining it, their want of success is far oftener owing to their having deviated from that road, than to their having encountered insuperable bars in it. Some, by being too artful, forfeit the reputation of probity. Some, by

being too open, are accounted to fail in prudence. Others by being fickle and changeable, are distrusted by all. The case commonly is, that men seek to ascribe their disappointments to any cause, rather than to their own misconduct; and, when they can devise no other cause, they lay them to the charge of Providence. Their folly leads them into vices; their vices into misfortunes; and in their misfortunes they murmur against Providence. They are doubly unjust towards their Creator. In their prosperity, they are apt to ascribe their success to their own diligence, rather than to his blessing; and in their adversity, they impute their distresses to his providence, not to their own misbehaviour. Whereas, the truth is the very reverse of this. "Every good and every perfect gift cometh from above;" and of evil and misery man is the author to himself.

When, from the condition of individuals, we look abroad to the public state of the world, we meet with more proofs of the truth of this assertion. We see great societies of men torn in pieces by intestine dissensions, tumults, and civil commotions. We see mighty armies going forth in formidable array against each other, to cover the earth with blood, and to fill the air with the cries of widows and orphans. Sad evils these are, to which this miserable world is exposed.—But are these evils, I beseech you, to be imputed to God? Was it he who sent forth slaughtering armies into the field, or who filled the peaceful city with massacres and blood? Are these miseries any other than the bitter fruit of men's violent and disorderly passions? Are they not clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the turbulence of the people?—Let us lay them entirely out of the account, in thinking of Providence; and let us think only of the "foolishness of man." Did man control his passions, and form his conduct according to the dictates of wisdom, humanity, and virtue, the earth would no longer be desolated by cruelty; and human societies would live in order, harmony, and peace. In those scenes of mischief and violence which fill the world, let man behold, with shame, the picture of his vices, his ignorance and folly. Let him be humbled by the mortifying view of his own perverseness; but let not his "heart fret against the Lord."

BLAIR.

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SECT. IV.—*On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I WAS yesterday walking alone, in one of my friend's woods; and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind, the several arguments that establish this great point; which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes, and secret joys, that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration. Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality; with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows upon the commission of vice. Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these, and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others, who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing, almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection, that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements; I could imagine she might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe, a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries



of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Man, considered only in his present state, seems sent into the world merely to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and which can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task lays her eggs, and dies. But a man cannot take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted?—capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next; and without believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider, that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and to brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes; and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior.

That cherub knows very well, when the self now is; degree of perfection. It is true, the means preserve of being; but is of which nature will at the same degree.

With what into our soul virtue and knowledge perfection! We ever enter in that will be considered in relation to the eternal li eternally, with be a thought these perpet not only of p

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That cherub who now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well, that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows, that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

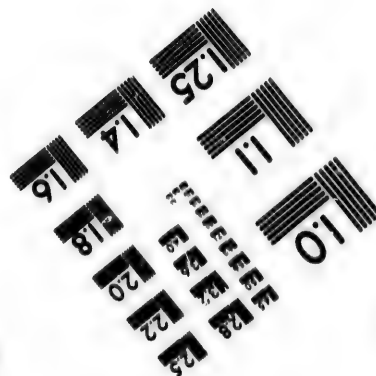
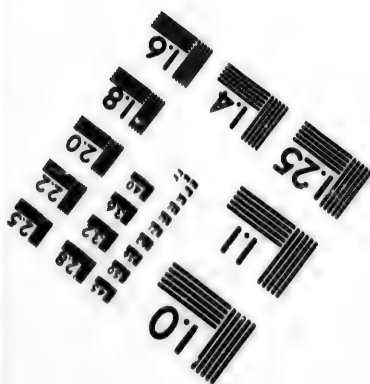
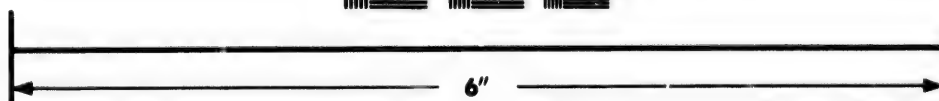
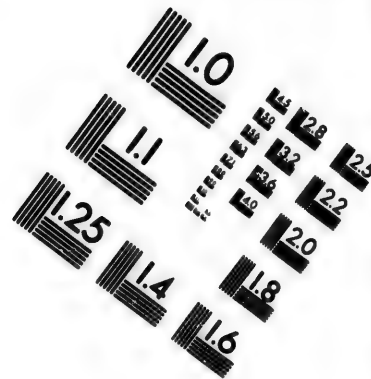
With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhaustible sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be; nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is the standard, not only of perfection, but of happiness? ADDISON.

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\*SECT. V.—*The same Subject.*

It is of the highest importance to every man, to entertain just notions of that living principle which animates our conduct as rational beings. The body, which is its occasional residence, soon mingles with the dust. The soul, for a few days, looks abroad through the apertures of clay on the face of creation. It feels the powers of its own intelligence; and it apprehends the wisdom and goodness of God. But when the body is lifeless, when the eye is shut, when all communication with external objects is terminated, is it a just conclusion to say, that the power in man, which observed the works of God, and which discerned his wisdom in them, should be extinguished also? Are the divine perfections confined, in their operation, to the narrow limits in which the soul of man is permitted to view them in this frail state? or are the organs of our bodies the only openings, through which we can view the wisdom and the works of God? Think not so





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unworthily of the Creator of all things. Do we not discover in the minutest, as well as the most sublime parts of creation, that every motion, and every change, is an act of wisdom, intended to promote the perfection of the individual, or of the system? The plant puts forth its leaves, its blossom, and its fruit. We behold every where the wisdom of the means, and the perfection of the end. And shall the noblest part of creation, the soul of man, formed for reflection, for admiration, and love;—shall this capacity of human thought be without a proper object? Shall this part of creation, which comprehends in its nature the ingredients of immortal life, fall, like an unheeded flower, among the clods of the valley, and produce no corresponding fruit? No, no; every instance of divine wisdom exhibited in the material world, is a proof of our future existence. The house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved; but we have a building eternal in the heavens. **GENRE.**



## CHAPTER V.

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

\* SECT. I.—*On the Dissolution of Nature.*

**L**ET us reflect on the vanity and transient glory of this world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things—plain, simple, and every where the same—overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities?—their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood; read the inscription; tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference, or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth,—what has become of her now? She laid her

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foundations deep', and her palaces were strong' and sump-  
tuous'; "She glorified' herself, and lived deliciously', and  
said in her heart, I sit a queen', and shall see no sorrow';"  
but her hour is come', she is wiped away from the face of  
the earth', and buried in everlasting oblivion'. But it is  
not cities' only, and works of men's hands', but the ever-  
lasting hills', the mountains and rocks' of the earth are  
melted as wax before the sun', and their place is no where  
found'. Here stood the Alps', the load of the earth', that  
covered many countries', and reached their arms from the  
Ocean' to the Black Sea'; this huge mass of stone is soft-  
ened and dissolved' as a tender cloud into rain'. Here  
stood the African' mountains, and Atlas with his top above  
the clouds'; there was frozen Caucasus', and Taurus', and  
Imaus', and the mountains of Asia'; and yonder towards  
the north', stood the Riphæan' hills, clothed in ice' and  
snow'. All these are vanished', dropped away as the snow'  
upon their heads. "Great' and marvellous' are thy works',  
just' and true are thy ways', thou King of saints! Hal-  
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SPECTATOR.

SECT. II.—*The Seasons.*

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Among the great blessings and wonders of the creation  
may be classed the regularities of times and seasons.  
Immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made  
to man, that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, sum-  
mer and winter, day and night, should continue to the  
very end of all things. Accordingly, in obedience to that  
promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some  
useful and agreeable alteration; and all the pleasing nov-  
elty of life arises from these natural changes; nor are we  
less indebted to them for many of its solid comforts. It  
has been frequently the task of the moralist and poet, to  
mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and con-  
veniencies of every change: and, indeed, such discriminate  
observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful;  
since the blessing which every month brings along with it,  
is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Pro-  
vidence, which regulates the glories of the year. We  
glow as we contemplate; we feel a propensity to adore,  
whilst we enjoy. In the time of seed-sowing, it is the sea-  
son of *confidence*: the grain which the husbandman trusts  
to the bosom of the earth shall, haply, yield its sevenfold

wards. Spring presents us with a scene of lively expectation. That which was before sown, begins now to discover signs of successful vegetation. The labourer observes the change, and anticipates the harvest; he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence; while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidst the fragrance of flowers, and promises of plenty, nor returns to his cottage, till darkness closes the scene upon his eye. Then cometh the harvest, when the large wish is satisfied, and the granaries of nature are loaded with the means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season. It is the carnival of nature: sun and shade, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every scene of summer delightful.—The division of light and darkness is one of the kindest efforts of Omnipotent Wisdom. Day and night yield us contrary blessings; and, at the same time, assist each other, by giving fresh lustre to the delights of both. Amidst the glare of day, and bustle of life, how could we sleep? Amidst the gloom of darkness, how could we labour?

How wise, how benignant, then, is the proper division! The hours of light are adapted to activity; and those of darkness, to rest. Ere the day is past, exercise and nature prepare us for the pillow; and, by the time that the morning returns, we are again able to meet it with a smile. Thus every season has a charm peculiar to itself; and every moment affords some interesting change.

MELMOTH.

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SECT. III.—*The Cataract of Niagara, in Canada, North America.*

THIS amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises, like a wall, across

the whole bed of nearly three quarters of a mile. It grows narrower in direction is not a horse-shoe; the shape of the ob of teatro the middle of this has braved the f and divides the again long before the fall is heard fury of the water conceivable. The very clouds bow, when the that such a cataract stream; and yet have ventured d

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Or all the subt of Antiparos is tent, as for the celebrated cavern Italian traveller, ros, an inconsidering been inform that in the little miles from the f the mouth of a two (the French in pursuance of the island, and v of beautiful pla came to a little cavern, that, by and almost repr prius, however, above twenty p presented itself what the ignora

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the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little above, is nearly three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like a horse-shoe; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues; and the fury of the waters, at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds; and which forms a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It will readily be supposed, that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indians, in their canoes, as it is said, have ventured down it with safety.

GOLDSMITH.

#### SECT. IV.—*The Grotto of Antiparos.*

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Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for the extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago. "Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of Paros, that in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and myself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a horrid cavern, that, by its gloom, at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly; and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant,



was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

"We had as yet seen but few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbled along the sides of the descent for some time: the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured with a flambeau in his hand, into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him, about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre (if I may so call it), still deeper than any other part, we returned; and, being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and, descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

"Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent scene.

The whole room yet solid as rock, lofty and noble with spars; a magnificent theatre, lights. The several places, many objects, appearances, curiosities of nature were redoubled, firing of a gun deafening. In a concretion of pure, resembling we caused many columns that resembled sticks; and customary ornaments.

"Below every cavern; down and descended at last arrived bottom appeared being composed in which I thought however, as they were formed; Upon our entrance a Greek inscription, iterated by time, seemed to imitate, under, had, of the depths of us."—"This may serve to the ends of nature."

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The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite.

"Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre; being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us."—This account of so beautiful and striking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.

GOLDSMITH.

#### SECT. V.—*Earthquake at Catanea.*

ONE of the earthquakes most particularly described in history, is that which happened in the year 1693; the damages of which were chiefly felt in Sicily; but its motion was perceived in Germany, France, and England. It extended to a circumference of two thousand six hundred

leagues; chiefly affecting the sea-coasts and great rivers; more perceivable also upon the mountains, than in the valleys. Its motions were so rapid, that persons who lay at their length, were tossed from side to side, as upon a rolling billow. The walls were dashed from their foundations; and no fewer than fifty-four cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catanea, in particular, was utterly overthrown. A traveller, who was on his way thither, perceived, at the distance of some miles, a black cloud, like night, hanging over the place. The sea, all of a sudden, began to roar; mount *Ætna*, to send forth great spires of flame; and, soon after, a shock ensued, with a noise as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged. Our traveller, being obliged to alight, instantly felt himself raised a foot from the ground; and, turning his eyes to the city, he with amazement saw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. The birds flew about astonished; the sun was darkened; the beasts ran howling from the hills; and although the shock did not continue above three minutes, yet nearly nineteen thousand of the inhabitants of Sicily perished in the ruins. Catanea, to which city the describer was travelling, seemed the principal scene of ruin: its place only was to be found; and not a footstep of its former magnificence was to be seen remaining.

(GOLDSMITH.)

#### SECT. VI.—*Creation.*

In the progress of the Divine works and government, there arrived a period, in which this earth was to be called into existence. When the signal moment, predestined from all eternity, was come, the Deity arose in his might, and with a word created the world.—What an illustrious moment was that, when, from non-existence, there sprang at once into being, this mighty globe; on which so many millions of creatures now dwell!—No preparatory measures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. “He spake, and it was done: he commanded, and it stood fast. The earth was at first without form and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep.” The Almighty surveyed the dark abyss, and fixed bounds to the several divisions of nature. He said, “Let there be light; and there was light.” Then appeared the sea, and the dry land.

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The mountains rose, and the rivers flowed. The sun and moon began their course in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and the waters, were stored with their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work, when it was finished; and pronounced it good. Superior beings saw with wonder this new accession to existence. "The morning stars sang together; and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

BLAIR.

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### SECT. VII.—*Charity.*

CHARITY is the same with benevolence or love; and is the term uniformly employed in the New Testament, to denote all the good affections which we ought to bear towards one another. It consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head, and leaving the heart, as speculations too often do, untouched and cold. Neither is it confined to that indolent good nature, which makes us rest satisfied with being free from inveterate malice or ill-will to our fellow-creatures, without prompting us to be of service to any. True charity is an active principle. It is not properly a single virtue; but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, candour, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality flow, as so many native streams. From general good-will to all, it extends its influence particularly to those with whom we stand in nearest connexion, and who are directly within the sphere of our good offices. From the country or community to which we belong, it descends to the smaller associations of neighborhood, relations, and friends; and spreads itself over the whole circle of social and domestic life. I mean not that it imports a promiscuous undistinguished affection, which gives every man an equal title to our love. Charity, if we should endeavour to carry it so far, would be rendered an impracticable virtue; and would resolve itself into mere words, without affecting the heart. True charity attempts not to shut our eyes to the distinction between good and bad men; nor to warm our hearts equally to those who befriend and those who injure us. It reserves our esteem for good

men, and our complacency for our friends. Towards our enemies, it inspires forgiveness, humanity, and a solicitude for their welfare. It breathes universal candour, and liberality of sentiment. It forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners. It prompts corresponding sympathies with them who rejoice, and them who weep. It teaches us to slight and despise no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, the intercessor for offenders. It is faithfulness in the friend, public spirit in the magistrate, equity and patience in the judge, moderation in the sovereign, and loyalty in the subject. In parents, it is care and attention; in children, it is reverence and submission. In a word, it is the soul of social life. It is the sun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men. It is, "like the dew of Hermon," says the Psalmist, "and the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

BLAIR.

#### SECT. VIII.—*On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch of Israel experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

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sals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose  
their fragrantcy: but these unfading plants of paradise  
become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more  
beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened;  
fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from  
them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will  
desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them often-  
est, will relish them best.

And now, could the author flatter himself, that any one  
would take half the pleasure in reading his work, which he  
has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his  
labour. The employment detached him from the bustle  
and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly.  
Vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and dis-  
quietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as  
the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited  
him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest  
were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved in-  
finitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave  
him uneasiness but the last: for then he grieved that his  
work was done. Happier hours than those which have  
been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he  
never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did  
they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along; for  
when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone;  
but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind:  
and the remembrance of them is sweet.

HORNE.

#### SECT. IX.—*Character of Alfred, King of England.*

THE merit of this prince, both in private and in public life,  
may, with advantage, be set in opposition to that of any  
monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age, or any  
nation, can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the  
complete model of that perfect character, which, under the  
denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have  
been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their ima-  
gination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to prac-  
tice; so happily were all his virtues tempered together,  
so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each  
prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He  
knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with



the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance, with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice, with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command, with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action.

Nature, also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments; vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. By living in that barbarous age, he was deprived of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we might at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it was impossible he could be entirely exempted.

HUME.

#### SECT. X.—*Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

THESE are few personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any, whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praise; and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active, and stronger qualities: and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity; her frugality from avarice; her friendship from partiality; her enterprise from turbulence and vain ambition. She guarded not herself, with equal care, or equal success, from less infirmities;

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the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper, and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity.—Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and, though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave men who flourished during her reign, shared the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit, is,

to lay aside all these considerations; and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. HUME.

\* SECT. XI.—*On England.*

ENGLAND is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome. But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, or prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute, but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness, on its rocky height, a more hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter: the footsteps of history were every where to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling as a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants, and a mode of life, for every habitation that I saw—from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden, and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be satiated with the

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sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture, and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry, in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the Muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations, than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstacy with which I first saw the lark arise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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\* SECT. XII.—*The Christian Mother.*

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of Society, they are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a VIRTUOUS CHRISTIAN MOTHER! It would require a far other pen than mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps, who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect at this moment, some saint in heaven, that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal! No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of our life becomes an hour of instruction; every feature of her conduct, a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase, and familiar story; the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion; the countenance of this fond and anxious parent, all beaming with delight and love; and her eye raised occasionally to heaven, in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh! what a glorious part does such a woman act



on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is the mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated, spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit; I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race; I can fancy generations yet unborn, rising to prove and to hail her worth; and I adore that God, who can destine a SINGLE HUMAN CREATURE to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world.

KIRWAN.

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\*SECT. XIII.—*On the Dissolution of all Visible Things.*

EVERY thing around us is subject to dissolution, and is actually dissolving. Every year we behold proofs and symptoms of this. The flowers wither, and the corn is cut down. Trees and shrubs drop their leaves, and wear symptoms of decay. The mountain oak, which flourished for ages, now stands a blighted trunk, inspiring melancholy. Places renowned of old for beauty and defence, are known to us only by their names. Here and there are ruins of temples where our fathers worshipped. Of Jerusalem and the temples of Mount Zion, of which such glorious things are said, there is not one stone left upon another. Babylon the Great is fallen. Families, and states, and empires, have their rise, their glory, and their decline. The earth itself is waxing old. The sun, and stars, and elements, shall at last dissolve. Years, as they pass, speak to us of the consummation of all things. Listen to their parting voice. In still, but solemn language, they tell of the angel, who shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, "Time shall be no more."

CHARTERS.

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\*SECT. XIV.—*The Puritans.*

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast,—for whose

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inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority, but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the Prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony,—by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had

arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried, in the bitterness of his soul, that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People, who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs, a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal; but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject, made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man, 'Talus, with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

*Edinburgh Review.*

\*SECT. XV

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\*SECT. XV.—*The Intellectual Character of Milton.*

THE very splendour of Milton's poetic fame, has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many, he seems only a poet, when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries; and rear fabrics of glory and beauty, from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

Milton had that universality, which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age, it burst forth, and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt, that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were every where his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction; surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the blest;" and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness, contributions from all regions under heaven.

Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored.

His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries, where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondences; and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius, exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge,—will see mutual light shed from truth to truth,—and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

CHANNING.

\*SECT. XVI.—*On Day and Night, and the Seasons.*

NATURE is always grand in her designs, but frugal in her execution of them: sublimity and simplicity are the striking characteristics of her workmanship. From a few simple principles, she produces the most astonishing effects; and charms us no less by the infinite diversity of her operations, than by the skill and contrivance which are manifested in the performance of them. The sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, are all governed by the same invariable laws: the single principle of gravitation pervades the whole universe, and puts every spring and wheel of it in motion. From the indiscernable atom, to the vast and immeasurable luminaries of heaven, every thing is subject to its dominating influence; and from this active, invisible, and invigorating agent, proceed that order, harmony, beauty, and variety, which so eminently distinguish the works of creation.

But, of all the effects resulting from this admirable scene of things, nothing can be more pleasing and agreeable to

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a philosophic mind, than the alternate succession of day and night, and the regular return of the seasons. When the sun first appears in the horizon, all nature is animated by his presence; the magnificent theatre of the universe opens gradually to our view; and every object around us excites ideas of pleasure, admiration, and wonder. After riding in all his brightness through the vault of heaven; he is again hidden from our sight; and we are now presented with a new spectacle of equal grandeur and sublimity. The heavens are, on a sudden, covered with innumerable stars; the moon, rising in clouded majesty, unveils her peerless light; whilst the silent solemnity of the scene fills the mind with sentiments and ideas beyond the power of language to express.

Variety is the source of every pleasure; and the bountiful Author of nature, in the magnificent display of his wisdom and power, has afforded us every possible means of entertainment and instruction. What a pleasing succession of scenes results from the gradual vicissitudes of the seasons! Summer, winter, spring, and autumn, lead us insensibly through the varied circle of the year; and are no less pleasing to the mind, than necessary towards bringing to maturity the various productions of the earth. Whether the sun flames in the solstice, or pours his mild effulgence from the equator, we equally rejoice in his presence, and adore that omniscient Being who gave him his appointed course, and prescribed the bounds which he can never pass.

BONNYCASTLE.

\*SECT. XVII.—*Rural Life in England.*

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage—the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them, the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing—the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly above its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown



green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery. But what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely-discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art, which produce the effect, are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants, of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water: all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading, yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country, has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy, that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage, and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge; the grass-plot before the door; the little flower-bed, bordered with snug box; the woodbine, trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green, summer to cheer the fireside: all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English, has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the man of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations

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of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely,—to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and, while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation, there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty: it leaves him to the workings of his own hand, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of moral life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England, than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society, may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through Brit-

ish literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets—that have continued down from “the Flower and the Leaf” of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful moral.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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\* SECT. XVIII.—*On Poetry.*

POETRY seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature—we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians, than that of man’s immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being, are *now* wrapped up in his soul as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life, than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry.

He who cannot interpret, by his own consciousness, what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul,

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PART I.

where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, power of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new," for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements, in what it actually sees and experiences in the worlds of matter and mind: but it combines and blends these into new forms, and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and, in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe, that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions: but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.



Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature, and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. CHANNING.

\*SECT. XIX.—*On Westminster Abbey.*

I ROSE, and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which led into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence, the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies, to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre.

Would not one think, that these incongruous mementoes had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness! —to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exalta-

tion, the neglect arrive; how soon pass away; and of the tomb, a meanest of the grave is here no levity in some awful and half which delight to homage and g living. The broken open, ornaments; the the imperious lies headless. proof how false. Some are plundered ribaldry and is honoured!

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tion, the neglect and dishonour to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth; and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonoured!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows, in the high vaults above me: the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes, in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk; and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres, but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and

spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside, to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

\* SECT. XX.—*On the Advantages of the Telescope and Microscope.*

It was the telescope that pierced the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds. But, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity: the other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon: the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that, in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe: the other suggests to me, that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his

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CHALMERS.

\* SECT. XXI.—*The Divine Character.*

THE Divine Being combines in his character and administration all that is great and good, fair and excellent, venerable and lovely. When we have strained our faculties to the utmost in conceiving of grandeur, and purity, and benignity, we are still at an immeasurable distance from the grandeur, and purity, and benignity, which make his infinite nature their eternal dwelling-place. "His is the greatness;" and the highest of his creatures, the totality of his creation, is before him less than a drop to the ocean—than an atom to the universe of matter. "His is the power;" and all created might is in his hand, to be exerted, directed, restrained, and resumed, at his pleasure. "His is the glory;" and all created splendour in his presence fades into obscurity—vanishes into nothing. "His is the victory:" in all his purposes, he ever is the overcomer, and all victories gained by his creatures are won by power derived from him. "His is the majesty;" and all the potentates of the earth before Him are contemptible worms, and their loftiest thrones are not worthy to be his footstool. "All that is in the heaven and in the earth is his:" he is the Maker, Preserver and Governor—the supreme and the sole Proprietor of the universe. "His is the kingdom:" unbounded dominion belongs to him, and all powers and authorities are under his feet; and all this grandeur is beautified by absolute moral perfection. His is a purity, before which the holiness of angels waxes dim; and his a benignant tenderness, of which the yearnings of a mother's heart over the son of her womb, is but a feeble figure. And is it not meet, that all intelligent beings should acknowledge this supreme excellence and loveliness; and in the inmost sanctuary of their intellectual and active natures, yield him to whom it belongs the tribute of supreme reverence and of love? Who, that has a spark of allegiance to the supreme authority, will not, from the bottom of his soul, breathe out the wish, "Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth." "Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him."

BROWN.

## \*SECT. XXII.—On the Greatness of Bonaparte.

THERE are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral greatness*, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses, as its own, the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness, and defies all peril; hears, in its own conscience, a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace or spark in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live a day for what Napoleon always lived,—to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral comes *intellectual greatness*, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself; questions the past, anticipates the future; traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature; binds together, by innumerable affinities and relations, all the objects of its knowledge; and, not satisfied with what exists and what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, inspired poets, and to the master-spirits in the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we

mean the sublime and extensive power on a mighty of energies and outward effects Bonaparte; and none will raised himself the face of the v ful and civilize across seas and feared as desti antechamber w broke down th a highway, and daries of civili the deserts of of himself in h tion, whether l to him a sublin effects.

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mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies and arrangement, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte; and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called *great*. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

We are not disposed, however, to consider him as pre-eminent even in this order of greatness. War was his chief sphere. He gained his ascendancy in Europe by the sword. But war is not the field for the highest active talent; and Napoleon we suspect was conscious of this truth. The glory of being the greatest general of his age, would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis XIV. was large enough to cherish it. The question is, Did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement? Did he discover new foundations of power? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations?



Did he discover, or originate, some common interests, by which his empire might be held together? Did he breathe a spirit which should supplant the old national attachments? or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used? Never in the records of time, did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did Europe at the period of the French revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world? Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose? What did he do, but follow the beaten track?—but apply force and fraud, in their very coarsest forms? Napoleon showed a vulgar mind, when he assumed self-interest as the sole spring of human action. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind. The strength of moral, national, and domestic feeling, he could not comprehend. The finest, and, after all, the most powerful elements in human nature, hardly entered into his conceptions of it; and how, then, could he have established a durable power over the human race? We want little more to show his want of originality and comprehensiveness as the founder of an empire, than the simple fact, that he chose as his chief counsellors Talleyrand and Fouché, names which speak for themselves. We may judge of the greatness of the master-spirit, from the minds which he found most congenial with his own. In war, Bonaparte was great; for he was bold, original, and creative. Beyond the camp, he indeed showed talent, but not superior to that of other eminent men.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## PATHETIC PIECES.

SECT. I.—*The Good Man's Comfort in Affliction.*

THE religion' of Christ' not only arms us with fortitude' against the approach of evil', but supposing evils to fall upon us with their heaviest' pressure, it lightens the load' by many consolations' to which others' are strangers'. While bad men trace', in the calamities' with which they are visited', the hand of an offended Sovereign'; Christians' are taught to view' them as the well-intended chastisements' of a merciful Father'. They hear', amidst them', that still voice' which a good conscience' brings to their ear': "Fear not', for I am with thee'; be not dismayed', for I am thy God'." They apply to themselves' the comfortable promises' with which the gospel abounds'. They discover in these' the happy issue' decreed to their troubles'; and wait' with patience' till Providence shall have accomplished its great' and good' designs. In the meantime', Devotion opens to them its blessed' and holy' sanctuary; that' sanctuary in which the wounded heart is healed', and the weary mind is at rest'; where the cares of the world are forgotten', where its tumults are hushed', and its miseries disappear'; where greater objects open to our view' than any which the world presents'; where a more serene sky shines', and a sweeter' and calmer' light beams on the afflicted heart'. In those' moments of devotion', a pious man', pouring out his wants and sorrows to an Almighty Supporter', feels that he is not left solitary' and forsaken' in a vale of wo'. God' is with' him; Christ' and the Holy Spirit' are with' him; and though he should be bereaved of every friend on earth', he can look up in heaven' to a friend' that will never' desert' him.

BLAIR.

SECT. II.—*An Eminent Instance of True Fortitude.*

ALL who have been distinguished as servants of God, or benefactors of men; all who, in perilous situations, have acted their parts with such honour as to render their names

illustrious through succeeding ages, have been eminent for fortitude of mind. Of this, we have one conspicuous example in the apostle Paul, whom it will be instructive for us to view in a remarkable occurrence of his life. After having long acted as the apostle of the Gentiles, his mission called him to go to Jerusalem, where he knew that he was to encounter the utmost violence of his enemies. Just before he set sail, he called together the elders of his favourite church at Ephesus; and, in a pathetic speech, which does great honour to his character, gave them his last farewell. Deeply affected by their knowledge of the certain dangers to which he was exposing himself, all the assembly were filled with distress, and melted into tears. The circumstances were such as might have conveyed dejection even into a resolute mind, and would have totally overwhelmed the feeble. "They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more." What were, then, the sentiments—what was the language, of this great and good man? Hear the words which spoke his firm and undaunted mind: "Behold, I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Spirit witnesseth in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." There was uttered the voice—there breathed the spirit, of a brave and virtuous man. Such a man knows not what it is to shrink from danger, when conscience points out his path. In that path he is determined to walk, let the consequences be what they may.

This was the magnanimous behaviour of that great apostle, when he had persecution and distress full in view. Attend now to the sentiments of the same excellent man, when the time of his last suffering approached; and remark the majesty and the ease with which he looked on death. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—How many years of life does such a dying moment overbalance! Who would not choose, in this manner, to go off the stage.

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with such a song of triumph in his mouth, rather than prolong his existence through a wretched old age, stained with sin and shame!

BLAIR.

### SECT. III.—*The Close of Life.*

WHEN we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's designs and hopes; the silence that now reigns among those who, a little while ago, were so busy or so gay: who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving the fate of passing and short-lived man?

Behold the poor man, who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of his master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed, perhaps, both a sound understanding and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom. —At no great distance from him, the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man. For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, "The rich man also died, and was buried." He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man: perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, "the mourners go about the streets;" and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is preparing, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to dispute about the division of his substance.—One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing with one another about the

news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to ourselves what is passing there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave one who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has, in full maturity, sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think and to discourse of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen families and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rising, in a manner, new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not had arisen to fill the earth.—Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and conditions, “one generation passeth, and another generation cometh; and this great inn is by turns evacuated and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.” O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom from a sense of their own fugitive state? BLAIR.

#### SECT. IV.—*The Clemency and Amiable Character of the Patriarch Joseph.*

No human character, exhibited in the records of Scripture, is more remarkable and instructive, than that of the Patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune; from the condition of a slave, rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt, and, in every station, acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favour with God and

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man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honourably resisted. When thrown into prison by the artifices of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous, even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharaoh, the wise and extensive plan which he formed, for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service. But in his whole history there is no circumstance so striking and interesting, as his behaviour to his brethren, who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to them, was the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events; and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narration, it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet from the beginning he intended to discover himself; and studied so to conduct the discovery, as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children. They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor; and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints, in all the colours of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening

to the close of life ; long afflicted for the loss of a favourite son, whom he supposed to have been torn to pieces by a beast of prey ; labouring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home and expose to the dangers of a foreign land. " If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. I pray thee, therefore, let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me, lest I see the evil that shall come on my father?"

Upon this relation, Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father, and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country, and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. " He cried, Cause every man to go out from me ; and he wept aloud." The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner, when he first saw his brethren before him. " His bowels yearned upon them ; he sought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber ; and then washed his face, and returned to them." At that period, his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no further occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show, that he felt as a man and a brother. " He wept aloud ; and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh, heard him."

The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce, are the most suitable to such an affecting situation that were ever uttered : " I am Joseph : doth my father yet live ?"—What could he, what ought he, in that impassioned moment, to have said more ? This is the voice of nature herself, speaking her own language ; and it penetrates the heart : no pomp of expression, no parade of kindness : but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt. " His brethren could not answer him ; for

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they were troubled at his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which, on this amazing discovery, filled their breasts, and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks, are expressive of the generous agitations which struggled for vent within him. No painter could seize a more striking moment, for displaying the characteristic features of the human heart, than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian, it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the colouring of the most admired modern eloquence.

BLAIR.

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\* SECT. V.—*The Elder's Deathbed.*

At this affecting time, the Minister took the family bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses:

Within thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee?  
And in thy high and holy hill,  
Who shall a dweller be?—

The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express.

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened; and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son, thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past, your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son; for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride; for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me—when as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply: but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and more austere countenance, than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word *father* to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"—"Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long soft white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck.—"Go thou, likewise,

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my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time, William, when none could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them: there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bedside. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice, he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!"—"I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit;" and, so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and, without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the

DEATHBED OF THE ELDER.

WILSON.



\*SECT. VI.—*War, a Fragment.*

"THAT spirit, which fired the Athenian soul, when Aristides led forth his legions, seems to animate them: they are fighting for glory, for their religion and liberty!" cried my father, raising his voice. "Glory!" said Yorick—"glory blooms on the olive. I never see a laurel, but methinks I see blood upon its leaf:—the laurel springs near the wolf; the olive is a shelter for the lamb. To bind up the wounds of affliction, to feed the hungry, to make Wo forget her troubles, and Misery smile, is glory!—It is glory to shelter our fellow-creatures!—but ambition and rapine, retired behind the walls of their castles, level their engines of destruction on the heads of the helpless,—myriads, actuated by them, and blind to fear, rise with the sun, and mingle with the blessed dews of heaven the blood of their fellow-creatures."

"Peace! peace!" cried Dr. Slop; "though France were depopulated, Germany revolutionized, and the hordes of Russia driven back to the frozen regions from which they have issued, there must be war! for it is a war of religion against infidelity, of order against anarchy and confusion!"—"It is a crusade against public opinion," cried my uncle Toby.

"It is the sentiment of cowardice, of cruelty," exclaimed Yorick, "to force opinion by invective, by the bayonet, by the dungeon, by the rack, or by any force, but the force of reason! If there be any absolute power, let it be the power of truth: it yields to none; sooner or later, it conquers all. Let blood henceforth be banished! I see the starving children of thousands torn from their homes to fight ambition's quarrels. I see the supplicating eye of Want ask its famished mother for a morsel! 'Cling not round her knees, for she has nothing to give.' I see," continued Yorick, casting his eyes on Dr. Slop, "I see, in this war of legitimacy—of religion, her best duties profaned. I see the virgin ravished before the eyes of age, before eyes filled with a father's tears! I see his silver locks spotted over with blood—his hut in flames—his fields trampled on—his children murdered—his wife no more—his heart broken! Ye princes of the earth! look down upon this scene, and learn the novelty of feeling."

My father, my uncle Toby, and Yorick, drew close

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round the fire, which seemed to burn brighter while the genius of humanity hovered over their heads, and smiled upon the scene.

O Benevolence! eternal fountain of our joys! source divine of pure delight! what being would not cast his cup within thy stream, and drink the precious draught! Thou art the spring of comfort, which bloweth to birth all the blossoms life can give, or mortals can enjoy. 'Tis thou who causest the lovely dewdrop of gratitude to gem the eye of human nature—promptest thy children to relieve the helpless—to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, and shed the tear of fellow-feeling! Thou art the noblest link in the great chain of existence; and when thou breakest, nature herself must dissolve.

*Anonymous.*

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\*SECT. VII.—*Comal and Galvina.*

"MOURNFUL is thy tale, son of the car," said Carril of other times.—"It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of other years.—Often have I heard of Comal, who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel, and the battle was consumed in his presence."

"Comal was the son of Albion; the chief of a hundred hills.—His deer drank of a thousand streams.—A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs.—His face was the mildness of youth; his hand, the death of heroes.—One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty Conloch.—She appeared like a sunbeam among women.—Her hair was like the wing of the raven.—Her dogs were taught to the chase.—Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest.—Her soul was fixed on Comal.—Often met their eyes of love.—Their course in the chase was one.—Happy were their words in secret.—But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy Comal!

"One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met in the cave of Ronan.—It was the wonted haunt of Comal.—Its sides were hung with his arms.—A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hundred helms of sounding steel.—'Rest here,' he said, 'my love, Galvina; thou light of the cave of Ronan! A deer appears on Mora's

brow. I go; but I will soon return.'—'I fear,' she said, 'dark Gormal, my foe; he haunts the cave of Ronan.—I will rest among the arms; but soon return, my love.'

"He went to the deer of Mora.—The daughter of Conloch would try his love.—She clothed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan!—He thought it was his foe.—His heart beat high; his colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes.—He drew the bow.—The arrow flew.—Galvina fell in blood!—He ran with wildness in his steps, and called the daughter of Conloch.—No answer in the lonely rock.—'Where art thou, O my love!'—He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered arrow.—'O Conloch's daughter, is it thou?'—He sunk upon her breast.

"The hunters found the hapless pair. He afterwards walked the hill; but many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love.—The fleet of the ocean came.—He fought; the strangers fled.—He searched for death along the field.—But who could slay the mighty Comal!—He threw away his dark-brown shield.—An arrow found his manly breast.—He sleeps with his loved Galvina, amidst the noise of the sounding surge!—Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds over the waves of the north."

OSSIAN.

\* SECT. VIII.—*The Widow and her Son.*

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her; for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society;

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and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising, and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded, that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there, one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before, with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners, in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train; and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.—I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in



prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive movement of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin into the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: "Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her: but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering. I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part, in standing by, and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound; their elastic spirits soon rise above the pressure; their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows

of a widow, only son, the sorrows which

# \*SECT. I.

It was some way homeward comforter; she mother to her particulars confessed.—The village from neatest cottage, the assistance creditably and less life. To be the staff of a good woman, pered, so kind parents! It dressed out supporting her fonder of learning, and, poor soul, had there was

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of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are, indeed, sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

\*SECT. IX.—*The Widow and her Son, continued.*

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation; and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.—The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages; and, by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had only one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“Oh, sir,” said the good woman, “he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good, to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm than on her good man’s; and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure; but, beyond that, they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely, in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind of feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary, and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty pro-

ductions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for a repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her: but his steps were faint and faltering, he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye.—“Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son?—your poor boy George?” It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet, on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor

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weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight: if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and, as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle, to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching, than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monument—the stately hatchments—the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart; I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They ex-

erted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

\*SECT. X.—*The Head-stone.*

THE coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over; and the long, broad, skilfully-cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the churchyard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the churchyard. Here, some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbours were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the grey-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and grey walls of the house of God.

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Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere, but unimpassioned grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them, for a longer time, and more intently, than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other; and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers; and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favour—selfish thoughts, that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually, but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate and truly attached, now met at market, and—miserable to say—at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods, were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and



cross-bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the by-standers, "William, this was not kind in you: you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favourite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-stone—had I not?"

For a while, the elder brother said nothing; for he had a consciousness in his heart, that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory: so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead. The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man; and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons; and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may: but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publicly before he left the churchyard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart; for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man; and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,

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And how becoming well,  
Together such as brethern are  
In unity to dwell!

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natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart, in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt more kindly and more humanely towards each other.

As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly, grasping each other's hands, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said "I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his deathbed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent; nor was it your fault, that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes: I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know, that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him.—My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial, till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. My dear boys receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden; and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the churchyard, arm in arm with the minister to the manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew; and it was observed, that they read together off the same Bible, and sang together from the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung—given out at their own request—of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave. A larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor; for Love and Charity are twin-sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and even until death they were not divided.

WILSON.

\*SECT. XI.—*The Village Teacher.*

MOST readers must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismissal whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day—himself against a host—in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishments; so that the Eclogues of Virgil and Odes of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbing school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

To me, these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life. My chief haunt is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a "lone vale of green bracken," passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleugh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers

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among my pupils as fish for trout or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has long been the favourite termination of my walks, and will probably be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections, by reminding us of recent calamity; and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hair-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven; and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened, and deprived of their horror, by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are; and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

SCOTT.

## CHAPTER VII.

## DIALOGUES.

SECT. I.—*Christianity defended against Scepticism.*

LOCKE AND BAYLE.

*Bayle.* YES: we both were philosophers; but my' philosophy was the deepest'. You dogmatise'd; I doubted'.

*Locke.* Do you make doubting' a proof of depth' in philosophy? It may be a good beginning' of it; but it is a bad end'.

*Bayle.* No: the more profound' our researches are into the nature' of things, the more uncertainty' we shall find; and the most subtle' minds see objections and difficulties in every' system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable' by ordinary' understandings.

*Locke.* It would be better, then, to be no' philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd' of mankind, that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something'. I find that the eyes which nature' has given me, see many things very clearly', though some' are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly'. What opinion ought I to have of a physician', who should offer me an eye-water', the use of which would at first so sharpen' my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary' vision; but would, in the end, put out' my eyes? Your philosophy is to the eyes of the mind', what I have supposed the doctor's nostrum' to be to those of the body'. It actually brought your own' excellent understanding, which was by nature quick-sighted', and rendered more' so by art and subtilty of logic peculiar to yourself'—it brought, I say, your' very acute understanding to see nothing clearly'; and enveloped all the great truths of reason and religion' in the mists of doubt'.

*Bayle.* I own' it did; but your comparison' is not just'. I did not see well, before' I used my philosophic eye-water: I only supposed' I saw well; but I was in an error' with all the rest' of mankind. The blindness' was real: the perceptions' were imaginery'. I cured myself first of those false' imaginations, and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other' men.

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*Bayle.* Yes its own weak- strength we hurting' our contempt' by

*Locke.* I know its own and try to in philosopher'. of the mind, not; to restrain teach it how by nature', v culture' of the of philosophy my hands'.

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*Locke.* Op tion', depend principles be the phenome of experimen another. Bu not obvious t have received are as immo philosophical under God', think, that,



*Locke.* A great cure' indeed!—and do you not think, that, in return' for the service you did them, they ought to erect you a statue'?

*Bayle.* Yes': it is good for human nature' to know its own weakness'. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not', we are always in great danger of hurting' ourselves, or at least of deserving ridicule and contempt' by vain and idle efforts'.

*Locke.* I agree' with you, that human nature should know its own weakness'; but it should also feel its strength', and try to improve' it. This was my' employment as a philosopher'. I endeavoured to discover the real' powers of the mind, to see what it could do', and what it could not'; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability'; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature', with the utmost exertion', and most proper culture' of them, would allow it to go.' In the vast ocean' of philosophy, I had the line' and the plummet' always in my hands'. Many' of its depths I found myself unable to fathom'; but, by caution in sounding', and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage', I found out some truths of so much use' to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.'

*Bayle.* Their ignorance makes them think' so. Some other' philosopher will come hereafter, and show those truths to be falsehoods'. He' will pretend to discover other truths of equal' importance. A later' sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned', whose sagacious discoveries' will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor'. In philosophy', as in nature', all' changes its form', and one' thing exists by the destruction of another'.

*Locke.* Opinions taken up without a patient investigation', depending on terms not accurately defined', and principles begged without proof', like theories to explain the phenomena of nature', built on suppositions' instead of experiments', must perpetually change and destroy' one another. But some' opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense' of mankind, which they have received on such rational' grounds of assent, that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven'; or (to speak philosophically'), as the great laws of nature', by which, under God', the universe' is sustained. Can you seriously think, that, because the hypothesis of your countryman

Descartes', which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance', has been lately exploded', the system of Newton', which is built on experiments and geometry', the two most certain' methods of discovering truth, will ever fail'; or that, because the whims of fanatics' and the divinity of schoolmen', cannot now' be supported, the doctrines of that' religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning', firmly believed and maintained', will ever be shaken'?

*Bayle.* If you' had asked Descartes', while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his' system would ever be confuted by any other' philosophers, as that of Aristotle had been by his', what answer' do you suppose he would have returned?

*Locke.* Come', come': you yourself' know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of those' systems, and that of Newton' is placed. Your' scepticism is more affected' than real'. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation' (the only' wish of your heart), to object', than to defend'; to pull down', than to set up'. And your talents were admirable' for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a critical dictionary', a pleasant tale', or obscene jest', and a grave argument against the Christian religion', a witty confutation of some absurd author', and an artful sophism to impeach some respectable truth', was particularly' commodious to all our young smart' and smatterers in free'-thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society! You have endeavoured', with some degree of success', to shake those foundations on which the whole moral' world, and the great fabric of social happiness', entirely rest'. How could you', as a philosopher, in the sober hours of reflection', answer for this to your conscience'; even supposing you had' doubts of the truth of a system', which gives to virtue' its sweetest hopes', to impenitent vice' its greatest' fears', and to true' penitence its best consolations'; which restrains even the least' approaches to guilt', and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities' of our nature, which the stoic pride denied' to it, but which its real imperfection', and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator', so evidently require'!

*Bayle.* The mind is free'; and it loves to exert' its freedom. Any restraint' upon it is a violence done to its nature', and a tyranny' against which it has a right to rebel'.

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*Locke.* The mind', though free', has a governor' within itself', which may', and ought' to limit' the exercise of its freedom. That' governor is reason'.

*Bayle.* Yes'; but reason', like other' governors, has a policy more dependent on uncertain caprice', than upon any fixed laws'. And if that reason, which rules my' mind or yours', has happened to set up a favourite notion', it not only submits implicitly' to it, but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest' of mankind. Now, I hold that any' man may lawfully oppose this' desire in another'; and that, if he is wise', he will use his utmost endeavours to check it in himself'.

*Locke.* Is there not also a weakness of a contrary' nature to this you are now ridiculing'? Do we not often take a pleasure in showing our own power', and gratifying our own pride', by degrading the notions set up by other' men, and generally respected?

*Bayle.* I believe we do'; and by this' means it often happens', that, if one' man builds and consecrates a temple to folly', another' pulls it down'.

*Locke.* Do you think it beneficial to human society, to have all' temples pulled down'?

*Bayle.* I cannot say that I do'.

*Locke.* Yet I find not in your writings' any mark of distinction, to show us which you mean to save'.

*Bayle.* A true' philosopher, like an impartial historian', must be of no' sect.

*Locke.* Is there no medium' between the blind zeal' of a sectary', and a total indifference to all' religion'?

*Bayle.* With regard to morality', I was not indifferent'.

*Locke.* How could you, then, be indifferent with regard to the sanctions' which religion' gives to morality'? How could you publish what tends so directly' and apparently to weaken in mankind' the belief' of those sanctions? Was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue' to the little motives of vanity'?

*Bayle.* A man may act indiscreetly', but he cannot do wrong', by declaring that' which, on a full discussion' of the question, he sincerely thinks to be true'.

*Locke.* An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to society', or opposes any that are useful' to it, has the strength of opinion, and the heat of a disturbed imagination', to plead in alleviation of his fault'. But your cool head' and sound' judgment', can have no' such ex-

cuse. I know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not a few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when, in the most laboured parts of your writings, you sap the surest foundations of all moral duties; what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to respect them? How many, who have stronger passions than you had, and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your scepticism, to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune it is to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you, and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous monk, in a Portuguese convent. The riches of the mind, like those of fortune, may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support, to society.

*Bayle.* You are very severe upon me.—But, do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world. Even in the last age, what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what confusion in society, did they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country? And can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils?

*Locke.* The root of these evils, you well know, was false religion; but you struck at the true. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I defended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to separate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This, indeed, is the great art of the most celebrated free-thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds, by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstition, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But, at the same time, they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair

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face of true religion; and dress her' out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or despicable, to those who have not penetration' enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived themselves, as well as others'. Yet it is certain, no book that ever was written by the most acute' of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcraft', to spiritual tyranny', to all absurd superstitions', to all that can tend to disturb or injure society', as that' gospel' they so much affect to despise'.

*Bayle.* Mankind are so made, that when they have been overheated', they cannot be brought to a proper temper' again, till they have been overcooled'. My' scepticism might be necessary, to abate the fever and frenzy of false religion.

*Locke.* A wise prescription, indeed, to bring on a paralytical state of the mind' (for such a scepticism as yours' is a palsy', which deprives the mind' of all vigour', and deadens' its natural and vital powers), in order to take off a fever, which temperance, and the milk of the evangelical doctrines', would probably cure.

*Bayle.* I acknowledge' that those medicines have a great power'. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher' drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous nostrums' of their own'.

*Locke.* What you now' say is too true'. God has given us a most excellent' physic for the soul' in all' its diseases; but bad and interested physicians', or ignorant and conceited quacks', administer it so ill' to the rest' of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost'.

LITTLETON.

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SECT. II.—*The Vices and Follies of Men should excite Compassion rather than Ridicule.*

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

*Democritus.* I FIND it impossible to reconcile myself to a melancholy philosophy.

*Heracitus.* And I am equally unable to approve of that vain philosophy, which teaches men to despise and ridicule one another. To a wise and feeling mind, the world appears in a wretched and painful light.

*Dem.* Thou art too much affected with the state of things; and this is a source of misery to thee.



*Her.* And I think thou art too little moved by it. Thy mirth and ridicule bespeak the buffoon, rather than the philosopher. Does it not excite thy compassion, to see mankind so frail, so blind, so far departed from the rules of virtue?

*Dem.* I am excited to laughter, when I see so much impertinence and folly.

*Her.* And yet, after all, they, who are the objects of thy ridicule, include, not only mankind in general, but the persons with whom thou livest, thy friends, thy family, nay, even thyself.

*Dem.* I care very little for all the silly persons I meet with; and think I am justifiable in diverting myself with their folly.

*Her.* If they are weak and foolish, it marks neither wisdom nor humanity, to insult rather than pity them. But is it certain, that thou art not as extravagant as they are?

*Dem.* I presume that I am not; since, in every point, my sentiments are the very reverse of theirs.

*Her.* There are follies of different kinds. By constantly amusing thyself with the errors and misconduct of others, thou mayest render thyself equally ridiculous and culpable.

*Dem.* Thou art at liberty to indulge such sentiments; and to weep over me too, if thou hast any tears to spare. For my part, I cannot refrain from pleasing myself with the levities and ill conduct of the world about me. Are not all men foolish, or irregular in their lives?

*Her.* Alas! there is but too much reason to believe they are so; and on this ground, I pity and deplore their condition. We agree in this point, that men do not conduct themselves according to reasonable and just principles: but I, who do not suffer myself to act as they do, must yet regard the dictates of my understanding and feelings, which compel me to love them; and that love fills me with compassion for their mistakes and irregularities. Canst thou condemn me for pitying my own species, my brethren, persons born in the same condition of life, and destined to the same hopes and privileges? If thou shouldst enter an hospital, where sick and wounded persons reside, would their wounds and distresses excite thy mirth? And yet, the evils of the body bear no comparison with those of the mind. Thou wouldst certainly blush

*Her.* All real love on mankind excite regard for men they have u

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regard for men, nor any true respect for the virtues which  
they have unhappily abandoned.

FENELON.

\*SECT. III.—*The Glory of a Wise and Peaceful King is  
more solid than that of an Unjust Conqueror.*

ROMULUS AND NUMA POMPILIUS.

*Romulus.* You have been a long time in coming here:  
you have had a surprising long reign.

*Numa Pompilius.* The reason is, it has been very peace-  
able. The means of arriving at a good old age upon a  
throne is, to injure nobody; not to abuse authority; and  
to act in such a manner that no man may have any inter-  
est in wishing our death.

*Rom.* When one governs so moderately, he lives obscure-  
ly, and dies without glory: he has the trouble of govern-

*Her.* And I think thou art too little moved by it thy mirth and ridicule bespeak the buffoon, rather philosopher. Does it not excite thy compass mankind so frail, so blind, so far departed from of virtue?

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*Her.* Alas! there is but too much reason to believe they are so; and on this ground, I pity and deplore their condition. We agree in this point, that men do not conduct themselves according to reasonable and just principles: but I, who do not suffer myself to act as they do, must yet regard the dictates of my understanding and feelings, which compel me to love them; and that love fills me with compassion for their mistakes and irregularities. Canst thou condemn me for pitying my own species, my brethren, persons born in the same condition of life, and destined to the same hopes and privileges? If thou shouldst enter an hospital, where sick and wounded persons reside, would their wounds and distresses excite thy mirth? And yet, the evils of the body bear no comparison with those of the mind. Thou wouldst certainly blush

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at thy barbarity, if thou hadst been so unfeeling as to laugh at or despise a miserable being, who had lost one of his legs; and yet thou art so destitute of humanity, as to ridicule those who appear to be deprived of the noble powers of the understanding, by the little regard which they pay to its dictates.

*Dem.* He who has lost a leg is to be pitied, because the loss is not to be imputed to himself; but he who rejects the dictates of reason and conscience, voluntarily deprives himself of their aid. The loss originates in his own folly.

*Her.* Ah! so much the more is he to be pitied! A furious maniac, who should pluck out his own eyes, would deserve more compassion than an ordinary blind man.

*Dem.* Come, let us accommodate the business. There is something to be said on each side of the question. There is every where reason for laughing, and reason for weeping. The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it: it is deplorable, and thou lamentest over it. Every person views it in his own way, and according to his own temper. One point is unquestionable, that mankind are preposterous: to think right and to act well, we must think and act differently from them. To submit to the authority, and follow the example of the greater part of men, would render us foolish and miserable.

*Her.* All this is, indeed, true; but then thou hast no real love or feeling for thy species. The calamities of mankind excite thy mirth; and this proves that thou hast no regard for men, nor any true respect for the virtues which they have unhappily abandoned.

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*Rom.* When one governs so moderately, he lives obscurely, and dies without glory: he has the trouble of govern-

ing, and authority gives him no pleasure : it is far better to conquer, to bear down all opposition, and to aspire to immortality.

*Numa Pom.* But in what, I pray you, consists your immortality ? I heard you were in the rank of the gods, quaffing nectar at the table of Jove : how happens it, then, that I find you here ?

*Rom.* To speak ingenuously, the senators, grown jealous of my power, made away with me, and loaded me with honours after pulling me to pieces : they chose rather to invoke me as a god, than obey me as their king.

*Numa Pom.* How ! there was no truth in Proculus's story, then ?

*Rom.* Oh ! do you not know how many things the people are made to believe ?—But why say I so ? Nobody knows better than you, who persuaded them that you were inspired by the nymph Egeria. Proculus, seeing the people exasperated at my death was willing to soothe them by a fable. Men love to be deceived : flattery assuages the greatest griefs.

*Numa Pom.* All your immortality, then, was only some mortal stabs.

*Rom.* But I have had altars, priests, victims, and incense.

*Numa Pom.* That incense is no sort of balsam : you are nothing the less here, a vain and impotent shadow, without hopes of ever seeing again the light of day. You see, then, that there is nothing so solidly advantageous as being good, just, moderate, and beloved by one's people : for, provided a person lives long, and is always in peace, he has no incense indeed, and does not pass for immortal ; but he enjoys good health, reigns without disturbance, and does a great deal of good to the people he governs.

*Rom.* You, who lived so long, were not young when you were crowned.

*Numa Pom.* I was forty years old, and that was my happiness : had I begun to reign sooner, I had been without experience and without wisdom, exposed to all my passions. Power is too dangerous a thing when one is young and fiery ; and of that, you had fatal experience, by killing your brother when you were in a passion, which made you insupportable to all your citizens.

*Rom.* To have lived so long, you must have had a strong and faithful guard about you.

*Numa Pom.* So far from that, the first thing I did was

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*Rom.* To been king the people of religion.

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to part with those three hundred guards you had selected, which were called *Celeres*. A man who reluctantly accepts the royalty, who does not choose it but for the public good, and would be content to resign it, is not afraid of death like a tyrant. For my part, I thought I did the Romans a favour in governing them: I lived poor, to make the people rich; all the neighbouring nations would have wished to be under my conduct. In this situation, what occasion had I for guards? As for me, a poor mortal, it was nobody's interest to bestow on me the immortality of which the senate thought you worthy. My guard was the affection of the citizens, who regarded me as their father. May not a king trust his life to a people which trusts him with their property, their peace, their preservation? The confidence is equal on both sides.

*Rom.* To hear you talk, one would imagine you had been king contrary to your inclination: but you deceived the people in that, as you imposed on them in the affair of religion.

*Numa Pom.* They came and brought me out of my retirement at Cures: at first I represented that I was by no means fit to govern a warlike people, accustomed to conquests; that they would need a Romulus, always ready to vanquish: I added, that Tatius's death and yours made me not over ambitious of succeeding those two kings; in short, I represented that I had never been at war. They persisted in desiring me: I yielded; but I always lived poor, plain, moderate in the royalty, without preferring myself to any citizen. I so united the two nations of the Sabines and Romans that they cannot now be distinguished. I revived the golden age; all the nations, not only adjacent to Rome, but even throughout Italy, tasted the plenty I every where diffused; agriculture, brought into repute, civilized the savage people, and attached them to their country, without giving them a restless passion to invade the lands of their neighbours.

*Rom.* Such peace and plenty only serve to puff up a people, to render them stubborn to their sovereign, and effeminate in themselves, insomuch that they are never able to support the toils and dangers of war. Had any power come to attack you, what would you have done;—you who had never seen any thing of war? You must have told the enemy to stay till you had consulted the nymph.

*Numa Pom.* If I did not know how to make war like you, I knew how to avoid it, and to get myself respected and beloved by all my neighbours. I gave the Romans laws, which, by making them just, laborious, and sober, will render them for ever sufficiently formidable to any who would wish to attack them. I still greatly fear, that they retain too much of the spirit of rapine and violence which you had inculcated into them.

FENELON.

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\*SECT. IV.—*Reyno and Alpin.*

*Reyno.* The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill.—Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear.—It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why plainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

*Alpin.* My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain: but thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.—Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire.—Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills.—Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.—But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark, to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is

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she that brought thee forth ; fallen is the daughter of Mor-  
glan.—Who, on his staff, is this ? who this, whose head is  
white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes  
at every step ?—It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of no  
son but thee.—Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep ; but  
thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead  
—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy  
voice—no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn  
in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake ?—Farewell ! thou  
bravest of men ; thou conqueror in the field : but the field  
shall see thee no more ; nor the gloomy wood be lightened  
with the splendour of thy steel.—Thou hast left no son—  
but the song shall preserve thy name. OSSIAN.

\* SECT. V.—*Moderate Wishes, the Source of Happiness.*

MENALCUS AND ESCHINUS.

THE young shepherd Menalcus, being in search of a stray  
lamb from his flock, discovered, in the recesses of the  
forest, a hunter stretched at the foot of a tree, exhausted  
with fatigue and with hunger. "Alas ! shepherd," he ex-  
claimed, "I came hither yesterday in pursuit of game ;  
and have been unable to retrace the path by which I en-  
tered this frightful solitude, or to discover a single vestige  
of a human footstep. I faint with hunger : give me relief,  
or I die !"—Menalcus, supporting the stranger in his arms,  
fed him with bread from his scrip, and afterwards con-  
ducted him through the intricate mazes of the forest in  
safety.

Menalcus, being about to take leave of the hunter Eschi-  
nus, was detained by him. "Thou hast preserved my life,  
shepherd," he said, "and I will make thine happy. Fol-  
low me to the city. Thou shalt no longer dwell in a  
miserable cottage, but inhabit a superb palace surrounded  
with lofty columns of marble. Thou shalt drink high-  
flavoured wines out of golden goblets, and eat the most  
costly viands from plates of silver."

Menalcus replied, "Why should I go to the city ? My  
little cottage shelters me from the rain and the wind. It  
is not surrounded with marble columns, but with delicious  
fruit-trees, from which I gather my repasts ; and nothing  
can be more pure than the water which I draw in my  
earthen pitcher from the stream that runs by my door.

Then on holydays I gather roses and lilies, to ornament my little table; and those roses and lilies are more beautiful, and smell sweeter, than vases of gold and silver."

*Esch.* Come with me, shepherd. I shall lead thee through sumptuous gardens, embellished with fountains and statues: thou shalt behold women whose dazzling beauties the rays of the sun have never tarnished, habited in silks of the richest hues, and sparkling with jewels; and thou shalt hear concerts of musicians, whose transcendent skill will at once astonish and enchant thee.

*Men.* Our sun-burnt shepherdesses are very handsome. How beautiful they look on holydays, when they put on garlands of fresh flowers, and we dance under the shade of our trees, or retire to the woods to listen to the song of thy birds! Can your musicians sing more melodiously than our nightingale, blackbird, and linnet? No: I will not go to the city.

*Esch.* Then take this gold, and with it supply all thy wants.

*Men.* Gold is useless to me. My fruit-trees, my little garden, and the milk of my goats, supply all my wants.

*Esch.* How shall I recompense thy kindness, happy shepherd?—What wilt thou accept from me?

*Men.* Give me only the horn that hangs to thy belt. Horn is not easily broken; therefore it will be more useful to me than my earthen pitcher.

The hunter, with a smile, took the horn from his belt, and presented it to the shepherd, who hastened back to his cottage, the abode of contentment and happiness.

GESSNER.

• SECT. VI.—*Beauty and Utility combined in the Productions of Nature*

THERON AND ASPASIO.

THERON and Aspasio took a morning walk into the fields; their spirits cheered, and their imaginations lively; gratitude glowing in their hearts, and the whole creation smiling around them.

After sufficient exercise, they seated themselves on a mossy hillock, which offered its couch. The rising sun had visited the spot, to dry up the dews, and exhale the damps, that might endanger health; to open the violets, and to expand the primroses, that decked the green. The

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whole shade of the wood was collected behind them; and a beautiful, extensive, diversified landscape spread itself before them.

Theron, according to his usual manner, made many improving remarks on the prospect, and its furniture. He traced the footsteps of an all-comprehending contrivance, and pointed out the strokes of inimitable skill. He observed the grand exertions of power, and the rich exuberance of goodness, most signally, most charmingly conspicuous throughout the whole.—Upon one circumstance he enlarged, with particular satisfaction.

*Theron.* See, *Aspasio*, how all is calculated to administer the highest delight to mankind. Those trees and hedges, which skirt the extremities of the landscape, stealing away from their present bulk, and lessening by gentle diminutions, appear like elegant pictures in miniature. Those which occupy the nearer situations, are a set of noble images, swelling upon the eye, in full proportion, and in a variety of graceful attitudes; both of them ornamenting the several apartments of our common abode, with a mixture of delicacy and grandeur. The blossoms that array the branches, the flowers that embroider the mead, address and entertain our eyes with every charm of beauty; whereas, to other creatures, they are destitute of all those attractions, which result from a combination of the loveliest colours, and the most alluring forms. Yonder streams, that glide, with smooth serenity, along the valleys,—glittering to the distant view like sheets of polished crystal, or soothing the attentive ear with the softness of aquatic murmurs,—are not less exhilarating to the fancy, than refreshing to the soul through which they pass. The huge, enormous mountain; the steep and dizzy precipice; the pendent horrors of the craggy promontory, wild and awful as they are, furnish an agreeable entertainment to the human mind, and please even while they amuse: whereas the beasts take no other notice of those majestic deformities, than to avoid the dangers they threaten.

*Aspasio.* How wonderfully do such considerations exalt our idea of the Creator's goodness, his very distinguishing goodness to mankind! And should they not proportionably endear the eternal Benefactor to our hearts! His ever-bountiful hand has, with profuse liberality, scattered blessings among all the ranks of animated existence. But



to us he exercises a beneficence of a very superior kind. We are treated with peculiar attention. We are admitted to scenes of delight, which none but ourselves are capable of relishing.

*Theron.* Another remark, though very obvious, is equally important. The destination of all those external things is no less advantageous, than their formation is beautiful. The bloom, which engages the eye with its delicate hues, is cherishing the embryo fruit; and forming, within its silken folds, the rudiments of a future desert.—Those streams, which shine from afar, like fluid silver, are much more valuable in their productions, and beneficial in their services, than they are beautiful in their appearance. They distribute, as they roll along their winding banks, cleanliness to our houses, and fruitfulness to our lands. They nourish, at their own expense, a never-failing supply of the finest fish. They visit our cities, and attend our wharfs, as so many public vehicles, ready to set out at all hours.—Those sheep, which give their udders to be drained by the busy frisking lambs, are fattening their flesh for our support; and, while they fill their own fleeces, are providing for our comfortable clothing. Yonder kine, some of which are brousing upon the tender herb; others, satiated with pasturage, and ruminating under the shady covert, though conscious of no such design, are concocting, for our use, one of the softest, purest, most salutary of liquors. The bees, that fly humming about our seat, and pursue their work on the fragrant blossoms, are collecting balm and sweetness, to compose the richest of sirups; which, though the produce of their toil, is intended for our good. Nature and her whole family are our obsequious servants, our ever-active labourers. They bring the fruits of their united industry, and pour them into our lap, or deposite them in our store-rooms.

*Aspasio.* Who can ever sufficiently admire this immense benignity!—The Supreme Disposer of events has commanded delight and profit to walk hand in hand, through his ample creation: making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if beauty was their only end; yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if usefulness had been their whole design. And, as a most winning invitation to our gratitude, he has rendered man the centre, in which all the emanations of his beneficence, diffused through this terrestrial system, finally terminate.

HERVEY.

SECT. I.—

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## PUBLIC SPEECHES.

SECT. I.—*The Apostle Paul's noble Defence before Festus and Agrippa.*

AGRIPPA' said unto Paul', "Thou art permitted' to speak for thyself'."—Then Paul stretched forth his hand', and answered for himself'.

I THINK myself happy', king Agrippa', because I shall answer for myself' this day before thee', concerning all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially' as I know thee to be expert' in all customs and questions' which are among the Jews'. Wherefore', I beseech thee' to hear me patiently'.

My manner of life' from my youth', which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem', know all the Jews'; who knew me from the beginning' (if they would testify), that, after the straitest sect' of our religion', I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand' and am judged' for the hope of the promise' made by God to our fathers'; to which promise', our twelve tribes', continually serving God' day and night', hope to come': and, for this hope's sake', king Agrippa', I am accused by the Jews'.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you', that God should raise the dead'? I verily thought with myself', that I ought to do many things' contrary to the name' of Jesus of Nazareth': and this I did in Jerusalem'. Many of the saints' I shut up in prison', having received authority' from the chief priests'; and, when they were put to death', I gave my voice against' them. And I often' punished them in every synagogue', and compelled them to blaspheme'; and, being exceedingly mad' against them', I persecuted them' even unto strange cities'. But, as I went to Damascus', with authority and commission from the chief priests', at mid'-day, O king'! I saw in the way' a light from heaven', above the brightness of the sun', shining round about me', and them who journeyed with me'.

And when we were all fallen to the earth', I heard a voice speaking to me', and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul', Saul', why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee' to kick against the goads'." And I said', "Who art thou', lord?" And he replied', "I am Jesus', whom thou persecutest'. But rise', and stand upon thy feet'; for I have appeared to thee for this purpose', to make thee a minister', and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen', and of those things in which' I will appear to thee'; delivering thee from the people', and from the Gentiles', to whom I now send thee', to open their eyes', and to turn them' from darkness to light', and from the power' of Satar' to God'; that they may receive' forgiveness of sins', and inheritance' amongst them' who are sanctified' by faith' that is in me.

Whereupon', O king' Agrippa'! I was not disobedient' to the heavenly vision'; but showed' first to them of Damascus', and at Jerusalem', and through all the coasts of Judea', and then to the Gentiles', that they should repent' and turn to God', and do works meet for repentance. For these causes', the Jews caught me in the temple', and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God', I continue, to this day', witnessing both to small and great', saying no other things' than those which the prophets' and Moses' declared should come';—that Christ should suffer'; that he' would be the first' who should rise from the dead'; and that he would show light' to the people', and to the Gentiles.

And, as he thus spoke for himself', Festus said', with a loud voice', "Paul', thou art beside thyself': much learning' hath made thee mad'." But he replied', "I am not mad', most noble Festus', but speak the words of truth and soberness'. For the king knoweth these things', before whom I also speak freely'. I am persuaded' that none of these things are hidden from him': for this thing' was not done in a corner. King Agrippa', believest thou the prophets'? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa' said to Paul', "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul replied', "I would to God', that not only' thou', but also all that hear me this day', were both almost', and altogether such as I am', except these bonds."

*Acts xxvi.*

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SECT. II.—*Cicero against Verres.*

THE time is come, Fathers! when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state,—that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you,—to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation,—one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted: I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers! upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers! will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point,—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was, not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies?—Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs

done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth; nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, have been opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, have been starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statutes of heroes and princes, have been carried off; and the temples stripped of the images.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, “I am a citizen of Rome!”—which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection,—was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and a more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres! what thou hast to advance against this charge? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against thee? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for demanding satisfaction? What punishment

ought, then prætor, who within sight of death of a citizen, Publius, his privilege of appealing to the oppressor, Syracuse, w happy man, native coun eyes darting he ordered and rods to least shadow come to Sic man cried under Lucius attest my i all he could punishment cent Roma whilst the ings, were, to defend little service thus asserti execution—

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ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country, against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he ordered the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers! was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered, amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen! With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of all liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers! will not, by suffering the atrocious

and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

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SECT. III.—*Lord Mansfield's Speech in the House of Peers, 1770, on the Bill for preventing the Delays of Justice, by claiming the Privilege of Parliament.*

MY LORDS,—When I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away from two-thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities, of which they have been long possessed. Perhaps there is no situation the human mind can be placed in, that is so difficult and so trying, as when it is made a judge in its own cause. There is something implanted in the breast of man so attached to self, so tenacious of privileges once obtained, that in such a situation, either to discuss with impartiality, or decide with justice, has ever been held the summit of all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your lordships in this very predicament; and I have no doubt the wisdom of your decision will convince the world, that where self-interest and justice are in opposite scales, the latter will ever preponderate with your lordships.

Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages, and in all countries. The practice is founded in wisdom; and, indeed, it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of this country, that the members of both houses shall be free in their persons, in case of civil suits; for there may come a time when the safety and welfare of this whole empire, may depend upon their attendance in parliament. I am far from advising any measure that would in future endanger the state: but the bill before your lordships has. I am confident, no such tendency; for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits. This being the case, I confess, when I see many noble lords, for whose judgment I have a very great respect, standing up to oppose a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of just and legal debts, I am astonished and amazed. They, I doubt not, oppose the bill

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upon public principles: I would not wish to insinuate, that private interest had the least weight in their determination.

The bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently has miscarried: but it was always lost in the lower house. Little did I think, when it had passed the Commons, that it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be said, that you, my lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce, on your fellow-subjects? Forbid it justice!—I am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am, with but half the difficulties and delays occasioned in the courts of justice, under pretence of privilege, they would not, nay they could not, oppose the bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against this bill; but I have waited in vain: the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice and expediency of the bill are such as render it self-evident. It is a proposition of that nature, which can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with sophistry. Much, indeed, has been said by some noble lords, on the wisdom of our ancestors, and how differently they thought from us. They not only decreed, that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the sitting of parliament, but likewise granted protection to the very servants of members. I shall say nothing on the wisdom of our ancestors: it might perhaps appear invidious; and is not necessary in the present case. I shall only say, that the noble lords who flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection, should remember, that as circumstances alter, things themselves should alter. Formerly, it was not so fashionable either for masters or servants to run in debt, as it is at present. Formerly, we were not that great commercial nation we are at present; nor formerly were merchants and manufacturers members of parliament, as at present. The case is now very different: both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the lower house. Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom, privilege must be done away. We all know, that the very soul and essence of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments, with-

out the compulsive power of the laws. The law, then, ought to be equally open to all. Any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest nature.

But I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that, which is sufficiently evident without any. I shall only say a few words to some noble lords, who foresee much inconvenience from the persons of their servants being liable to be arrested. One noble lord observes, that the coachman of a peer may be arrested, while he is driving his master to the house; and that, consequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament. If this were actually to happen, there are so many methods by which the member might still get to the house, that I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection. Another noble peer said, that, by this bill, one might lose his most valuable and honest servants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms: for he can neither be a valuable servant, nor an honest man, who gets into debt which he is neither able nor willing to pay, till compelled by law. If my servant, by unforeseen accidents, has got into debt, and I still wish to retain him, I certainly would pay the demand. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever, can my servant have a title to set his creditors at defiance; while, for forty shillings only, the honest tradesman may be torn from his family, and locked up in a gaol. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all these partial proceedings for the future, by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' consideration.

I come now to speak, upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at, for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said, by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race: to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine. But if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my

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determinations. I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. Those who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob, for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why, then, the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular: it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that, not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said, the privilege protected members even in criminal actions: nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinged with that doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine. I thought so then, and I think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—to the king, and to the beggar. Where is the justice then, or where the law, that protects a member of parliament, more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as a judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause, shall ever protect the guilty.

I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time; and I am sorry a bill, fraught with so many good consequences, has not met with



an abler advocate: but I doubt not, your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, requires with your lordships but very little support.

#### SECT. IV.—*An Address to Young Persons.*

I INTEND, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct.—As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive, that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation and escape dangers without that precaution, which are required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?

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Deceive not yourselves with those arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to "take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth." He has decreed, that they only "who seek after wisdom, shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted, because of their transgressions; and that whoever refuseth instruction, shall destroy his own soul." By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but, by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that, in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that, whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence in every liberal art—with reputation in every branch of fair and useful business—with distinction in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations; are the foundations of all that is highly honourable, or greatly successful among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within cor-

responds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever means you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Let not, then, the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed-time of life; and according to "what you sow, you shall reap." Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider, then, the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been "vanity," its latter end can scarcely be any other than "vexation of spirit."

I shall finish this address, with calling your attention to that dependance on the blessing of Heaven, which,

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amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! "Every good and every perfect gift, is from above." Wisdom and virtue, as well as "riches and honour, come from God." Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of Him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven.

I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words, which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: "Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."

BLAIR.

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SECT. V.—*Speech of Lord Chatham against the American War, and against employing the Indians in it.*

I CANNOT, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the

throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them?—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence.”—The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing, but impossibilities; and I know, that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American—as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—Never!—never!—never!

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for re-

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dress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—“That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God,—to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the constitution.—To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—our brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war!—Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico: we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the

state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity: let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.—My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

\*SECT. VI.—*Grattan on the Declaration of Rights.*

SIR,—We may hope to dazzle with illuminations, and we may sicken with addresses; but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease: never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country. So long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent. It will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain; and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character. Had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England; but so long as she exercises a power to oppress this country, so long are the nations in a state of war. The claims of the one go against the liberty of the other; and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims, to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right: mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge, and just deference for our character,—that a country, enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

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men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument. I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free,—no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasure, be melted and parcelled out in gratitude. No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honour, nor nation of her liberty. There are certain unimpartible, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says, that Ireland is insatiable; saying, that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges. To say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade, and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British parliament, over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God,—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind. Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century,—that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonoured your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land, to remain in your country, and have existence in your pusillanimity. Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland. Do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of Justice, and the high court of Parliament; neither imagine, that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave, for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty; and observe, that here the principal men amongst us, fell into mimic trances of gratitude; that they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostrated at the threshold.

I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied, so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand. the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

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\*SECT. VII.—*Curran for Hamilton Rowan.*

THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland; and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon. I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the malignant malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four

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millions? Do you think, that the benefit they received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "You have demanded emancipation, and you have got it: but we abhor your persons; we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation, they have been saved from their own parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths: do you think, that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so-much-censured words of this paper, "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted on the altar of slavery: the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.



\*SECT. VIII.—*Mr. Pitt on the African Slave Trade,*  
*April 27, 1792.*

SIR,—I lament that my efforts on this subject have hitherto not been successful; but I am consoled with the thought, that the house has come to a resolution declarative of the infamy of this trade; that all parties have concurred in reprobating it; that even its advocates have been compelled to acknowledge its infamy. The question now is only the continuance of this abominable traffic, which even its friends think so intolerable, that it ought to be crushed. Jamaica has imported 150,000 negroes in the course of twenty years, and this is admitted to be only one-tenth of the trade. Was there ever,—can there be,—any thing beyond the enormity of this infamous traffic? The very thought of it is beyond human endurance.

The point now in dispute is only one year, as I understand; for the amendment proposes the year 1795 for the abolition, while the year 1796 is only contended for on the other side. As to those who are concerned in the trade, a year would not make much difference; but does it make no alteration to the unhappy slaves? It is true, that, in the course of commercial concerns in general, it is said sometimes to be beneath the magnanimity of a man of honour, to insist on a scrupulous exactness in his own favour, upon a disputed item in accounts; but does it make any part of our magnanimity to be exact in our own favour, in the traffic of human blood? When a man gives up £500 or £1000 against himself, upon a complicated reckoning, he is called generous; and when he insists on it in his own favour, he is deemed niggardly: the common course, when parties disagree, is, what the vulgar phrase calls "to split the difference." If I could feel that I am to calculate upon the subject in this way, the side on which I should determine it, would be in favour of the unhappy sufferers, not of those who oppress them. But this one year is only to show the planters, that Parliament is willing to be liberal to them. Sir, I do not understand complimenting away the lives of so many human beings. I do not understand the principle on which a few individuals are to be complimented, and their minds set at rest, at the expense and total sacrifice of the interest, the security, the

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happiness of a whole quarter of the world, which, from our foul practices, has, for a vast length of time, been a scene of misery and horror. I say, because I feel, that every hour you continue this trade, you are guilty of an offence beyond your power to atone for; and, by your indulgence to the planters, thousands of human beings are to be miserable for ever. Notwithstanding the bill passed for regulating the middle passage, even now the loss of the trade is no less than ten per cent: such is still the mortality of this deleterious traffic! Every year in which you continue this abominable trade, you add thousands to the catalogue of miserable beings, which, if you could behold in a single instance, you would revolt with horror from the scene: but the size of the misery prevents you from beholding it. Five hundred out of one thousand, that are taken in this traffic, perish in this scene of horror; are miserable victims brought to their graves: this is the effect of this system of slavery. The remaining part of this miserable group are tainted both in body and in mind, covered with disease and infection, infecting the very earth on which they tread, and the air in which they breathe, carrying with them the seeds of pestilence and insurrection to your island. Let me, then, ask, if I am improperly pressing upon the house a question, whether they can derive any advantage from these doubtful effects of a calculation on the continuance of the traffic; and whether they think that two will not be better than three years for its continuance? I feel the infamy of the trade so heavily, the impolicy of it so clearly, that I am ashamed I have not been able to persuade the house to abandon it altogether at an instant,—to pronounce, with one voice, its immediate and total abolition. There is no excuse for us, seeing this infernal traffic as we do. It is the very death of justice, to utter a syllable in support of it. Sir, I know I state this subject with warmth: I feel it is impossible for me not to do so; or, if it were, I should detest myself for the exercise of moderation. I cannot, without suffering every feeling and every passion that ought to rise in the cause of humanity to sleep within me, speak coolly on such a subject. Did they feel as I think they ought, I am sure the decision of the house would be, with us, for a total and immediate abolition of this abominable traffic.

\* SECT. IX.—*On the same Subject.*

Why ought the slave trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate, than for gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken—do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If, on the ground of injustice, it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour?

From what I hear without doors, it is evident that there is a general conviction entertained, of its being far from just; and from that very conviction of its injustice, some men have been led, I fear, to the supposition, that the slave trade never could have been permitted to begin, but from some strong and irresistible necessity; a necessity, however, which, if it was fancied to exist at first, I have shown cannot be thought by any man whatever to exist now. This plea of necessity, thus presumed,—and presumed, as I suspect, from the circumstance of injustice itself,—has caused a sort of acquiescence in the continuance of this evil. Men have been led to place it among the rank of those necessary evils, which are supposed to be the lot of human creatures, and to be permitted to fall upon some countries or individuals, rather than upon others, by that Being, whose ways are inscrutable to us, and whose dispensations, it is conceived, we ought not to look into.

The origin of evil is, indeed, a subject beyond the reach of human understandings; and the permission of it by the Supreme Being, is a subject into which it belongs not to us to inquire. But where the evil in question is a moral evil which a man can scrutinize, and where that evil has its origin with ourselves, let us not imagine that we can clear our consciences by this general, not to say irreligious and impious way, of laying aside the question. If we reflect at all on this subject, we must see that every necessary evil supposes that some other and greater evil would be incurred, were it removed: I therefore desire to ask, what can be a greater evil, which can be stated to

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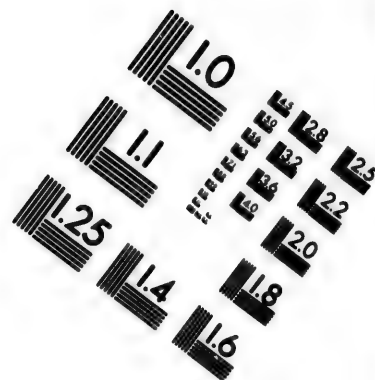
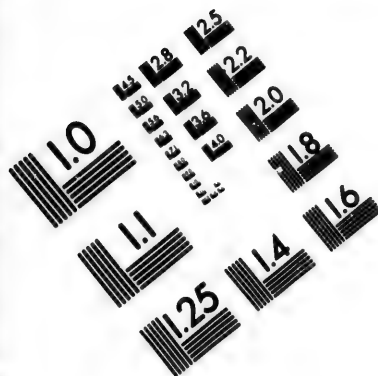
overbalance the one in question? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons, annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting the most enlightened part of the globe; but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice: yet, what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us, to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir! Have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us!! Yes—we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice, to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness.

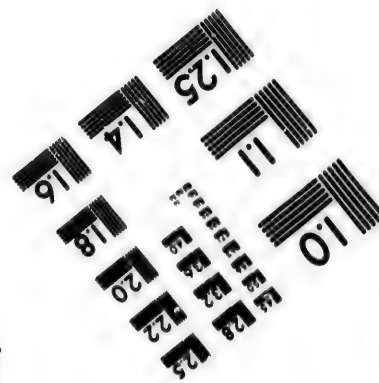
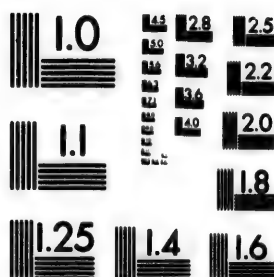
Some evidences say, that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these, then, the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend, that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend, that we have a right to carry away to distant regions, men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us, have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries, in which so







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many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved, in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind?—of the connections which are broken?—of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation?—of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them, by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement?

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\* SECT. X.—*Rolla to the Peruvians.*

MY brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No: you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore. Wherever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress: wherever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friends. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour, is the people's choice; the laws we reverence, are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us!

SHERIDAN.

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\*SECT. XI.—*Funeral Eulogium on Dr. Franklin.*

FRANKLIN is dead.—The genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the Divinity. The sage to whom two worlds lay claim, the man for whom science and politics are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have long been in the habit of notifying the death of those who were great only in their funeral orations. Long hath the etiquette of courts proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy. Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage those only who have been the heroes of humanity.

The Congress of America hath ordered, in all the confederate states, a mourning of two months for the death of Benjamin Franklin; and America is, at this moment, paying that tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution. Were it not worthy of us, gentlemen, to join the same religious act, to pay our share of that homage now rendered in sight of the universe, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who most contributed to extend the conquests of liberty over the face of the whole earth?

Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and mighty genius, who, for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven in his ideas, *could tame the rage of thunder and of despotism*. France, enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret, to one of the greatest men that ever served the cause of philosophy and of liberty.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECT. I.—*Excellence of the Holy Scriptures.*

**I**S it bigotry' to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel', with full assurance of faith'? I glory' in such bigotry'. I would not part' with it for a thousand worlds'. I congratulate the man' who is possessed of it: for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state', that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation', of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive' him.

There is not a book on earth' so favourable to all the kind', and all the sublime' affections; or so unfriendly to hatred' and persecutions', to tyranny', to injustice', and every sort of malevolence', as the gospel'. It breathes nothing throughout' but mercy', benevolence', and peace'.

Poetry is sublime', when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection', as piety', or patriotism'. This is one' of the noblest' effects of the art'. The Psalms are remarkable', beyond all other' writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions'. But it is not in this respect' only, that they are sublime'. Of the divine nature', they contain the most magnificent descriptions', that the soul of man can comprehend'. The hundred and fourth Psalm', in particular', displays the power and goodness of Providence', in creating and preserving the world', and the various tribes of animals' in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty', as it is in vain to look' for in any human' composition.

Such' of the doctrines of the Gospel' as are level to human capacity', appear to be agreeable to the purest truth', and the soundest morality'. All the genius and learning' of the heathen world'; all the penetration of Pythagoras', Socrates', and Aristotle', had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty', and so rational an account of Providence' and of man', as are to be found in the New Testament'. Compared, indeed, with this', all other moral and theological wisdom'

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DEATTIE.

## CHAP. IX.

## SECT. II.—

AN account celebrated for his journey, ders that lie sidered, by learning.

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SECT. II.—*Earthquake at Calabria, in the Year 1638.*

AN account of this dreadful earthquake is given by the celebrated father Kircher. It happened whilst he was on his journey to visit Mount *Ætna*, and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the south of Italy. Kircher is considered, by scholars, as one of the greatest prodigies of learning.

"Having hired a boat, in company with four more (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars), we launched from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily; and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria; where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design: for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and, although the sea appeared to be uncommonly agitated, we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Ætna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance. They who have seen a lake, in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions, that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at *Tropea*, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea.

"But our triumphs at land were of short duration; for we had scarcely arrived at the Jesuits' College in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resem-

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bling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward; the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued, so that the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and, being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin around me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to increase my terror and despair. On every side of me, I saw nothing but a scene of ruin, and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I recommended myself to God, as my last great refuge. At that hour, oh how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles of the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety; and, running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here, till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling of his own happy escape: it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrors.

"Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins.

"In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Stromboli, though at sixty miles

distance, but with a noise that was quite a danger. The quake, which alarmed us to grow lost, which we felt that, being hold of which ourselves in

"After again stood phæmia, which we were proceeding towards the city that seemed surprised us, and therefore, to look for the nothing but stood! We us of its scene was become desolation. Some human we at length stupified with concerning the on to give expression were quite he had seemed to be fices of kind city, like on the woods, the city of course along hundred miles and men Proceeding voyage by sand danger

distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences. It every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

"After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away; then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell, nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood! We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was become a melancholy solitude—a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him, with every expression of tenderness and pity, to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapped up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals; but he seemed to loathe the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia. As we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities, and men scattered without a habitation over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea and land."

GOLDENITH.

SECT. III.—*Letter from Pliny to Marcellinus, on the Death of an amiable Young Woman.*

I WRITE this under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! Never surely was there a more agreeable, and more amiable young person; or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She had all the wisdom of age, and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! How kindly and respectfully receive his friends! How affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment: she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage, did she endure her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physician: she encouraged her sister and her father; and, when all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued, even till her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! She was contracted to a most worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited.

How sad a change, from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its infliction) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral! He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself, from his earliest youth, to the noblest and most elevated studies: but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects; and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. We shall excuse, we shall even approve his sorrow, when we consider what he has lost. He has lost a

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daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as in his person; and exactly copied out all her father. If his friend Marcellinus shall think proper to write to him, upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind him not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them; but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason: for, as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even requires, the means of its cure; so a mind, under the first impressions of a misfortune, shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation; but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

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SECT. IV.—*On the Government of our Thoughts.*

A MULTITUDE of cases occur, in which we are no less accountable for what we think, than for what we do.

As, first, when the introduction of any train of thought depends upon ourselves, and is our voluntary act, by turning our attention towards such objects, awakening such passions, or engaging in such employments, as we know must give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally suggested, are indulged with deliberation and complacency. Though the mind has been passive in their reception, and, therefore, free from blame; yet, if it be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have intruded at first, like unbidden guests; but if, when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the case is the same as if they had been invited from the beginning. If we are thus accountable to God for thoughts either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged; we are no less so, in the last place, for those which find admittance into our hearts from supine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire license, "like the eyes of the fool, towards the ends of the earth." Our minds are, in this case, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are prostituted to every evil thing which pleases to take possession. The consequences must all be charged to our account; and in vain we plead excuse from human



infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is, to take the most effectual measures for preventing the introduction of such as are sinful; and for hastening their expulsion, if they shall have introduced themselves without consent of the will.

But when we descend into our breast, and examine how far we have studied to keep this object in view, who can tell, "how oft he hath offended?" In no article of religion or morals are men more culpably remiss, than in the unrestrained indulgence they give to fancy; and that, too, for the most part, without remorse. Since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought, during her waking hours, has been active in every breast, without a moment's suspension or pause. The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the spiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let me ask, what has been the fruit of this incessant activity, with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or useful effect? How many have either passed away in idle dreams; or have been abandoned to anxious discontented musings, to unsocial and malignant passions, or to irregular and criminal desires? Had I power to lay open that storehouse of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could I draw out and read to them a list of all the imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret; what a picture of men should I present to themselves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in secrecy, which to their most intimate companions they durst not reveal!

Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly suffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wish to obtain, or choose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their desire. Though such employments of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblameable they seldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate, of those intellectual powers, that were given to us for much nobler purposes, such romantic speculations lead us always into the neighbourhood of forbidden

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regions. They place us on dangerous ground. They are, for the most part, connected with some one bad passion; and they always nourish a giddy and frivolous turn of thought. They unfit the mind for applying with vigour to rational pursuits, or for acquiescing in sober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itself to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and relaxed, sickly and tainted, averse to discharging the duties, and sometimes disqualified even for relishing the pleasures of ordinary life.

BLAIR.

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SECT. V.—*Reflections occasioned by a Review of the Blessings pronounced by Christ on his Disciples, in his Sermon on the Mount.*

WHAT abundant reason have we to thank God, that this large and instructive discourse of our blessed Redeemer is so particularly recorded by the sacred historian! Let every one that "hath ears to hear," attend to it; for surely no man ever spoke as our Lord did on this occasion. Let us fix our minds in a posture of humble attention, that we may "receive the law from his mouth."

He opened it with blessings, repeated and most important blessings. But on whom are they pronounced? and whom are we taught to think the happiest of mankind? The meek and the humble; the penitent and the merciful; the peaceful and the pure; those that hunger and thirst after righteousness; those that labour, but faint not, under persecution. Lord! how different are thy maxims from those of the children of this world! They call the proud happy; and admire the gay, the rich, the powerful, and the victorious. But let a vain world take its gaudy trifles, and dress up the foolish creatures that pursue them. May our souls share in that happiness which the Son of God came to recommend and to procure! May we obtain mercy of the Lord: may we be owned as his children, enjoy his presence, and inherit his kingdom! With these enjoyments, and these hopes, we will cheerfully welcome the lowest, or the most painful circumstances.

Let us be animated to cultivate those amiable virtues which are here recommended to us: this humility and meekness; this penitent sense of sin; this ardent desire after righteousness; this compassion and purity; this

peacefulness and fortitude of soul; and, in a word, this universal goodness which becomes us, as we sustain the character of "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world."

Is there not reason to lament, that we answer the character no better? Is there not reason to exclaim, with a good man in former times, "Blessed Lord! either these are not thy words, or we are not Christians!" Oh, season our hearts more effectually with thy grace! Pour forth that divine oil on our lamps! Then shall the flame brighten; then shall the ancient honours of thy religion be revived; and multitudes be awakened and animated by the lustre of it, "to glorify our Father in heaven."

DODDRIDGE.

#### SECT. VI.—*Schemes of Life often Illusory.*

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver; and wherever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel: the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful: impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

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"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of Mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man: I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment; and shall never more be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide: with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts: I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

"The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge; but I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour, and the most engaging pleasure: yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention—I was consulted with confidence—



and the love of praise fastened on my heart. I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers; and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

"In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty, no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

"Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequences. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."

JOHNSON.

#### SECT. VII.—*The Influence of Devotion on the Happiness of Life.*

WHATEVER promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion produces these effects in a remarkable degree. It inspires composure of spirit, mildness, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cherishes the pleasing emotions; and, by these means, carries on the life of a pious man in a smooth and placid tenor.

Besides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire strangers;—enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement, when the world leaves us; and to adversity, when it becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort. For, let him be

placed in the state administration, always shrouded in the gloom of weighty business, his spirits have a relief from common vices, its cares and region; and the most fit and to be had been empty of a higher men have the faithful other friends our experience towards a dominating of these are no reason the hearts pressed.

The refinement, superior pleasures, affections of the soul, it is often a momentary reassurance of security, disorderly and offensive, resemble the fields of fertility, and the high enjoyment.



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placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God, and to devotion, how dreary will the gloom of solitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will sickness, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits! But for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared. From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrosion of its cares and sorrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and surrounds him there with such objects, as are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart. If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things about to arise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that Supreme Being, who, though every other friend fail, will never forsake him. Let us consult our experience, and we shall find, that the two greatest sources of inward joy, are, the exercises of love directed towards a deserving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and assured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion; and, therefore, we have no reason to be surprised, if, on some occasions, it fills the hearts of good men with a satisfaction not to be expressed.

The refined pleasures of a pious mind are, in many respects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense. They are pleasures which belong to the highest powers, and best affections of the soul; whereas, the gratifications of sense reside in the lowest region of our nature. To the latter, the soul stoops below its native dignity: the former raise it above itself. The latter leave always a comfortless, often a mortifying remembrance behind them: the former are reviewed with applause and delight. The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent, which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel; but the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks. To thee, O Devotion! we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our

virtue, and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts; thou calmest the passions; thou exaltest the heart. Thy communications, and thine only, are imparted to the low, no less than to the high; to the poor, as well as to the rich. In thy presence, worldly distinctions cease; and, under thy influence, worldly sorrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable; inaccessible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginnest on earth the temper of heaven. In thee, the hosts of angels and blessed spirits eternally rejoice. BLAIR.

SECT. VIII.—*Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not subject to the Influence of Fortune.*

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion, being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he had received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many, who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous, even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensign of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king. They informed him, that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and required him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they admonished him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

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All this, at first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests; and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him, that they were serious in their proposal; and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the new-elected prince to be sent for, and inquired of him with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation! for, when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

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SECT. IX.—*What are the Real and Solid Enjoyments of Human Life.*

It must be admitted, that unmixed and complete happiness is unknown on earth. No regulation of conduct can altogether prevent passions from disturbing our peace, and misfortunes from wounding our heart. But after this concession is made, will it follow that there is no object on earth which deserves our pursuit, or that all enjoyment becomes contemptible which is not perfect? Let us survey our state with an impartial eye, and be just to the various gifts of Heaven. How vain soever this life, considered in itself, may be, the comforts and hopes of religion are sufficient to give solidity to the enjoyments of the righteous. In the exercise of good affections, and the testimony of an approving conscience; in the sense of peace and reconciliation with God, through the great Redeemer of mankind; in the firm confidence of being conducted through all the trials of life, by infinite Wisdom and Goodness; and in the joyful prospect of arriving, in the end, at immortal felicity;

they possess a happiness which, descending from a purer and more perfect region than this world, partakes not of its vanity.

Besides the enjoyments peculiar to religion, there are other pleasures of our present state, which, though of an inferior order, must not be overlooked in the estimate of human life. It is necessary to call attention to these, in order to check that repining and unthankful spirit to which man is always too prone. Some degree of importance must be allowed to the comforts of health, to the innocent gratifications of sense, and to the entertainment afforded us by all the beautiful scenes of nature; some to the pursuits and harmless amusements of social life; and more to the internal enjoyments of thought and reflection, and to the pleasures of affectionate intercourse with those whom we love. These comforts are often held in too low estimation, merely because they are ordinary and common; although that is the circumstance which ought in reason to enhance their value. They lie open, in some degree, to all; extend through every rank of life; and fill up agreeably many of those spaces in our present existence, which are not occupied with higher objects, or with serious cares.

From this representation it appears, that, notwithstanding the vanity of the world, a considerable degree of comfort is attainable in the present state. Let the recollection of this serve to reconcile us to our condition, and to repress the arrogance of complaints and murmurs.—What art thou, O son of man! who, having sprung but yesterday out of the dust, darrest to lift up thy voice against thy Maker, and to arraign his providence, because all things are not ordered according to thy wish? What title hast thou to find fault with the order of the universe, whose lot is so much beyond what thy virtue or merit gave thee ground to claim? Is it nothing to thee to have been introduced into this magnificent world; to have been admitted as a spectator of the Divine wisdom and works; and to have had access to all the comforts which nature, with a bountiful hand, has poured forth around thee? Are all the hours forgotten which thou hast passed in ease, in complacency, or joy? Is it a small favour in thy eyes, that the hand of Divine Mercy has been stretched forth to aid thee; and, if thou reject not its proffered assistance, is ready to conduct thee to a happier state of existence?

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When thou comparest thy condition with thy desert, blush, and be ashamed of thy complaints. Be silent, be grateful, and adore. Receive with thankfulness the blessings which are allowed thee. Revere that government which present refuses thee more. Rest in this conclusion, that, though there are evils in the world, its Creator is wise and good, and has been bountiful to thee. BLAIR.

SECT. X.—*The Speech of Fabricius, a Roman Ambassador, to King Pyrrhus, who attempted to bribe him to his Interests, by the Offer of a great Sum of Money.*

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been justly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground; from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune: she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied: but small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With respect to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion; she entrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty, which King Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myself, without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of, in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from self-reproach; and I have an honest fame.



SECT. XI.—*The Pleasures resulting from a proper Use of our Faculties.*

HAPPY that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier; who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding is beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue; who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude and enliven conversation; who, when serious, is not sullen; and, when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; whose ambition is, not to be admired for a false glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do, in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every other man, may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinces him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets; he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner; and, when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. SEED.

SECT. XII.—*Character of James I. King of England.*

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much opposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character to be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected, in some of his actions, and still more

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of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse of general maxims, than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper, more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule by his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And, upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice, which prevails against his personal bravery;—an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. HUMR.

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SECT. XIII.—*Charles V. Emperor of Germany, resigns his Dominions, and retires from the World.*

THIS great emperor, in the plenitude of his power, and in possession of all the honours which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary resolution to resign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in business, or the affairs of the world, in order that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude. Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary discernment, to discover that the state of royalty is not exempt from cares and disappointments; though most of those who are exalted to a throne, find solicitude, and satiety, and disgust, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied pre-eminence; yet, to descend voluntarily from the supreme to a subordinate station, and to relinquish the possession of power, in order to attain the enjoyment of happiness, seems to be an effort too great for the human mind. Several instances, indeed, occur in history, of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes,

who took this resolution rashly, and repented of it as soon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whose hands some strong rival had wrested their sceptre, and compelled them to descend with reluctance into a private station. Dioclesian is perhaps the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever resigned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy the tranquillity of retirement, without fetching one penitent sigh, or casting back one look of desire, towards the power and dignity which he had abandoned.

No wonder, then, that Charles's resignation should fill all Europe with astonishment; and give rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition operate with full force upon the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected.

The emperor, in pursuance of his determination, having assembled the states of the Low Countries at Brussels, seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain and princes of the empire standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority, in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir; and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal that they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that from the seven-

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teenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing dominions so extensive, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that, instead of a sovereign worn out with disease, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his warm wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expression of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and



virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in all ages; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you!"

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of so extraordinary an effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some from admiration of his magnanimity; others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

ROBERTSON.

\* SECT. XIV.—*Feelings excited by a Long Voyage.*

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a balmy sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own—to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

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awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep, at their uncouth gambols. Schools of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the funny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth into communion; has established an intercourse of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north, all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds—all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relations. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the vessel belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets: he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance.—There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other. But I particularly noticed one young woman, of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship, as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late, his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck, as we came up the river; and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features—it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet—no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers; but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

\* SECT. XV.—*Address to the Sea.*

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and, after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion!

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Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world; and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connexion would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind. How glorious, how awful, are the scenes thou displayest!—whether we view thee when every wind is hushed; when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon; or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens!—or whether we behold thee in thy terrors, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay!—And yet, mighty deep! it is thy surface alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss!—The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions; and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!

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\* SECT. XVI.—*A Morning in the Highlands.*

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I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty, as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garlands of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the

influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled in the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

It was here, under the burning influence of revenge, that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for her husband's safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but, if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch already half dead with terror; in whose agonized features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution; so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes—hands compressed in agony—eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he uttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. "I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burthen that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you, wretch!

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—you could creep through the world, unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended; you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, batten on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you. This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of: you shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.

SCOTT.

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\* SECT. XVII.—*Maternal Affection.*

WOMAN'S charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight: but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies: the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe. These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity! extatic sound! so twined round our heart, that it must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'Tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are, first, uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence, without thinking that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or view the fond parent



hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration, beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness, and the solitude of the desert.

*Anonymous.*

\* SECT. XVIII.—*The Virtues of Irreligious Men an Aggravation of their guilt.*

If the virtues and accomplishments of nature are at all to be admitted into the controversy between God and man, instead of forming any abatement upon the enormity of our guilt, they stamp upon it the reproach of a still deeper and more determined ingratitude. Let us conceive it possible, for a moment, that the beautiful personifications of Scripture were all realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and that the isles were glad at his presence; that the little hills shouted on every side, and the valleys covered over with corn sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and moon praised him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration; that the voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every waterfall; and that all nature, animated throughout by the consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation. Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-working God had left the traces of his own immensity, than from the tamer and the humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape? Would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field than from the arid waste, where no character of grandeur made up for the barrenness that was around you? Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude, than the lowly shrub that grew beneath it? Would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected, send forth a sweeter rapture than the russet weed, which never drew the eye of an admiring passenger? And, in a word, wherever you saw the towering eminences of nature, or the garniture of her more rich and beautiful adornments, would it not be there that you looked for the deepest tones of devotion, or there for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies?

*CHALMERS.*

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\* SECT. XIX.—*On Happiness.*

CHILDHOOD is said to be the happiest period of life. If this be true, I can account for it in no other way, than by supposing, that children find an object of pursuit in every thing which presents itself, and that they pursue every thing with ardour. If men choose to take the same road, they will continue the happiness of childhood to their latest years, with the additional satisfaction which the choice of reason and the approbation of conscience will impart. But the minds of children are free and light as air; and with them no care obtrudes itself on an anxious heart. The pains of yesterday leave no impression, and to-morrow is a hundred years hence. Did you ever hear of a man engaged in a fox-chase, thinking of yesterday or to-morrow? Let us, therefore, be engaged in the chase of wisdom, and in the chase of virtue. Let our duties, our actions, and our amusements, be a chase, and we will never be unhappy.

There is a nice combination of activity and indifference, which, when acquired by due attention, or mixed up in the constitution, I consider as the highest pitch of human felicity. It consists of activity in the pursuit, and indifference to the object. It gives the good in hand, without the danger of disappointment. It is eagerness and ardour, without that hope, which is another word for anxiety. Nor is it impossible to be happy on such terms; for this seeming contradiction is easy to him who suppresses vain hopes, and who derives, from every duty and occupation of life, what it can give. It is a melancholy truth in our character, that the fancy and imagination, which painted the delights of the future scene, imbitter the present moment. If we had not overlaid the picture with too much colouring, we would have enjoyed life as it is; we would have learned, in this varied and chequered scene, to extract sweet from bitterness, instead of rejecting the cup, because the ingredients are not mingled to our taste.

Energy in our pursuits, destroys the illusions of imagination. The mind finds happiness in its own exertion; and, if it be well regulated, disappointment is a starting-place to a new pursuit.

GENE.

\* SECT. XX.—*On Autumn.*

AUTUMN is a season which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. Every passion, however base and unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment; it tells us of what men have done, and what men may do; and it supports us every-where by the example of many around us. When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves the still, but steady advance of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strowed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passion society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate.

Such also in a few years will be our condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with vigorous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued; and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain." Such is the first impression which the present scene of nature is fitted to make upon us. It is this first impression which intimidates the thoughtless and the gay; and indeed, if there were no other reflections that followed. I know not that it would be the business of wisdom to recommend such meditations. It is the consequences, however, of such previous thoughts which are chiefly valuable; and, among these, there are two which may well deserve our consideration.

It is the unvarying character of nature, amid all its scenes, to lead us at last to its Author; and it is for this final end, that all its varieties have such dominion over our minds. We are led, by the appearances of spring, to see his bounty; we are led, by the splendours of summer, to see

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## \* SECT. XX

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his greatness. In the present hours, we are led to a higher sentiment; and, what is most remarkable, the very circumstances of melancholy are those which guide us most securely to put our trust in him. We are witnessing the decay of the year: we go back in imagination, and find that such in every generation has been the fate of man; we look forward, and we see that to such ends all must come at last: we lift our desponding eyes in search of comfort, and we see above us One who "is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end." Amid the vicissitudes of nature, we discover that central majesty "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." We *feel* that there is a God; and, from the tempestuous sea of life, we hail that polar star of nature to which a sacred instinct had directed our eyes, and which burns with undecaying ray, to lighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

Let the busy and active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises; and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach: it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and "that the spirit must return to him who gave it."

ALISON.

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\* SECT. XXI.—*On the Beauty and Force of the English Language.*

REGARD not the English language, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse. It is a mine, whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never had adequate tribute paid to it.

Among the languages of Modern Europe, specious, but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to cadence, terseness, or dexterous ambiguity of insinuation; while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof, and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think, that we have erred with regard to Greek and Latin. Our sense of the inestimable benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science, which they have handed down to us, has led us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit, without doubt; but it is a bigoted gratitude, and an unweighed admiration, which induce us to prostrate the English tongue before their altar. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them: but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object in all language, *precision*, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in richness of colouring and extent of power, it is exceeded by none, if equalled by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination, which some British author has not clothed in British phrase, with a nicety of definition, an accuracy of portraiture, a brilliancy of tint, a delicacy of discrimination, and a force of expression, which must be *sterling*, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm!

Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety,—to glow with animation,—to thrill with horror,—to startle with amaze,—to shrink with awe,—to throb with pity,—or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love; know ye not the mighty magicians of our country, whose potent spell has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, those varied impulses? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art, that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? *Justly conceived collocation of words*, is the whole secret of this witchery; a charm within the reach of any of you. Possess yourselves of the necessary *energies*, and be assured you will find the language *exuberant* beyond the demand of your intensest thought. How many positions are there which form the basis of every day's reflections, the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after, perhaps for ages, before they were seized and ren-

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dered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which we ourselves have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the arm of our intellect but just too short to reach them; and then comes a happier genius, who, in a fortunate moment, and, from some vantage-ground, arrests the meteor in its flight; and, grasping the floating phantom, drags it from the skies to the earth; condenses that which was but an impalpable coruscation of spirit; fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought; and, having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage to mankind.

MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

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\* SECT. XXII.—*Arguments in favour of the Planets' being inhabited.*

IN all the greater arrangements of divine wisdom, we can see, that God has done the same things for the accommodation of the planets that he has done for the earth which we inhabit. And shall we say, that the resemblance stops here, because we are not in a situation to observe it? Shall we say, that this scene of magnificence has been called into being merely for the amusement of a few astronomers? Shall we measure the councils of heaven, by the narrow impotence of the human faculties? or conceive, that silence and solitude reign throughout the mighty empire of nature; that the greater part of creation is an empty parade; and that not a worshipper of the Divinity is to be found through the wide extent of yon vast and immeasurable regions?

It lends a delightful confirmation to the argument, when, from the growing perfection of our instruments, we can discover a new point of resemblance between our Earth, and the other bodies of the planetary system. It is now ascertained, not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and that some have their moons to rule their night, and alleviate the darkness of it. We can see of one, that its surface rises into inequalities, that it swells into mountains, and stretches into valleys; of another, that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third, that clouds are formed and suspended over it, which may minister to

it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth, that a white colour spreads over its northern regions, as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated—giving room to suppose, that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon the application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle, which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own, in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming, when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense, which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and colourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot, by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and topical varieties. But there is no end of conjecture; and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability, that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds, that they teem with life, and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted the worshippers of his glory.

CHALMERS.

THERE are millions of the men who view the world with what purpose? The portion of the world that encircled stood upon the of Heaven islands, sea was the p generation together in lofty Acropolis tecture. perfection the very first with an idea Stretched head on the mother of sporting b Grove, with of their lives eye.

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\* SECT. XXIII.—*St. Paul at Athens.*

THERE are at this present moment more than six hundred millions of the human race in the appalling situation of the men whom the apostle describes as "without Christ in the world:" and the question is, With what feelings and what purposes a Christian would survey this vast and wretched portion of the family of man. Behold St. Paul at Athens. Think of the matchless splendour which blazed upon his view, as he rolled his eye round the enchanting panorama that encircled the hill of Mars. On the one hand, as he stood upon the summit of the rock, beneath the canopy of Heaven, was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and skies; on the other, quite within his view, was the plain of Marathon, where the wrecks of former generations, and the tombs of departed heroes, mingled together in silent desolation. Behind him towered the lofty Acropolis, crowned with the pride of Grecian architecture. There, in the zenith of their splendour, and the perfection of their beauty, stood those peerless temples, the very fragments of which are viewed by modern travellers with an idolatry almost equal to that which reared them. Stretched along the plain below him, and reclining her head on the slope of the neighbouring hills, was Athens, mother of the arts and sciences, with her noble offspring sporting by her side. The Porch, the Lyceum, and the Grove, with the stations of departed sages, and the forms of their living disciples, were all presented to the apostle's eye.

What mind, possessing the slightest pretensions to classic taste, can think of his situation amid such sublime and captivating scenery, without a momentary rapture? Yet *there, even there*, did this accomplished scholar stand as insensible to all this grandeur, as if nothing was before him but the treeless, turfless desert. Absorbed in the holy attractions of his own mind, *he* saw no charms—felt no fascinations, but, on the contrary, was pierced with the most poignant distress; and what was the cause? "He saw the city *wholly given to idolatry.*" To *him* it presented nothing but a magnificent mausoleum, decorated, it is true, with the richest productions of the sculptor and the architect, but still where souls of men lay dead in trespasses and sins; while the dim light of philosophy, that still glim-

mered in the schools, appeared but as the lamp of the sepulchre, shedding its pale and sickly ray around these gorgeous chambers of death.

What must have been his indignant grief at the dishonour done by idolatry to God; what his amazement at the weakness and folly of the human mind; what his abhorrence of human impiety; and what his compassion for human wretchedness, when such stately monuments of Pagan pomp and superstition had not the smallest possible effect in turning away his view from the guilt that raised them, or the misery which succeeded them!

Ah! how many Christian travellers and divines, whilst occupying the same spots, though they saw not a thousandth part of what the apostle saw, have had their whole minds so engrossed by scenes of earthly magnificence, as not to feel one sentiment of pity for the Pagans who formerly dwelt there, or the Mahometans who are the present proprietors of those venerable ruins!

JAMES.

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\* SECT. XXIV.—*The Folly of Ambition.*

THE poor man's son, whom Heaven in its anger has visited with ambition, when he begins to look around him, admires the condition of the rich. He finds the cottage of his father too small for his accommodation, and fancies he should be lodged more at his ease in a palace. He is displeased with being obliged to walk a-foot, or to endure the fatigue of riding on horseback. He sees his superiors carried about in machines, and imagines, that in one of these he could travel with less inconvenience. He feels himself naturally indolent, and willing to serve himself with his own hands as little as possible; and judges, that a numerous retinue of servants would save him from a great deal of trouble. He thinks, if he had attained all these, he would sit still contentedly, and be quiet, enjoying himself in the thought of the happiness and tranquillity of his situation. He is enchanted with the distant idea of this felicity. It appears in his fancy like the life of some superior rank of beings; and, in order to arrive at it, he devotes himself for ever to the pursuit of wealth and greatness. To obtain the conveniences which these afford, he submits in the first year, nay in the first month of his application

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to more fatigue of body, and more uneasiness of mind, than he could have suffered through the whole of his life from the want of them. He studies to distinguish himself in some laborious profession. With the most unrelenting industry, he labours night and day to acquire talents superior to all his competitors. He endeavours next to bring those talents into public view, and, with equal assiduity, solicits every opportunity of employment. For this purpose, he makes his court to all mankind; he serves those whom he hates, and is obsequious to those whom he despises. Through the whole of his life, he pursues the idea of a certain artificial and elegant repose, which he may never arrive at, for which he sacrifices a real tranquillity that is at all times in his power, and which, if in the extremity of old age he should at last attain to it, he will find to be in no respect preferable to that humble security and contentment which he had abandoned for it.

It is then, in the last dregs of life, his body wasted with toil and diseases, his mind galled and ruffled by the memory of a thousand injuries and disappointments which he imagines he has met with from the injustice of his enemies, or from the perfidy and ingratitude of his friends, that he begins at last to find that wealth and greatness are mere trinkets of frivolous utility, no more adapted for procuring ease of body, or tranquillity of mind, than the tweezer-cases of the lover of toys; and like them, too, more troublesome to the person who carries them about with him, than all the advantages they can afford him are commodious. There is no other real difference between them, except that the conveniencies of the one are somewhat more observable than those of the other.

The palaces, the gardens, the equipage, the retinue of the great, are objects of which the obvious convenience strikes every body. They do not require, that their masters should point out to us wherein consists their utility. Of our own accord we readily enter into it, and by sympathy enjoy, and thereby applaud, the satisfaction which they are fitted to afford him. But the curiosity of a toothpick, of an earpick, of a machine for cutting the nails, or of any other trinket of the same kind, is not so obvious. Their conveniency may perhaps be equally great, but it is not so striking; and we do not so readily enter into the satisfaction of the man who possesses them. They are, therefore, less reasonable subjects of vanity, than the magnificence



of wealth and greatness; and in this consists the sole advantage of the last.

They more effectually gratify that love of distinction so natural to man. To one who was to live alone in a desolate island, it might be a matter of doubt, perhaps, whether a palace, or a collection of such small conveniences as are commonly contained in a tweezer-case, would contribute most to his happiness and enjoyment. If he is to live in society, indeed, there can be no comparison; because in this, as in all other cases, we constantly pay more regard to the sentiments of the spectator, than to those of the person principally concerned; and consider rather how his situation will appear to other people, than how it will appear to himself. If we examine, however, why the spectator distinguishes with such admiration the condition of the rich and the great, we shall find, that it is not so much upon the account of the superior ease or pleasure which they are supposed to enjoy, as of the numberless artificial and elegant contrivances for promoting this ease or pleasure. He does not even imagine, that they are really happier than other people; but he imagines, that they possess more means of happiness. And it is the ingenious and artful adjustment of those means to the end for which they were intended, that is the principal source of his admiration. But in the languor of disease, and the weariness of old age, the pleasures of the vain and empty distinctions of greatness disappear. To one in this situation, they are no longer capable of recommending those toilsome pursuits in which they had formerly engaged him. In his heart he curses ambition, and vainly regrets the ease and the indolence of youth; pleasures which are fled for ever, and which he has foolishly sacrificed for what—when he has got it—can afford him no real satisfaction.

In this miserable aspect does greatness appear to every man, when reduced, either by spleen or disease, to observe with attention his own situation, and to consider what it is that is really wanting to his happiness. Power and riches appear then to be what they are—enormous and operose machines, contrived to produce a few trifling conveniences to the body, consisting of springs the most nice and delicate, which must be kept in order with the most anxious attention; and which, in spite of all our care, are ready every moment to burst into pieces, and to crush in their

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ruins their unfortunate possessor. They are immense fabrics, which it requires the labour of a life to raise, which threaten every moment to overwhelm the person that dwells in them, and which, while they stand, though they may save him from some smaller inconveniences, can protect him from none of the severer inclemencies of the season. They keep off the summer shower, not the winter storm; but leave him always as much, and sometimes more exposed than before, to anxiety, to fear, and to sorrow; to diseases, to dangers, and to death.

ADAM SMITH.

\* SECT. XXV.—*The Resurrection of Christ.*

SUCH were the respective situations of the rulers and the disciples, and such the state of things in Jerusalem, while the Captain of our salvation lay in the silence of the tomb. In that season the Roman soldiers were not the only guards of the sepulchre: the heavenly host were moved; the legions of God were arrayed to protect the sacred deposit. The preparations were now fully formed in both worlds, and all things stood in readiness for the moment in which the arm of the Lord should be revealed.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all, as yet, was quiet at the sepulchre: Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post; the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground: "His countenance was like lightning," and his "raiment was white as snow;" he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is thy prince, O Zion!

Christian, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conquerer from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun issue in a day so glorious—it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended, as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations. **HARDY.**

\* SECT. XXVI.—*Omnipresence of the Deity.*

God never loses sight of any one thing he has created, and no created thing can continue either to be, or to act independently of him; and even upon the face of this world, humble as it is on the great scale of astronomy, how widely diversified, and how multiplied into many thousand distinct exercises, is the attention of God! His eye is upon every hour of my existence. His Spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale, is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death, or of woful suffering, is now at ease, because he at this moment is warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and ever-changing history. When I walk by the way-side, he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers, is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Provi-

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dence, is also at my right hand, to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercises of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.

Now, what God is doing with me, he is doing with every distinct individual of this world's population. The intimacy of his presence, and attention, and care, reaches to one and to all of them. With a mind unburdened by the vastness of all its other concerns, he can prosecute, without distraction, the government and guardianship of every one son and daughter of the species. And is it for us, in the face of all this experience, ungratefully to draw a limit around the perfections of God—to aver, that the multitude of other worlds has withdrawn any portion of his benevolence from the one we occupy—or that he, whose eye is upon every separate family of the earth, would not lavish all the riches of his unsearchable attributes on some high plan of pardon and immortality, in behalf of its countless generations?

When I look abroad on the wondrous scene that is immediately before me—and see, that in every direction, it is a scene of the most various and unwearied activity—and expatiate on all the beauties of that garniture by which it is adorned, and on all the prints of design and of benevolence which abound in it—and think, that the same God, who holds the universe, with its every system, in the hollow of his hand, pencils every flower, and gives nourishment to every blade of grass, and actuates the movements of every living thing, and is not disabled, by the weight of his other cares, from enriching the humble department of nature I occupy, with charms and accommodations of the most unbounded variety—then, surely, if a message, bearing every mark of authenticity, should profess to come to me from God, and inform me of his mighty doings for the happiness of our species, it is not for me, in the face of all this evidence, to reject it as a tale of imposture, because astronomers have told me that he has so many other worlds and other orders of beings to attend to—and, when I think that it were a deposition of him from his supremacy over the creatures he has formed, should a single sparrow fall to the ground without his appointment, then let science and sophistry try to cheat me of my comfort as they may—I will not let go the anchor of my confidence in God—I will not be afraid, for I am of more value than many sparrows.

CHALMERS.



\* SECT. XXVII.—*On Genius and Fame.*

GENIUS is the heir of fame; but the hard condition on which the bright reversion must be earned, is the loss of life. Fame is the recompense, not of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altar, is kindled from the ashes of great men. Fame itself is immortal; but it is not begot till the breath of genius is extinguished. For fame is not popularity, the shout of the multitude, the idle buzz of fashion, the venal puff, the soothing flattery of favour or of friendship; but it is the spirit of a man surviving himself, in the minds and thoughts of other men, undying and unperishable. It is the power which the intellect exercises over the intellect, and the lasting homage which is paid to it, as such, independently of time and circumstances, purified from partiality and evil-speaking. Fame is the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows—deep, distant, murmuring evermore, like the waters of the mighty ocean. He who has ears truly touched to this music, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity.

The love of fame differs from mere vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. It is not the direct and gross homage paid to himself, that the lover of true fame seeks, or is proud of; but the indirect and pure homage paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty, as they are reflected in his mind, that gives him confidence and hope. The love of nature is the first thing in the mind of the true poet; the admiration of himself, the last. A man of genius cannot well be a coxcomb; for his mind is too full of other things, to be much occupied with his own person. He who is conscious of great powers in himself, has also a high standard of excellence with which to compare his efforts: he appeals also to a test and judge of merit, which is the highest; but which is too remote, grave, and impartial, to flatter his self-love extravagantly, or puff him up with intolerable and vain conceits.

This, indeed, is one test of genius, and of real greatness of mind—whether a man can wait patiently and calmly for the award of posterity; satisfied with the unwearied exercise of his faculties, retired within the sanctuary of his own

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thoughts; or whether he is eager to forestall his own immortality, and mortgage it for a newspaper puff. He who thinks much of himself, will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world: he who is always trying to lay violent hands on reputation, will not secure the best and most lasting. If the restless candidate for praise takes no pleasure, no sincere and heartfelt delight in his works, but as they are admired and applauded by others, what should others see in them to admire or applaud? They cannot be expected to admire them, because they are *his*; but for the truth and nature contained in them; which must first be inly felt and copied with severe delight, from the love of truth and nature, before it can ever appear there.

Was Raphael, think you, when he painted his pictures of the Virgin and Child, in all their inconceivable truth of beauty and expression, thinking most of his subject, or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being thought the finest colourist in the world, or making himself so, by looking at Nature? Do you imagine that Shakespeare, when he wrote *Lear* or *Othello*, was thinking of anything but *Lear* or *Othello*? Or that Mr. Kean, when he plays these characters, is thinking of the audience?—No: he who would be great in the eyes of others, must first learn to be nothing in his own. The love of fame, as it enters at times into his mind, is only another name for the love of excellence; or it is the ambition to attain the highest excellence, sanctioned by the highest authority—that of time.

HAZLITT.

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\* SECT. XXVIII.—War.

THE first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons—his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged one of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of murdering his fellow-beings. He invented a thousand devices

to defend and to assault—the helmet, the cuirass, and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound, as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on, in the brilliant and philanthropic career of invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury. The aries, the scorpio, the balista, and the catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war; and magnify its glory, by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury, commensurate even with the desires of revenge—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal, he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils amidst poisonous minerals and deadly salts—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world—and, finally, the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence.

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that divine endowment of reason, which distinguishes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which providence has assigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him; the lion, the leopard, and the tiger, seek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and even the subtle serpent darts the same venom, and uses the same wiles, as did his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes on from discovery to discovery; enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in murdering his brother-worm!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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\* SECT. XXIX.—*On Humility.*

THERE is a limit, across which man cannot carry any one of his perceptions, and from the ulterior of which he cannot gather a single observation to guide or to inform him. While he keeps by the objects which are near, he can get the knowledge of them conveyed to his mind through the ministry of several of the senses. He can feel a substance that is within reach of his hand. He can smell a flower

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that is presented to him. He can taste the food that is before him. He can hear a sound of certain pitch and intensity; and, so much does this sense of hearing widen his intercourse with external nature, that, from the distance of miles, it can bring him an occasional intimation.

But of all the tracts of conveyance which God has been pleased to open up between the mind of man, and the theatre by which he is surrounded, there is none by which he so multiplies his acquaintance with the rich and the varied creation on every side of him, as by the organ of the eye. It is this which gives to man his loftiest command over the scenery of nature. It is this by which so broad a range of observation is submitted to him. It is this which enables him, by the act of a single moment, to send an exploring look over the surface of an ample territory, to crowd his mind with the whole assembly of its objects, and to fill his vision with those countless hues which diversify and adorn it. It is this which carries him abroad over all that is sublime in the immensity of distance; which sets him as it were on an elevated platform, from whence he may cast a surveying glance over the arena of innumerable worlds; which spreads before him so mighty a province of contemplation, that the earth he inhabits only appears to furnish him with the pedestal on which he may stand, and from which he may descry the wonders of all that magnificence, which the Divinity has poured so abundantly around him. It is by the narrow outlet of the eye, that the mind of man takes its excursive flight over those golden tracks, where, in all the exhaustlessness of creative wealth, lie scattered the suns and the systems of astronomy. But, oh! how good a thing it is, and how becoming well, for the philosopher to be humble even amid the proudest march of human discovery, and the sublimest triumphs of the human understanding, when he thinks of that unscaled barrier, beyond which no power either of eye or of telescope shall ever carry him; when he thinks, that, on the other side of it, there is a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, to which the whole of this concave and visible firmament dwindles into the insignificancy of an atom! And, above all, how ready should he be to cast his every lofty imagination away from him, when he thinks of the God, who, on the simple foundation of his word, has reared the whole of this stately architecture, and, by the force of his preserving hand, con-

tinues to uphold it!—ay, and should the word again come out from him, that this earth shall pass away, and a portion of the heavens which are around it shall fall back into the annihilation from which he at first summoned them, what an impressive rebuke does it bring on the dwelling vanity of science, to think that the whole field of its most ambitious enterprises may be swept away altogether, and there remain before the eye of Him who sitteth on the throne, an untravelled immensity, which he hath filled with innumerable splendours, and over the whole face of which he hath inscribed the evidence of his high attributes, in all their might, and in all their manifestation!

But man has a great deal more to keep him humble of his understanding, than a mere sense of that boundary which skirts and which terminates the material field of his contemplations. He ought also to feel, how, within that boundary, the vast majority of things is mysterious and unknown to him; that, even in the inner chamber of his own consciousness, there so much lies hidden from the observation of others, there is also to himself a little world of incomprehensibles; that if, stepping beyond the limits of this familiar home, he look no farther than to the members of his family, there is much in the cast and the colour of every mind that is above his powers of divination; that, in proportion as he recedes from the centre of his own personal experience, there is a cloud of ignorance and secrecy which spreads, and thickens, and throws a deep and impenetrable veil over the intricacies of every one department of human contemplation; that of all around him, his knowledge is naked and superficial, and confined to a few of those more conspicuous lineaments which strike upon his senses; that the whole face, both of nature and of society, presents him with questions which he cannot unriddle, and tells him that, beneath the surface of all that the eye can rest upon, there lies the profoundness of a most unsearchable latency. Ay, and should he, in some lofty enterprise of thought, leave this world, and shoot afar into those tracks of speculation which astronomy has opened—should he, baffled by the mysteries which beset his every footstep upon earth, attempt an ambitious flight towards the mysteries of heaven—let him go, but let the justness of a pious and philosophical modesty go along with him—let him forget not, that, from

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the moment his mind has taken its ascending way for a few little miles above the world he treads upon, his every sense abandons him but one; that number, and motion, and magnitude, and figure, make up all the bareness of its elementary informations; that these orbs have sent him scarce another message, than told, by their feeble glimmering upon his eye, the simple fact of their existence; that he sees not the landscape of other worlds; that he knows not the moral system of any one of them: nor, athwart the long and trackless vacancy which lies between, does there fall upon his listening ear, the hum of their mighty populations.

CHALMERS.

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\* SECT. XXX.—*Remarks on Homer, the Bible, Dante, and Ossian.*

IN Homer, the principle of action, or life, is predominant; in the Bible, the principle of faith, and the idea of providence; Dante is a personification of blind will; and in Ossian we see the decay of life, and the lag-end of the world. Homer's poetry is the heroic: it is full of life and action; it is bright as the day, strong as a river. In the vigour of his intellect, he grapples with all the objects of nature, and enters into all the relations of social life. He saw many countries, and the manners of many men; and he has brought them altogether in his poem. He describes his heroes going to battle with a prodigality of life, arising from an exuberance of animal spirits: we see them before us, their number, and their order of battle, poured out upon the plain, "all plumed like ostriches, like eagles newly bathed, wanton as goats, wild as young bulls, youthful as May, and gorgeous as the sun at mid-summer," covered with glittering armour, with dust and blood; while the gods quaff their nectar in golden cups, or mingle in the fray; and the old men, assembled on the walls of Troy, rise up with reverence, as Helen passes by them. The multitude of things in Homer is wonderful; their splendour, their truth, their force, and variety. His poetry is, like his religion, the poetry of number and form: he describes the bodies, as well as the souls of men.

The poetry of the Bible is that of imagination and of faith. It is abstract and disembodied. It is not the poetry of form, but of power; not of multitude, but of immensity.



It does not divide into many, but aggrandizes into one. Its ideas of nature are like its ideas of God. It is not the poetry of social life, but of solitude: each man seems alone in the world, with the original forms of nature,—the rocks, the earth, and the sky. It is not the poetry of action or heroic enterprise, but of faith in a supreme providence, and resignation to the power that governs the universe. As the idea of God was removed farther from humanity, and a scattered polytheism, it became more profound and intense, it became more universal, for the *Infinite* is present to every thing: "If we flee into the uttermost parts of the earth, it is there also; if we turn to the east or the west, we cannot escape from it." Man is thus aggrandized in the image of his Maker. The history of the patriarchs is of this kind: they are founders of a chosen race of people, the inheritors of the earth; they exist in the generations that are to come after them. Their poetry, like their religious creed, is vast, unformed, obscured, and infinite; a vision is upon it—an invisible hand is suspended over it. The spirit of the Christian religion consists in the glory hereafter to be revealed; but in the Hebrew dispensation, providence took an immediate share in the affairs of this life. Jacob's dream arose out of this intimate communion between heaven and earth: it was this that let down, in the sight of the youthful patriarch, a golden ladder from the sky to the earth, with angels ascending and descending upon it, and shed a light upon the lonely place, which can never pass away. The story of Ruth, again, is as if all the depth of natural affection in the human race were involved in her breast. There are descriptions in the book of Job more prodigal of imagery, more intense in passion, than any thing in Homer; as that of the state of his prosperity, and of the vision that came upon him by night. The metaphors are more boldly figurative. Things were collected more into masses, and gave a greater *momentum* to the imagination.

Dante was the father of modern poetry, and he may therefore claim a place in this connection. His poem is the first great step from Gothic darkness and barbarism; and the struggle of thought in it to burst the thralldom in which the human mind had been so long held, is felt in every page. He stood bewildered, not appalled, on that dark shore, which separates the ancient and the modern world; and saw the glories of antiquity dawning through

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the abyss of time, while revelation opened its passage to the other world. He was lost in wonder at what had been done before him, and he dared to emulate it. Dante seems to have been indebted to the Bible for the gloomy tone of his mind, as well as for the prophetic fury which exalts and kindles his poetry; but he is utterly unlike Homer. His genius is not a sparkling flame, but the sullen heat of a furnace. He is power, passion, self-will, personified. In all that relates to the descriptive or fanciful part of poetry, he bears no comparison to many that had gone before, or who have come after him: but there is a gloomy abstraction in his conceptions, which lies like a dead weight upon the mind; a benumbing stupor, a breathless awe, from the intensity of the impression; a terrible obscurity, like that which oppresses us in dreams; an identity of interest, which moulds every object to its own purpose, and clothes all things with the passions and imaginations of the human soul,—that make amends for all other deficiencies. The immediate objects he presents to the mind, are not much in themselves; they want grandeur, beauty, and order: but they become every thing by the force of the character he impresses upon them. His mind lends its own power to the objects which it contemplates, instead of borrowing it from them. He takes advantage even of the nakedness and dreary vacuity of his subject. His imagination peoples the shades of death, and broods over the silent air. He is the severest of all writers, the most hard and impenetrable, the most opposite to the flowery and glittering; who relies most on his own power, and the sense of it in others; and who leaves most room to the imagination of his readers. Dante's only object is to interest; and he interests only by exciting our sympathy, with the emotion by which he is himself possessed. He does not place before us the objects by which that emotion has been excited; but he siezes on the attention, by showing us the effect they produce on his feelings: and his poetry, accordingly, gives the same thrilling and overwhelming sensation, which is caught by gazing on the face of a person who has seen some object of horror. The improbability of the events, the abruptness and monotony of the *Inferno*, are excessive; but the interest never flags, from the intense earnestness of the author's mind. Dante's great power is in combining internal feelings with external objects. Thus, the gate of

hell, on which that withering inscription is written, seems to be endow'd with speech and consciousness, and to utter its dread warning, not without a sense of mortal woes. This author habitually unites the absolutely local and individual with the greatest wildness and mysticism. In the midst of the obscure and shadowy regions of the lower world, a tomb suddenly rises up with this inscription, "I am the tomb of Pope Anastasius the Sixth:" and half the personages whom he has crowded into the Inferno, are his own acquaintance. All this, perhaps, tends to heighten the effect by the bold intermixture of realities, and the appeal, as it were, to the individual knowledge and experience of the reader. He affords few subjects for picture. There is, indeed, one gigantic one, that of Count Ugolino, of which Michael Angelo made a bas-relief, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds ought not to have painted.

Another writer whom I shall mention last, and whom I cannot persuade myself to think a mere modern in the groundwork, is Ossian. He is a feeling and a name that can never be destroyed in the minds of his readers. As Homer is the first vigour and lustihood, Ossian is the decay and old age of poetry. He lives only in the recollection and regret of the past. There is one feeling which he gives us more entirely than all other poets, namely, the sense of privation, the loss of all things, of friends, of good name, of country—he is even without God in the world. He converses only with the spirits of the departed; with the motionless and silent clouds. The cold moonlight sheds its faint lustre on his head; the fox peeps out of the ruined tower; the thistle shakes its beard to the passing gale; and the strings of his harp seem as the hand of age, as the tale of other times, passes over them, to sigh and rustle like the dry reeds in the winter's wind! The feeling of cheerless desolation, of the loss of the pith and sap of existence, of the annihilation of the substance, and incorporating the shadow of all things as in a mock embrace, is here perfect. In this way, the lamentation of Selma for the loss of Salgar, is the finest of all. If it were indeed possible to show that this writer was nothing, it would only be another instance of mutability, another blank made, another void left in the heart, another confirmation of that feeling, which makes him so often chide his lingering fate: "Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your wing to Ossian!"

HAZLITT.

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\* SECT. XXXI.—*The Last Day.*

To every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day; and, of all futurity, this is the only portion of time that can in all cases be infallibly predicted. Let the sanguine, then, take warning, and the disheartened take courage: for to every joy and every sorrow, to every hope and every fear, there will come a last day; and man ought so to live by foresight, that, while he learns in every state to be content, he shall in each be prepared for another, whatever that other may be. When we set an acorn, we expect that it will produce an oak; when we plant a vine, we calculate upon gathering grapes: but, when we lay a plan for years to come, we may wish, and we can do no more, except pray, that it may be accomplished; for we know not what even the morrow may bring forth. All that we *do* know beforehand of any thing is,—that to every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day.

From Adam to Noah sixteen centuries elapsed, during which, men multiplied on earth, and increased in wickedness and in number, till to the forbearance of mercy itself there came a last day, and wrath, in one flood of destruction, swept away a whole world of transgressors. The pollutions of Sodom and Gomorrah long insulted the Majesty of heaven; but a last day came, and the Lord rained fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest, that overthrew them for ever, erasing the very ground on which they stood, from the solid surface of the globe. The children of Israel groaned for ages under the yoke of the Egyptians: a last day came; the bands of iron were burst asunder; and the Red Sea, the eastern wall of their prison-house, opened its floodgates to let the redeemed of the Lord pass through, but closed them in death on their pursuers, like the temple of Dagon pulled down upon the heads of the Philistines. For almost two thousand years, the law and the covenant of works, delivered from Mount Sinai, were honoured and violated by the same rebellious and stiff-necked people, who deemed themselves the elect of God, to the exclusion, in perpetuity, of all kindreds beside: but a last day came; the sceptre departed from Judah; the holy city was made an abomination of desolations; and the covenant of grace, universal and everlasting, was proclaimed to all mankind.



In profane history, we read similar lessons of mutability—similar evidences of the uncertainty of every day, except *the last day*. The walls of Babylon were built to outstand the mountains, which they rivalled in grandeur and solidity: a last day came, and Babylon is fallen. If you ask, "Where *is* she?"—"Where *was* she?" will be the reply; for she has so fallen, that there remains of her unexampled magnificence, no more vestige on the soil by which she can be traced, than of a foundered ship on the face of the ocean, when the storm is gone by, and the dolphins are bounding among the billows, and throwing out their colours to the sun.—Greece, among the nations, like the Pleiades among the stars, a small and beautiful sisterhood of states, flourishing in arts and arms without a rival in her own age, and without a parallel in succeeding times; but her last day came, and Greece is gone to decay, unutterable decay: yet she lives in her ruins, amidst the moral desolation of Turkey, and she lives in her glory on the pages of her poets, historians, and orators; yea, and she shall live again in her sons, for the last day of their enslavement is at hand. Rome was seven hundred and fifty years growing from infancy to maturity; she stood through half that period more in splendid infamy; her last day came, and then she sunk under such a weight of years and trophies, that her relics have buried in their dust the seven hills on which, in her prosperity, she had glorified herself and lived deliciously, saying in her heart, "I sit a queen, and I am no widow, and shall see no sorrow." Rome was mortal; there can be no revival from *her* degradation: the last of the Romans perished a thousand years ago, among the millions of barbarians with whom the Roman people were at length indistinguishably and inseparably amalgamated. Rome and Babylon have been equally identified in perdition as in name, by the "sure word of prophesy;" and the metropolis of modern Italy is no more the one, than Bagdad is the other: a different race possesses each, and their glory or shame in ages to come can never again effect the character of the generations gone by, whose last day stands irreversible in the calendar of time. It is not so with Greece: *her* posterity was never cut off.—Our own country has experienced as many vicissitudes of government as have here been recounted from the annals of the world: to each of these there came a last day. Her own last day is not yet come,

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nor, while she continues pre-eminent in virtue, intelligence, and enterprise, need we fear its arrival.

Taking the middle age of life as the standard of the present generation, those who are arrived at that period have themselves been living witnesses of more new eras, and last days, in which the destiny of nations was implicated, unravelled, and rewoven, more strangely and disastrously than were wont to occur in whole centuries of ordinary time. The French revolution brought on the last day of the antiquated despotism of the Bourbons. Many last days cut off, as suddenly as by strokes of the guillotine, the ephemeral constitutions that followed, till Bonaparte, like Milton's Death, bridging his way from hell to earth, with his "mace petrific," struck and fixed the jarring, jumbled elements of the political chaos, and seemed for a while to have established an immoveable throne on the razed foundations of every other in Europe; but a last day to his empire came, and wafted him as passive as a cloud over the ocean to St. Helena. A last day to his life came also, and he disappeared from the earth. The universal war in Christendom, which raged from the fall of the Bastile to the fall of Napoleon, found its last day on the plains of Waterloo. Peace followed; but for years it has been like peace on the battle-field, when the conflict is ended: the dead alone are at rest; the living are maimed, lacerated, writhing with agony. But let them not faint: they shall yet arise; they are rising; and have risen, since these speculations were first penned. A last day to the present miseries of our country will come: the wounds of war will soon be healed entirely.

In the life of every adult, there occur many last days. Man is ushered into the world from a source so hidden, that his very parents know him not till he appears, and he knows not himself even then. He passes rapidly through the stages of childhood, youth, maturity, old age; and to each of these there comes a last day. The transitions, indeed, are so gradual as to be imperceptible; no more to be remembered than the moment at which we fell asleep last night, and as little dependent on our will as was the act of awaking this morning. Yet so distinct are these several states of progressive existence, that, though all bound together by unbroken consciousness, the changes are, in reality, as entire as the separate links of one chain. In the issue comes a last day to the whole; and man is

withdrawn into an abyss of eternity, as unsearchable by finite thought as that from which he emanated at first.

It has already been observed, that in the life of every adult individual there are many last days. There is the last day of the nursery, of the school, of juvenile obedience, of paternal authority; there is a last day at our first home, and a last day at every other place that becomes our home in the sequel; there are last days of companionship and of rivalry, of business and of vanity, of promise and exertion, of failure and success; last days of love and of friendship, enjoyment and endearment: every day, in its turn, is the last to all that went before it. Every year has its last day. Amidst the festivities of Christmas arrives the close of the months, to remind us of the end of all earthly fruition. The most reprobate of men desire to die in peace: on the last night in December, therefore, we should lie down with the same disposition as if we were making our bed in the grave; on the first morning of January, we should rise up with the same hopes as if the trumpet had summoned us to the resurrection of the just: *that* moment should be to us as the end of time, and *this* as the beginning of eternity.

To every thing beneath the sun there comes a last day. From this point our meditations began, at this point they must conclude; leaving those who may have accompanied the writer thus far, to pursue, at their leisure, the moral inferences associated with the whole. The facts themselves—few, simple, and commonplace as they are—cannot have been made to pass, even in this imperfect exhibition, through intelligent minds, without impressing upon them feelings of awe, apprehension, and humility, prompting to immediate and unsparing self-examination. From this, there can be nothing to fear; from the neglect of it, every thing: for, however alarming the discoveries of evil unsuspected, or peril unknown, may be, such discoveries had better be made now, while escape is before us, than in that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and escape will be impossible,—*that* day, which, of all others, is most emphatically called *The Last Day*.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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MONTGOMERY.

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SHORT AND EASY PIECES.

\* SECT. I.—*To the Butterfly.*

CHILD' of the sun'! pursue thy rapturous flight',  
Mingling with her thou lovest' in fields of light';  
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold',  
Quaff' fragrant nectar' from their cups of gold'.  
There shall thy wings', rich as an evening-sky',  
Expand' and shut' with silent ecstasy!  
—Yet wert thou once a worm',—a thing' that crept  
On the bare earth', then wrought a tomb', and slept'.  
And such' is man'; soon, from his cell of clay',  
To burst' a seraph', in the blaze' of day'!      ROGERS.

\* SECT. II.—*On the Sensitive Plant.*

BENEATH a touch as light as air,  
This modest plant—this plant receding,  
Conveys a moral to the fair  
Well worth their careful heeding;  
For, oh! what charm can equal thee,  
Beloved of all, sweet Modesty!

The rudest hand this plant will spare,  
And deem it more deserving  
Than all the gaudy flowers that flare,  
And seem to court observing;  
For, oh! what charm can equal thee,  
Beloved of all, sweet Modesty!      Anonymous

\* SECT. III.—*The Setting Sun.*

THAT setting sun—that setting sun!  
What scenes, since first its race begun,  
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,  
Which are as they had never been!

That setting sun!—full many a gaze  
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,  
With sweet, according thought sublime,  
In every age, and every clime!

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow  
The ocean's fabled caves below;  
And, when the obscuring night is done,  
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun!

So when my pulses cease to play,  
Serenely close my evening ray,  
To rise again, death's slumber done,  
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

*Anonymous.*\* SECT. IV.—*Saturday Night.*

THE week is past!—Its latest ray  
Is vanish'd with the closing day;  
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,  
Its now-departed hours to clasp,  
As to recall that moment bright,  
When first creation sprang from light.

The week is past!—And has it brought  
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought!  
And has it left some memory dear  
Of heavenly raptures tasted here?  
It has not wing'd its flight in vain,  
Although it ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return!—  
We are but pilgrims, born to mourn;  
And moments, as they onward flow,  
Cut short the thread of human wo;  
And bring us nearer to the scenes  
Where sorrows end, and heaven begins.

*Anonymous.*

\*SECT. V.— *The Day of Life.*

THE morning hours, of cheerful light,  
Of all the day are best;  
But, as they speed their hasty flight,  
If every hour is spent aright,  
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,  
And pleasant is our rest.

For life is like a summer's day,  
It seems so quickly past:  
Youth is the morning bright and gay;  
And, if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,  
We meet old age without dismay,  
And death is sweet at last.

*Anonymous.*\*SECT. VI.— *On Truth.*

O TRUTH! thine image ever flows,  
Reflected from the spotless breast,  
With form as pure as mountain-snows,  
By human footsteps never press'd.

Mean is the man who frames a lie,  
To circulate the mirthful tale;  
But black *his* soul, with envy's dye,  
Who would another's fame assail.

The starving wretch who steals our gold,  
Is doom'd by human laws to death;  
While base assassins, uncontroll'd,  
Blast richer treasures with a breath.

Come, white-robed Truth! with meek-eyed Peace,  
Hover around our lovely Isle,  
Bid envy and detraction cease,  
And bless us with a seraph-smile.

Be thou the bulwark of our youth,  
Our guide through life's bewilder'd ways;  
Charm every heart to love thee, Truth,  
And teach our babes to lip thy praises.

*Anonymous.*



\* SECT. VII.—*A Receipt for Happiness.*

TRAVERSE the world ; go, fly from pole to pole ;  
 Go far as winds can blow, or waters roll ;  
 All, all is vanity, beneath the sun ;  
 To certain death through different paths we run.  
 See the pale miser poring o'er his gold ;  
 See there a galley-slave to misery sold !  
 Ambition's votaries groan beneath its weight,  
 The splendid victim of the toils of state.  
 Lo ! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow  
 Love's softest pleasures terminate in woe ;  
 Even learning ends her vast career in doubt,  
 And, puzzling on, makes nothing clearly out.  
 Where, then, is sovereign bliss ! Where doth it grow !  
 Know, mortal ! happiness ne'er dwelt below.  
 Look towards Heaven, be Heaven thy only care,  
 Spurn the vile earth—go, seek thy treasure there :  
 A virtuous course, and Heaven alone, you'll find,  
 Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

*Monthly Magazine.*\* SECT. VIII.—*The Daisy.*

Not worlds on wolds in phalanx deep,  
 Need we to prove a God is here ;  
 The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
 Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arch'd the skies,  
 And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
 Wondrous alike in all he tries,  
 Could raise the daisy's purple bud ?—

Mould its green cup,—its wiry stem ;  
 Its fringed border nicely spin !  
 And cut the gold-embossed gem,  
 That, set in silver, gleams within ?—

And fling it, unrestrain'd and free,  
 O'er hill and dale, and desert sod !  
 That man, where'er he walks, may see  
 In every step the stamp of God.

*MAHON GOOD.*

\* SECT. IX.—*Morning Hymn for Children.*

ALMIGHTY God by thy great power,  
 I hail again the morning hour :  
 How fair the green fields meet my eyes,  
 How sweet the birds sing in the skies !  
 How fresh appear the hills and trees,  
 And, oh ! how pure the morning breeze !  
 I bless thy love in all I see,  
 For were not these things made for me ?  
 And was it not to meet my sight  
 Was hung aloft yon orb of light ?  
 Nor mine alone—for thou hast given  
 Thy good to all beneath the heaven ;  
 And I rejoice that others share  
 The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.  
 Then, though a little child I be,  
 Yet may I bend myself to thee,  
 And join my infant voice to raise  
 A simple hymn of grateful praise.

*Anonymous.*\* SECT. X.—*Evening Hymn for Children.*

NOW condescend, Almighty King,  
 To bless this little throng ;  
 And kindly listen, while we sing  
 Our grateful evening song.  
 Before thy sacred footstool, see,  
 We bend in humble prayer,—  
 A happy little family,  
 To ask thy tender care.  
 May we in safety sleep to-night,  
 From every danger free ;  
 Because the darkness and the light  
 Are both alike to thee.  
 And when the rising sun displays  
 His cheering beams abroad,  
 Then shall our morning hymn of praise  
 Declare thy goodness, Lord !  
 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,  
 Our lips together move :  
 Then smile upon this lowly band,  
 And join our hearts in love.

*Anonymous.*

\* SECT. XI.—*The Condescension of God.*

God! what a great and awful word!  
 Oh! who can speak thy worth?  
 By saints in heaven thou art adored,  
 And fear'd by men on earth:  
 And yet a little child may bend  
 And say, My Father and my Friend!

The glorious sun, that blazes high,  
 The moon, more pale and dim,  
 And all the stars that gem the sky,  
 Are made and ruled by him:  
 Yet still a child may beg his care,  
 And call upon his name in prayer.

Ten thousand angels sing his praise  
 On high, to harps of gold;  
 But holy angels dare not gaze  
 His brightness to behold:  
 Yet a poor lowly infant may  
 Lift up its voice to God, and pray.

The saints in heaven before him fall,  
 And round his throne appear;  
 Adam, and Abraham, and all  
 Who loved and served him here:  
 Yet I—a child on earth—may raise  
 My feeble voice in grateful praise.

And all his faithful servants now  
 —The wise, the good, the just—  
 Before his sacred footstool bow,  
 And own they are but dust:  
 But what can I presume to say?  
 Will he still hearken when I pray?

Oh! yes:—when little children cry,  
 He loves their simple prayer;  
 His throne of grace is always nigh,  
 And I will venture there:  
 I'll go, depending on his word,  
 And seek his grace, through Christ the Lord.

*Anonymous.*

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## CHAPTER II.

## NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECT. I.—*The Bears and the Bees.*

AS two young Bears', in wanton mood',  
 Forth issuing' from a neighbouring wood',  
 Came' where the industrious Bees had stored',  
 In artful cells', their luscious hoard';  
 O'erjoy'd' they seized', with eager haste',  
 Luxurious' on the rich repast'.  
 Alarm'd at this' the little crew'  
 About their ears' vindictive flew'.  
 The beasts', unable to sustain  
 The unequal combat', quit the plain';  
 Half-blind' with rage', and mad' with pain',  
 Their native shelter' they regain';  
 There' sit', and now', discreeter' grown,  
 Too' late their rashness they bemoan';  
 And this' by dear experience' gain',  
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain'.  
 So' when the gilded baits of vice  
 Are placed before our longing eyes',  
 With greedy haste' we snatch our fill',  
 And swallow down the latent ill':  
 But when experience' opes our eyes',  
 Away' the fancied pleasure flies'.  
 It flies', but oh! too late we find',  
 It leaves a real sting behind'.

MERRICK.

SECT. II.—*The Nightingale and the Glow-Worm.*

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
 Began to feel, as well he might,  
 The keen demands of appetite;  
 When, looking eagerly around,  
 He spied far off, upon the ground,

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A something shining in the dark,  
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark.  
 So stooping down from hawthorn top,  
 He thought to put him in his crop.  
 The worm, aware of his intent,  
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent:  
 "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,  
 You would abhor to do me wrong,  
 As much as I to spoil your song:  
 For 'twas the self-same Power divine,  
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
 That you with music, I with light,  
 Might beautify and cheer the night."  
 The songster heard this short oration;  
 And, warbling out his approbation,  
 Released him, as my story tells,  
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence, jarring sectaries may learn  
 Their real interests to discern:  
 That brother should not war with brother,  
 And worry and devour each other;  
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
 Till life's poor transient night is spent;  
 Respecting in each other's case,  
 The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,  
 Who studiously make peace their aim;  
 Peace, both the duty and the prize  
 Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

COWPER.

### SECT. III.—*The Youth and the Philosopher.*

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,  
 Whom Plato's philosophic care  
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,  
 By precept and example too,  
 Would often boast his matchless skill,  
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;  
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,  
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,

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The idiot-wonder they express'd,  
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show  
His master what his art could do;  
And bade his slaves the chariot lead  
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright;  
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;  
The muses dropp'd the learned lyre,  
And to their inmost shades retire.

Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,  
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.  
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,  
The chariot marks the rolling ring;  
And gathering crowds with eager eyes,  
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,  
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;  
And now along the indented plain  
The self-same track he marks again,  
Pursues with care the nice design,  
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seized the circling crowd;  
The youths with emulation glow'd;  
Even bearded sages hail'd the boy;  
And all but Plato gazed with joy.  
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld  
With pain the triumphs of the field;  
And when the charioteer drew nigh,  
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,

"Alas! unhappy youth," he cried,  
"Expect no praise from me," and sighed;

"With indignation I survey  
Such skill and judgment thrown away:  
The time profusely squander'd there,  
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,  
If well employ'd, at less expense,  
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;  
And raised thee from a coachman's fate,  
To govern men, and guide the state."

WHITTENBAG.

\* SECT. IV.—*The Bee, the Lily of the Valley, and the Tulip.*

THE soft-eyed Eve, serene and fair,  
Was rising from her noon-tide bowers;  
Her breath perfumed the ambient air.  
Her tints abash'd the closing flowers.

Sol's latest gleam had tinged the rocks;  
Sweet Philomel her plaint renews;  
While Venus, from her radiant locks,  
Shed, softly shed, the silent dews.

An infant Bee, who, at the morn,  
First left a tender parent's wing,  
Afar his giddy flight had borne,  
And thoughtless sipp'd the sweets of spring.

Far from its busy guardian's call,  
Now had the little vagrant strayed;  
And, when the dews began to fall,  
He rested in a distant glade.

And there, as pensive and forlorn,  
The hapless rover sat and sighed,  
Panting for her he left at morn,  
A Lily of the Vale he spied.

With trembling voice, and suppliant eye,  
He begs beneath its leaves to rest;  
The tender floret heard his cry,  
And thus the wanderer she address'd:

"Welcome beneath my humble shed,  
There sleep secure till dawning day;  
And, when night's sable shades are fled,  
Safe to the hive pursue your way."

With grateful heart the insect bends,  
And thanks the hospitable flower,  
Whose ample leaf his frame defends,  
And shelters from the dewy shower.

But, ah! not long this sweet repose  
Had he beneath the shade enjoy'd;  
For near the spot a Tulip rose,  
Whose envious glance the charm destroy'd.

"And why," she cried, "poor simple Bee,  
Dost thou contented there remain?  
Why slight the tints that glow in me,  
For those the meanest on the plain!—

"Unmindful that on her you trust  
The passing traveller may tread,  
Lay all her blossoms in the dust,  
And crush you in the fatal bed.

"Ah! waste no more, no more repose  
Those downy limbs in vulgar arms;  
But, ere the night my petals close,  
In me enjoy superior charms."

Deluded by its gaudy hue,  
With glee the fond believing thing,  
To taste the boasted blessings, flew,  
And left the fairest child of spring.

Now, sweets luxurious charm his taste;  
When from the east began to blow  
A ruder gale, whose boisterous haste  
Soon laid the exulting beauty low.

'Twas on the rivulet's verdant side,  
Queen of the banks, the Tulip stood;  
The stream receives its fallen pride,  
While the poor insect stems the flood.

At once, of all his hopes bereft,  
The mossy bank he strives to gain;  
Mourns that the humble flower he left,  
And beats his silken wings in vain.

Shuddering, he sees approaching death;  
Too late his unavailing sighs;  
The waters stop his vital breath;  
And, lo! the helpless victim dies!

Ye gentle youths, who read this tale,  
Mark well the moral it imparts:—  
"Forsake not Virtue's peaceful vale,  
For Beauty's vain insidious arts."

*Anonymous.*

\* SECT. V.—*The Stranger and his Friend.*

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief  
Hath often cross'd me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer, "Nay."  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came;  
Yet there was something in his eye,  
That won my love, I knew not why.  
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He enter'd,—not a word he spake,—  
Just perishing for want of bread;  
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,  
And ate,—but gave me part again:  
Mine was an angel's portion then;  
For, while I fed with eager haste,  
That crust was manna to my taste.  
I spied him, where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;  
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran to raise the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,  
Dipp'd and return'd it running o'er;  
I drank and never thirsted more.  
'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof;  
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,  
Laid him on my own couch to rest;  
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd  
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.  
Stripp'd, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,  
I saw him by the highway-side;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;  
I had myself a wound conceal'd;  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

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In prison I saw him next, condemn'd  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,  
 And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn.  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He ask'd, if I for him would die;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,  
 The Stranger darted from disguise;  
 The tokens in his hand I knew,  
 My Saviour stood before mine eyes.  
 He spake; and my poor name He named;  
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed:  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
 Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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SECT. VI.—*Discourse between Adam and Eve,  
 retiring to rest.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.  
 Silence accompanied; for beasts and birds,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk: all but the wakeful nightingale;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung.  
 Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament  
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.  
 When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines  
 Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest:



Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
 While other animals inactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our present labour; to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, yon alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.  
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd :  
 "My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,  
 Unargued I obey : so God ordains.  
 With thee conversing, I forget all time;  
 All seasons, and their change—all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light,—without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied :  
 "Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,  
 These have their course to finish round the earth,  
 By morrow evening; and from land to land,  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,

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Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things: which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat  
 Of various influence, foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish; or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,  
 Both day and night. How often, from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."  
 Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower.

There arrived, both stood,  
 Both turn'd; and under open sky adored  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole. "Thou also madest the night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,  
 Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
 Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promised from us two a race,  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

MILTON.

## CHAPTER III.

## SACRED PIECES.

\* SECT. I.—*The Glories of Creation.*

ARISE', arise'! it is not meet  
 To crouch for riches to the ground:  
 A glorious world' is at our feet';  
 Ten thousand' hang around'!

Look up'! a vault' of vivid blue!  
 A moving orb' of living fire!  
 Mountains' of clouds' careering through',  
 In gorgeous attire'!

Look down'! resplendent is the sight'  
 Of flood' and mountain'—sea' and land':  
 An ocean', lashing in its might'!  
 An earth', in beauty bland'!

Valleys of green', and hills of snow',  
 Meadows' and forests', flowers' and trees';  
 And rivers', murmuring' as they flow',  
 'To the wild warbling breeze'!

Beauties' on beauties', in a ring  
 Of ever-varying richness', throng';  
 While summer'—autumn'—winter'—spring'—  
 Go' hand in hand' along'!

Look up', look up'—once' and again'  
 'The moon is coming from the deep'  
 And stars on stars', to grace her train',  
 Are starting from their sleep'.

Glory' on glory! the great sky  
 Trembles with splendour'! and a flow  
 Of hallow'd radiance', from on high',  
 Encircles all below'!

O God! O God! the sin forgive  
 Of being callous to the bliss',  
 Of feeling that we breathe and live'  
 In such a world' as this'!

*Anonymous.*

SECT. II.—*The Creation required to praise its Author.*

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay!  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise the Almighty's name:  
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair!  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,  
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!  
While all the adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing:  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid;  
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode;  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
Who call'd yon worlds from night:  
"Ye shades, dispel!"—the Eternal said;  
At once the involving darkness fled,  
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
United praise bestow:  
Ye dragons, sound his awful name  
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,  
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To HIM who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;  
Ye towering mountains, bending low,  
Your great Creator own ;  
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
How Sinai kindled at his look,  
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
In mutual concourse rise ;  
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;  
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To HIM who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,  
And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

He whom the charms of grandeur please,  
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,  
Fall prostrate at his throne :  
Ye princes, rulers, all adore :  
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power  
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
Oh ! praise the eternal SOURCE OF LOVE,  
With youth's enlivening fire :  
Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,  
And ask an angel's lyre.

Ogilvie.

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\*SECT. III.—*Hymn.*

ALL Nature, hear the sacred song!  
 Attend, O earth, the solemn strain!  
 Ye whirlwinds wild, that sweep along;  
 Ye darkening storms of beating rain;  
 Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,  
 And solitary deserts, hear!

Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise  
 The creature of his power aspires his voice to raise.

Oh may the solemn-breathing sound  
 Like incense rise before the throne,  
 Where He, whose glory knows no bound,  
 Great Cause of all things, dwell alone.  
 'Tis He I sing, whose powerful hand  
 Balanced the skies, outspread the land;  
 Who spoke—from ocean's stores sweet waters came,  
 And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise  
 To Him whose goodness ceaseless flows,  
 Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,  
 And life and breath on all bestows.  
 Great Source of intellect, his ear  
 Benign receives our vows sincere:  
 Rise then, my active powers, your task fulfil,  
 And give to him your praise, responsive to my will.

Partaker of that living stream  
 Of light, that pours an endless blaze,  
 Oh! let thy strong reflected beam,  
 My understanding, speak his praise:  
 My soul, in steadfast love secure,  
 Praise Him, whose word is ever sure:  
 To him, sole just, my sense of right incline,  
 Join every prostrate limb, my ardent spirit join.

Let all of good this bosom fires,  
 To him, sole good, give praises due:  
 Let all the truth himself inspires,  
 Unite to sing him only true;  
 To him my every thought ascend,  
 To him my hopes, my wishes bend:  
 From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,  
 And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

Eternal Spirit! whose command  
 Light, life, and being, gave to all;  
 Oh! hear the creature of thy hand,  
 Man, constant on thy goodness call:  
 By fire, by water, air, and earth,  
 That soul to thee that owes its birth,  
 By these he supplicates thy bless'd repose;  
 Absent from thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows.

ROSCOE.

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\*SECT. IV—*God visible in his Works.*

ABOVE—below—where'er I gaze,  
 Thy guiding finger, Lord! I view,  
 Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,  
 Or glistening in the morning dew:  
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,  
 Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,  
 That turns the ocean-wave to foam;  
 Nor less thy wondrous power I find,  
 When summer airs around me roam:  
 The tempest and the calm declare  
 Thyself,—for thou art every where.

I find thee in the noon of night,  
 And read thy name in every star  
 That drinks its splendour from the light  
 That flows from mercy's beaming car:  
 Thy footstool, Lord! each starry gem  
 Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light  
 Hath tipp'd the mountain-tops with gold,  
 Smote with the blaze, my weary sight  
 Shrinks from the wonders I behold:  
 That ray of glory, bright and fair,  
 Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,  
 The twilight, eve—the dewy morn;  
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright,  
 Thine hands have fashion'd to adorn:  
 Thy glory walks in every sphere,  
 And all things whisper, "God is here!"

Anonymous.

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\* SECT. V.—*Sunday Morning.*

God of the morning! thou, the Sabbath's God!  
 Round whose bright footsteps thousand planets play;  
 A million beings, at thy mighty nod,  
 Are born; thy frown turns millions more to clay:  
 How great thou art! an unimagined deep  
 Of wisdom and of power;—thy laws how sure!  
 Thy way how full of mystery! 'Thou dost keep  
 Thy court among the heavens, sublime and pure  
 And inapproachable; the tired eye breaks  
 Ere it can reach thee: who can fathom thee?  
 Who read thy counsels? Thought exhausted seeks  
 The path in vain; 'tis o'er the mighty sea,  
 On the tall mountains, in the rushing wind  
 Or the mad tempest. In a cloudy car,  
 Wrapt in thick darkness, rides the *Eternal Mind*  
 O'er land and ocean, and from star to star.  
 Hast thou not seen him in his proud career,  
 Nor heard his awful voice? Oh! look around,  
 For he is always visible, always near!  
 Listen to his eloquent words in eve., sound  
 Of zephyr, waterfall, or birds, or bees,  
 A thousand songs, these sweet and these sublime,  
 All nature's intellectual harmonies,  
 And the soft music of the stream of time.  
 See him in the vernal beauty of the flower,  
 In the ripe glory of the autumnal glow,  
 In summer's rich and radiant festal hour,  
 In winter's fairest purest robes of snow.  
 There art thou: not in temples built by the hand  
 Of vanity; by the unproductive toil  
 Of the hot brow; or by the fierce command  
 Of tyrants, or with shame-collected spoil.  
 Thy temple is the universe; thy throne  
 Raised on the stars; thy light is every where,  
 And every where songs to the *Eternal One*  
 Are offer'd up; nor can the listening ear  
 Mistake that homage which all time, all space  
 Pours forth to thee:—what sense so dark and dull  
 That sees not thy bright smile on nature's face?  
 Who thy high spirit, pure and beautiful,

Tracks not throughout existence ! All we have  
And all we hope for, is thy gift ; and man  
Without thee is a feeble, fetter'd slave,  
Driven by the winds of passion, without plan  
Or purpose, or pursuit becoming. Thou  
Art great, and great are all thy works, and great  
Shall be thy praise : before thy throne we bow ;  
To thee our prayers, our vows we consecrate.  
O thou Eternal Being ! clad in light,  
I, in the dust, before thy presence fall,  
And ask for wisdom in thy hallow'd sight  
To lead my steps to thee. How calmly all  
Sleeps in the stillness of the Sabbath-morn,  
As if to sanctify the sacred day !  
The spirit of peace, by the mild zephyrs borne,  
Glides gently on the tranquil morning's ray ;  
And in a solemn pause all nature seems  
To feel the present Deity. He speaks  
In the twilight melodies—smiles in the fair beams  
Which from his locks the star of morning shakes ;  
Heaven is his canopy—his footstool, earth—  
A thousand worlds, his throne. O Lord ! to thee,  
Noblest and mightiest—Source of light, of worth,  
Be praise and glory through eternity !

BOWRING.

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\* SECT. VI.—*Sunday Evening.*

WELCOME the hour of sweet repose,  
The evening of the Sabbath-day !  
In peace my wearied eyes shall close,  
When I have tuned my vesper lay  
In humble gratitude to Him  
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,  
In the calm solitude of even,  
To hold with heaven communion meet,  
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven ;  
And, in this wilderness beneath,  
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe !

It may be that the Eternal Mind  
Bends sometimes from his throne of bliss :

Where should we, then, his presence find,  
But in an hour so bless'd as this—  
An hour of calm tranquillity,  
Silent, as if to welcome thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,  
Descending from his seat divine,  
May deign upon this earth to dwell—  
Where shall he find a welcome shrine,  
But in the breast of men, who bears  
His image, and his spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade  
My soul, and let my heart prepare  
A throne:—Come, veil'd in awful shade,  
Spirit of God! that I may dare  
Hail thee!—nor, like thy prophet, be  
Blinded by thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,  
To hold communion, Lord! with thee;  
And, purified from taint of sin  
And earth's pollutions, let me see  
Thine image: for a moment prove,  
If not thy majesty, thy love—

That love which over all is shed—  
Shed on the worthless as the just;  
Lightning the stars above our head,  
And waking beauty out of dust;  
And rolling in its glorious way  
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To Him alike the living stream,  
And the dull regions of the grave;  
All watch'd, protected all, by Him  
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,  
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,  
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand  
Drops in the hour-glass, never still;  
So, gather'd in by Death's rude hand,  
The storehouse of the grave we fill;  
And sleep in peace, as safely kept  
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

BOWRING.



What is our duty here ?—To tend  
 From good to better—thence to best :  
 Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend  
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;  
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,  
 Scattering their fragrance as we go :

And so to live, that when the sun  
 Of our existence sinks in night,  
 Memorials sweet of mercies done  
 May 'shrine our names in Memory's light ;  
 And the bless'd seeds we scatter'd, bloom  
 A hundred fold beyond the tomb.

BOWRING.

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\* SECT. VII.—*The Power of God.*

THOU art, O God ! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee :  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven ;  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes ;  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
 And every flower the summer wreathes,  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye :  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

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SECT. VIII.—*An Address to the Deity.*

O THOU! whose balance does the mountains weigh;  
 Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;  
 Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,  
 That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;  
 Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,  
 And on thy never-ceasing goodness calls.

Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
 To scatter wide, or bury in the deep.  
 Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,  
 And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.  
 Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow  
 At thy command, nor human motive know!  
 If anger boil, let anger be my praise,  
 And sin the graceful indignation raise.  
 My love be warm to succour the distress'd  
 And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.  
 Oh may my understanding ever read  
 This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!  
 May sea and land, and earth and heaven be joined,  
 To bring the eternal Author to my mind!  
 When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,  
 May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!  
 When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,  
 Adore, my heart, the majesty divine.

Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,  
 Open with prayer the consecrated day;  
 Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,  
 And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:  
 As that advances, let my zeal improve,  
 And glow with ardour of consummate love;  
 Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun  
 My endless worship shall be still begun.

And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night,  
 To sacred thought may forcibly invite.  
 When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,  
 Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;  
 Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,  
 And show all nature in a milder light:  
 How every boisterous thought in calm subsides!  
 How the smoothed spirit into goodness glides!  
 Oh how divine! to tread the milky way  
 To the bright palace of the Lord of day;

BOWING.

MOON.

His court admire, or for his favour sue,  
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew:  
 Pleased to look down, and see the world asleep;  
 While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh! control,  
 Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul.  
 Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,  
 Restrain the various tumults of my blood;  
 Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain  
 Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.  
 Oh may I pant for thee in each desire!  
 And with strong faith foment the holy fire!  
 Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,  
 Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!  
 At the great day of recompense behold,  
 Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!  
 Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,  
 From age to age my grateful song repeat;  
 My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,  
 And rival angels in the praise of thee!

YOUNG.

\*SECT. IX—*The Dwelling-place of God.*

THERE is a world we have not seen,  
 That time shall never dare destroy,  
 Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
 Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.  
 There is a region, lovelier far  
 Than sages tell, or poets sing;  
 Brighter than summer beauties are,  
 And softer than the tints of spring.  
 It is all holy and serene,  
 The land of glory and repose;  
 And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
 The tear of sorrow never flows.  
 It is not fann'd by summer gale;  
 'Tis not refresh'd by vernal showers;  
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,  
 For there are known no evening hours.  
 In vain the philosophic eye  
 May seek to view the fair abode,  
 Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—  
 It is the DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD. *Anonymous.*

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\* SECT. X.—*Devotion.*

THE world is sleeping at my feet;  
 The hum of life has died away;  
 The stars—night's silent guardians—meet  
 In beautiful array.

While, thorned upon the hills sublime,  
 That rise into the vaulted sky,  
 My thoughts ascend from earth and time,  
 And soar like them on high.

My temple's dome, yon arch sublime  
 With all its glowing lights, shall be;  
 The mountain-top, my lofty shrine;  
 My organ, the lone sea.

For, the revealings these impart,  
 Uncircumscribed by place or time,  
 Descend like balm upon the heart,  
 Where sounds no chant or chime.

In thunder utter'd from the cloud,  
 Or smiling in the beauteous beam,  
 Low whisper'd in the solemn wood,  
 Or murmur in the stream.

They're felt as well 'neath desert skies,  
 Or where the boundless forest blooms,  
 As where the choral anthem dies,  
 Above a thousand tombs.

*Anonymous.*

SECT. XI.—*A Morning Hymn.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!  
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then;  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine,  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in heaven,  
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol

*Anonymous.*

Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest  
With the fixed stars, fixed in that orb that flies:  
And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness called up light,  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
Of nature's womb, that in quaternions run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye mists and exaltations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise!  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers;  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.



\*SECT. XII.—*An Evening Service.*

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf,  
 The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;  
 All nature wears her garb of grief,  
 While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men  
 Are to their beds of silence creeping;  
 The pale, cold moon looks out again  
 On the tired world so softly sleeping.

Oh! in an hour so still as this,  
 From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,  
 I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—  
 To meek devotion's holy feeling:

And rise to Thee—to Thee, whose hand  
 Unroll'd the golden lamp of heaven;  
 Mantled with beauty all the land;  
 Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might  
 The laws of countless worlds disposes;  
 Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—  
 Their beauty to the blushing roses:

Thou, Ruler of our destiny!  
 With million gifts hast thou supplied us;  
 Hidden from our view futurity,  
 Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale, and damp,  
 A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,  
 And immortality's pure lamp  
 Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene,  
 Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking;  
 Celestial music breathes between,  
 The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade  
 Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness;  
 And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,  
 Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him  
 Who looks beyond in visions holy,  
 Than passion's fires, or splendour's dream,  
 Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetch'd sigh,  
 Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,  
 Are dearer than pomp's revelry,  
 Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot ;

Smiles from a conscience purified,  
 Far lovelier than the fleeting glory  
 Conferr'd in all a monarch's pride,  
 Embalm'd in all the light of story.

This joy be ours, our weeks shall roll—  
 And let them roll—our bark is driven  
 Safe to its harbour, and our soul  
 Awaking shall awake in heaven.

BOWRING.

\* SECT. XIII.—*The Nativity.*

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
 And silence slept on Zion hill;  
 When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night  
 Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light ;

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
 A voice of more than mortal sound,  
 In distant hallelujahs stole,  
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,  
 New streams of glory light the sky;  
 Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour  
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
 The glorious hosts of Zion came;  
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
 While thus they struck their harps and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

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See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bids Satan and his host depart;  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

\* SECT. XIV.—*On Prayer.*

It is a lovely sight, when youth bow down  
With soft bright eyes subdued in silent prayer;  
When cheeks that never wore the hue of care,  
And brows encircled with the radiant crown  
Of sunny hair, and gentle folded hands,  
And lips that breathe of happiness, are shrined  
In the communion of their own pure mind  
With the eternal purity; when joy  
Brings its young, unstain'd offering, and each thought  
Is of affection's holiest influence wrought;  
And sorrow hath not enter'd to destroy  
The bright, unbroken trust; when not a tear  
Hath trembled o'er the hope of coming years,  
And every lovely dream that lingers there,  
Is all unknown to life's maturer fears;  
When piety sheds flowers on innocence,  
And sweetens early days. Is there a sight  
More beautiful than this? or is there incense  
More grateful unto heaven, than hearts thus light  
Of sin or sorrow's weight?—Ah! yes: there is  
A dearer, nobler offering—'tis the prayer  
Breathed from the lips long paled by time and care,  
And all estranged from hope of worldly bliss—  
'Tis resignation's offering, when the heart  
Hath wept departed loved ones, yet hath turn'd  
With stronger faith above, and inly burn'd  
With holier trust; when it hath seen depart  
The wreck of its false fortunes, yet can raise  
To heaven a hymn of gratitude and praise.

Anonymous.

\*SECT. XV.—*Grave of a Christian.*

THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,  
 Embosom'd in a valley's dell;  
 The eye of splendour marks it not,  
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there;  
 Beneath, the grassy covering lies;  
 And forest flowers, surpassing fair,  
 Mingle their soft and lovely dies.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,  
 And the first break of eastern ray  
 Lights up a spark in each of them  
 That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,  
 The fancy here a smile may see,  
 Like that when first the saint awakes  
 At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,  
 And here they sing their sweetest lays;  
 Meet requiem!—He who there is laid  
 Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,  
 What time his daily work is done,  
 When evening sheds the western ray  
 Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,  
 And simple hearts yet hold him dear;  
 The Patriarch of the village round,—  
 The Pastor of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,  
 The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,  
 Yet linger here, though in his grave  
 Through many a year the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said:  
 "Oh! I remember, when a child,  
 He placed his hand upon my head,  
 And bless'd me then, and sweetly smiled.

"'Twas he that led me to my God,  
And taught me to obey his will:  
The holy path which he has trod,  
Oh be it mine to follow still!"

Grave of the Righteous! surely there  
The sweetest bloom of beauty is:  
Oh may I sleep in couch as fair,  
And with a hope as bright as his!

EDMESTON.

\* SECT. XVI.—*Lines written on the first page of a Bible  
presented by a Mother to her Son.*

REMEMBER, love! who gave thee this,  
When other days shall come,  
When she who had thy earliest kiss,  
Sleeps in her narrow home;  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,  
The holiest for her son;  
And, from the gifts of God above,  
She chose a goodly one;—  
She chose for her beloved boy  
The source of life, and light, and joy!—

And bade him keep the gift, that when  
The parting hour would come,  
They might have hope to meet again  
In an eternal home:  
She said, his faith in it would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,  
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,  
And bid him cast the pledge aside,  
Which he from youth had borne,  
She bids him pause, and ask his breast,  
If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing:  
The love that would retain the one,  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember, 'tis no idle toy—  
A mother's gift—remember, boy!

KENNEDY.



\* SECT. XVII.—*The Goodness of God.*

THE stars have sunk in yon concave blue,  
 And the sun is peeping through the dew ;  
 Thy spirit, Lord ! doth nature fill ;  
 Before thee, angels' tongues are still ;  
 And seraphs hush their golden strings,  
 In thy presence, King of kings !  
 How then shall I, a clod of clay,  
 Or lift my voice, or tune my lay ?

Thou, who the realms of space and time  
 Dost people with thy might sublime ;  
 Whose power is felt below, above,  
 Felt in thy wisdom, in thy love ;  
 Whose awful voice is heard around,  
 Heard in its silence as its sound ;  
 Whose lovely spirit does pervade  
 Alike the sunshine and the shade,  
 And shines and smiles in sorrow's night  
 As clearly as in pleasure's light.

Lord ! thou hast thunders, but they sleep ;  
 Storms, but they now their prisons keep :  
 Nothing is breathing below, above,  
 But the spirit of harmony, joy, and love ;  
 Nothing is seen or heard around,  
 But beauty's smiles, and music's sound :  
 Music re-echoed in earth and air,  
 Beauty that's visible every where.  
 Join the concert—share the joy ;  
 Why should the cares of earth alloy  
 Pleasures which Heaven itself has given,—  
 Heavenly pleasures which lead to heaven !

BOWRING.

\* SECT. XVIII.—*Upon Life.*

LORD ! what is life ?—'Tis like a flower,  
 That blossoms, and is gone :  
 We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on ;  
 But Death comes like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the pretty flower away.

\* SECT.

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Lord! what is life!—'Tis like the bow  
 That glistens in the sky:  
 We love to see its colours glow,  
 But while we look, they die.  
 Life fails as soon: to-day, 'tis here;  
 To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away,  
 Since life began at first;  
 And millions, once alive and gay,  
 Are dead, and in the dust:  
 For life, in all its health and pride,  
 Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short, uncertain space  
 So foolishly we prize,  
 That heaven—that lasting dwelling-place—  
 Seems nothing in our eyes!  
 The worlds of sorrow and of bliss  
 We disregard, compared with this.

Lord! what is life!—If spent with thee  
 In duty, praise, and prayer,  
 However short or long it be,  
 We need but little care;  
 Because eternity will last,  
 When life and death themselves are past.

*Anonymous.*

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\* SECT. XIX.—*The Influence of Hope at the Close of Life.*

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!  
 What, though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph-hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day!—  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within!  
 Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!

Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
Mysterious worlds ! untravell'd by the sun,  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
While nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;  
And—like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God—  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
The strife is o'er, the pangs of nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes !  
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill.

CAMPBELL.

SECT.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECT. I.—*Indignant Sentiments on National Prejudices  
and Hatred; and on Slavery.*

OH for a lodge' in some vast wilderness',  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade',  
 Where rumour of oppression' and deceit',  
 Of unsuccessful' or successful' war,  
 Might never' reach me more! My ear' is pain'd';  
 My soul' is sick' with every day's report  
 Of wrong' and outrage' with which earth is fill'd'.  
 There is no flesh' in man's obdurate heart';  
 It does not feel' for man'. The natural bond  
 Of brotherhood' is sever'd', as the flax  
 That falls asunder' at the touch of fire'.  
 He finds his fellow' guilty of a skin'  
 Not colour'd like his own'; and having power'  
 To enforce the wrong', for such a worthy cause'  
 Dooms' and devotes' him as his lawful' prey'.  
 Lands' intersected by a narrow frith'  
 Ahhor each other'. Mountains interposed',  
 Make enemies of nations', who had else',  
 Like kindred drops', been mingled into one'.  
 Thus man devotes his brother', and destroys';  
 And worse than all', and most to be deplored',  
 As human nature's broadest', foulest' blot,  
 Chains' him, and tasks' him, and exacts his sweat  
 With stripes', that Mercy', with a bleeding heart',  
 Weeps' when she sees inflicted on a beast'.  
 Then what is man! And what man', seeing this',  
 And having human feelings', does not blush'  
 And hang his head', to think himself a man'?  
 I would not have a slave to till my ground',  
 To carry' me, to fan me' while I sleep',  
 And tremble' when I wake', for all the wealth'  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd'.  
 No: dear as freedom is', and in my heart's  
 Just estimation prized above all' price;  
 I had much rather be myself the slave',

And wear the bonds', than fasten them on him'.  
 We have no slaves at home'—then why abroad'?  
 And they themselves' once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts' us, are emancipate' and loosed.  
 Slaves' cannot breathe in England': if their lungs  
 Receive our air', that moment they are free';  
 They touch our country', and their shackles fall'.  
 That's noble', and bespeaks a nation proud'  
 And jealous' of the blessing'. Spread' it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire'; that where Britain's power'  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy' too. COWPER.

\*SECT. II.—*On True Dignity.*

"HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,  
 And woo the weary to profound repose!  
 Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,  
 And whisper comfort to the man of woes?  
 Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,  
 And Contemplation soar on seraph-wings.  
 O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,  
 When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,  
 Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?  
 Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—  
 To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?  
 It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—  
 To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?  
 They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:—  
 To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?  
 Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!  
 Behold what deeds of wo the locust can perform?

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind  
 Virtue has raised above the things below;  
 Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,  
 Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow!"—  
 This strain, from 'midst the rocks, was heard to flow  
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;  
 And from embattled clouds, emerging slow,  
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car;  
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

BEATTIE.

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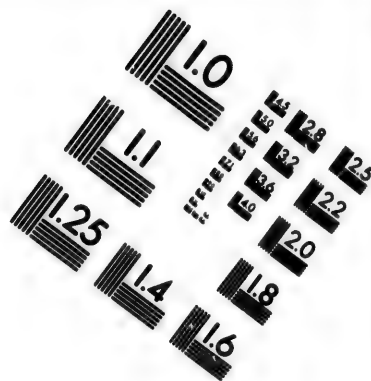
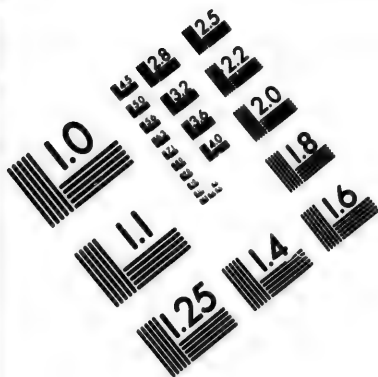


SECT. III.—*Cruelty to Brutes censured.*

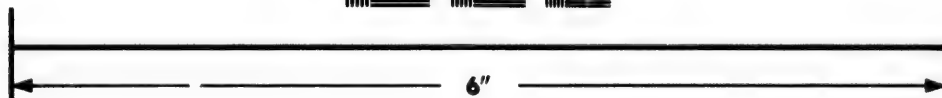
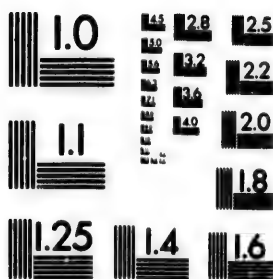
I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility), the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,  
 That crawls at evening in the public path;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes  
 A visiter unwelcome into scenes  
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,  
 The chamber, or refectory, may die.  
 A necessary act incurs no blame.  
 Not so, when held within their proper bounds,  
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,  
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field:  
 There they are privileged. And he that hunts  
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;  
 Disturbs the economy of nature's realm,  
 Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode  
 The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd and defiled, in most,  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.  
 Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man:  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn.

COWPER





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SECT. IV.—*A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.*

W~~hen~~ my breast labours with oppressive care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
Oh! let me listen to the Word of Life!  
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart:

“Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?  
And the fair body its investing weed?  
Behold! and look away your low despair—  
See the light tenants of the barren air;  
To them, nor stores nor granaries belong;  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song:  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain;  
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:  
He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.  
“Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;  
Observe the various vegetable race:  
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare!  
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!  
“If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;  
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;  
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?  
Is he unwise! or, are you less than they?”

THOMSON.

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SECT. V.—*Reflections on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.*

'Tis done!—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
 See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,  
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,  
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled  
 Those dreams of greatness! those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness! those longings after fame!  
 Those restless cares! those busy bustling days!  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights! those veering thoughts,  
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life!  
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
 His guide to happiness on high. And see  
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears  
 The new-creating word; and starts to life,  
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,  
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To Reason's eye refined, clears up apace.  
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power  
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause  
 Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,  
 And died neglected: why the good man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined  
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,  
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,  
 And Moderation fair, wore the red marks  
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!

Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :  
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

SECT. VI.—*On Pride.*

Of all the causes, which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride !  
 For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.  
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of every friend, and every foe.  
 A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But, more advanced, behold, with strange surprise,  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !  
 So, pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
 The eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :  
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;  
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

POPE.

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## SECT. VII.—On Procrastination.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time.  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled;  
 And, to the mercies of a moment, leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, "That all men are about to live;"  
 For ever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think,  
 They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride,  
 On this reversion, takes up ready praise;  
 At least, their own; their future selves applauds:  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
 Time, lodged in their own hands, is folly's vail;  
 That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.  
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool;  
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man;  
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,  
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay;  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought,  
 Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves;  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close; where, pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.  
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains;  
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;  
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.  
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

\*SECT. VIII.—*On Taste.*

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal powers,  
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross  
 In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow;  
 But God alone, when first his active hand  
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.  
 He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of heaven,  
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain,  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,  
 O'er all the western sky. Full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
 How lovely! how commanding! but though Heaven  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair Culture's kind, parental aid,  
 Without enlivening suns and genial showers,  
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour, or attend  
 His will obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds  
 Incline to different objects: one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires  
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air;  
 And Ocean groaning from the lowest bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble. Shakspeare looks abroad

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## \*SECT.

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From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,  
 All on the margin of some flowery stream,  
 To spread his careless limbs, amid the cool  
 Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer  
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
 Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong day;  
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;  
 And hill and dale, with all their echoes mourn.  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

AKENSIDE.

\* SECT. IX.—*Whatever ye would that Men should do to  
 you, do ye even so to them.*

PRECEPT divine! to earth in mercy given;  
 O sacred rule of action, worthy Heaven!  
 Whose pitying love ordain'd the bless'd command,  
 To bind our nature in a firmer band;  
 Enforce each human sufferer's strong appeal,  
 And teach the selfish breast what others feel;  
 Wert thou the guide of life mankind might know  
 A soft exemption from the worst of woe.  
 No more the powerful would the weak oppress,  
 But tyrants learn the luxury to bless.  
 No more would Slavery bind a hopeless train  
 Of human victims in her galling chain.  
 Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move  
 To soften misery by the deeds of love;  
 And Avarice from his hoarded treasures give,  
 Unask'd, the liberal boon, that Want might live.  
 The impious tongue of Falschhood then would cease  
 To blast, with dark suggestions, Virtue's peace.  
 No more would Spleen or Passion banish rest,  
 And plant a pang in fond Affection's breast;  
 By one harsh word, one alter'd look, destroy  
 Her peace, and wither every opening joy:  
 Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,—  
 The slight offence which gives so deep a pain;  
 The affected ease that slights her starting tear;  
 The words whose coldness kills from lips so dear;—  
 The hand she loves, alone can point a dart,  
 Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart;—



These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,  
 The breast which now inflicts, would spring to cure.  
 No more deserted Genius then would fly  
 To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh;  
 No more would Fortune's partial smile debase  
 The spirit, rich in intellectual grace;  
 Who views unmoved, from scenes where pleasures bloom,  
 The flame of genius sunk in misery's gloom;  
 The soul Heaven form'd to soar, by want depress'd,  
 Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.  
 Thou, righteous law, whose clear and useful light  
 Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;  
 Condensing in one rule whate'er the sage  
 Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page;  
 Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,  
 To justice sacred, and to nature dear.

WILLIAMS.

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SECT. X.—*Nothing formed in Vain.*

LET no presuming impious railer tax  
 Creative wisdom; as if aught was form'd  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow visions of her mind?  
 As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art!  
 A critic-fly whose feeble rays scarce spread  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;  
 Mark'd the dependence so, and firm accord,  
 As with unflattering accent to conclude,  
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From infinite perfection to the brink  
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone, let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THOMSON.

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## CHAPTER V.

## DESCRIPTIVE PIECES

SECT. I.—*The Morning in Summer.*

THE meek-eyed Morn' appears, mother' of dews',  
 At first faint gleaming' in the dappled east';  
 Till far o'er ether' spreads the widening glow';  
 And from before the lustre of her face'  
 White breaks the clouds away'. With quicken'd step  
 Brown Night retires': young Day' pours in apace',  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide'.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top',  
 Swell on the sight', and brighten' with the dawn'.  
 Blue', through the dusk', the smoking current shines;  
 And from the bladed field' the fearful hare  
 Limp, awkward'; while' along the forest glade'  
 The wild deer trip', and, often turning', gaze  
 At early passenger'. Music' awakes  
 The native voice' of undissembled joy';  
 And thick around' the woodland hymns arise'.  
 Roused by the cock', the soon-clad shepherd' leaves  
 His mossy cottage', where with peace he dwells';  
 And from the crowded fold', in order, drives  
 His flock' to taste the verdure of the morn'.  
 Falsely luxurious', will not man awake';  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth', enjoy  
 The cool', the fragrant', and the silent' hour,  
 To meditation' due and sacred song'?  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise'?  
 To lie in dead oblivion', losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life';  
 Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!  
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive',  
 Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams'?  
 Who would', in such' a gloomy state', remain  
 Longer than nature craves'; when every muse'  
 And every blooming pleasure' waits without',  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk'!

THOMSON.

THOMSON.

SECT. II.—*Rural Sounds, as well as Rural Sights  
delightful.*

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music, not unlike  
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;  
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.  
Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods ; or on the softer voice  
Of neighbouring fountain ; or of rills that slip  
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds ;  
But animated nature sweeter still,  
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.  
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live-long night. Nor these alone, whose notes  
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain ;  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime,  
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl  
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.  
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,  
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.

SECT. III.—*Liberty and Slavery Contrasted.*

Part of a Letter written from Italy.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a liberal hand !  
But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,

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While proud Oppression in her valley reigns,  
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains!  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The reddening orange, and the swelling grain;  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines.  
 O Liberty! thou power supremely bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Perpetual Pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train.  
 Eased of a load, Subjection grows more light;  
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.  
 Thou makest the gloomy face of Nature gay;  
 Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

On foreign mountains, may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains  
 smile.

ADDISON.

\* SECT. I. — *True Happiness.*

True Happiness had no localities,  
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.  
 Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;  
 And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.  
 Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart  
 Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew  
 Of sympathy anointed; or a pang  
 Of honest suffering soothed; or injury,  
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;  
 Where'er an evil passion was subdued,  
 Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd; where'er  
 A sin was heartily abjured and left;  
 Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed  
 A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish,—  
 There was a high and holy place, a spot  
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,  
 Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

POLLOCK.

SECT. V.—*Picture of a Good Man.*

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,  
 What nothing else than angel can exceed,  
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;  
 Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm:  
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,  
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,  
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!  
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise?  
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his.  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame: his bounty he conceals.  
 Their virtues varnish nature; his, exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.  
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities;  
 His, the composed possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is his consistent piece,  
 All of one colour, and an even thread;  
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they  
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.  
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;  
 An empire in his balance, weighs a grain.  
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine:  
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.  
 Titles and honours—if they prove his fate—  
 He lays aside, to find his dignity:  
 No dignity they find in aught besides.  
 They triumph in externals,—which conceal

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Man's real glory,—proud of an eclipse:  
 Himself too much he prizes, to be proud;  
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.  
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect  
 Another's welfare, or his right invade:  
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey;  
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong:  
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,  
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;  
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.  
 A cover'd heart their character defends:  
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.  
 With nakedness his innocence agrees!  
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall!  
 Their no joys end, where his full feast begins.  
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.  
 To triumph in existence, his alone;  
 And his alone triumphantly to think  
 His true existence is not yet begun.  
 His glorious cause was, yesterday, complete:  
 Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

YOUNG.

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\* SECT. VI.—*The Sabbath Morning.*

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!  
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd  
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze:  
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;  
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRANHAM.

SECT. VII.—*The Pleasure and Benefit of an improved and well-directed Imagination.*

Oh! bless'd of Heaven, whom not the languid songs  
 Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes  
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
 Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store  
 Of Nature, fair Imagination culls,  
 'Tis charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state;  
 Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures, and an ampler state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column, and the arch,  
 The breathing marble, and the sculptured gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring  
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings:  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends; but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive Mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her powers,  
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home,  
 To find a kindred order; to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair-inspired delight: her temper'd powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears

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A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
 But if to ampler prospects—if, to gaze  
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
 Of that eternal Majesty that weigh'd  
 The world's foundations—if to these the Mind  
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
 Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?  
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
 Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds  
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons: all declare  
 For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves  
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being; to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
 Whom Nature's works instruct, with God himself  
 Holds converse; grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions; act upon his plan;  
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

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\* SECT. VIII.—*The Rainbow.*

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
 Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze  
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay  
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May:

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;  
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;  
 But one cloud at a distance grew dense, and increased,  
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud—  
 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view;  
 Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and  
 blue.

Like a Spirit, it came in the van of the storm;  
 And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form;  
 For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,  
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,  
 O'er the river, the village, the fields, and the wood;  
 And river, field, village, and woodlands, grew bright,  
 As conscious they gave, and afforded delight.

'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,  
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;  
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time!

Not dreadful,—as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
 When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;  
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,  
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,  
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire;  
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the  
 plain,  
 And vultures and wolves dye the graves of the slain.

Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one,  
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the Sun;  
 A pavillion it seem'd which the Deity graced,  
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;  
 Then left the dark scene, when it slowly retired,  
 As Love had just vanish'd or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:—  
 To all that beheld it these verses belong;  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!  
 Each full heart expanded—grew warm—and adored!

CHAP. V

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Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
That bow from my sight pass'd for ever away;  
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,  
That Bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
With the strong and imperishing colours of mind;  
A part of my being beyond my control,  
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

*London Magazine.*

\*SECT. IX.—*The Field of Waterloo.*

THERE WAS a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:—  
But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd!  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.—  
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall,  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:  
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;



And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come, they  
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With their fierce native daring, which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years;  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ear!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—  
Over the unreturning brave—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low  
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay:  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;  
The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day,  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

BYRON

## \*SECT. X.—Night.

NIGHT is the time for rest:

How sweet, when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose.  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Blend in fantastic strife:  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;  
To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years;  
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,  
But perish'd young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;  
Or ocean's dark expanse,  
To nail the Pleiades, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings unto the home-sick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;  
Brooding on hours mispent,  
To see the spectre of Despair  
Come to our lonely tent;  
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,  
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to muse;  
Then, from the eye, the soul  
Takes flight, and with expanding views  
Beyond the starry pole,

Descries, athwart the abyss of night,  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away;  
So will his followers do,  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease,  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends:—such death be mine.

MONTGOMERY.

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\*SECT. XI.—*On Rome.*

O ROME! my country! city of the soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance? Come, and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples! ye  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo;  
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago:  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
Where the car climb'd the capitol: far and wide,  
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—

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Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

'Tis the double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrapt  
All round us; we but feel our way to err:  
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap  
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!

The trebly-hundred triumphs! and the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be  
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas for Earth! for never shall we see

That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free.

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,  
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue  
Thy country's foes, ere thou wouldst pause to feel  
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due  
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew  
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown  
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
With all thy vices; for thou didst lay down,  
With an atoning smile, a more than earthly crown—

The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine  
To what would one day dwindle that which made  
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?  
She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
Her warriors but to conquer—She who veil'd  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,  
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

BYRON.

\* SECT. XII.—*On the Plain of Marathon.*

WHERE'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground !  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould !  
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun—the soil—but not the slave the same—  
 Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord,  
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame :  
 The battle-field—where Persia's victim-horde  
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
 When Marathon became a magic word—  
 Which utter'd—to the hearer's eye appear  
 The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's career !

The flying Mede—his shaftless, broken bow !  
 The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear !  
 Mountains above—Earth's—Ocean's plain below !  
 Death in the front—Destruction in the rear !  
 Such was the scene : what now remaineth here !  
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?  
 The rifled urn—the violated mound—  
 The dust—thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around !

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,  
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;  
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,  
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;  
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;  
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !  
 Which sages venerate, and bards adore,  
 As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth :  
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.

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Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;  
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,  
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

BYRON.

\*SECT. XIII.—*The Covenanters' Sabbath.*

'Twas Sabbath morn,—a lovelier ne'er arose,  
 And Nature seem'd in holy calm repose;  
 No cloud was seen along the azure sky,  
 And the pure streamlet glided softly by;  
 From tree to tree the warbling minstrels sung,  
 And heaven's bright arch with Nature's praises rung.  
 Though all was still, yet Persecution's rage,  
 With awful fury, scourged a bleeding age:  
 Then Scotland groan'd beneath a tyrant's yoke,  
 Till her proud spirit seem'd for ever broke;  
 Her sons were hunted from the abodes of men,  
 To savage wilds, or some sequester'd glen:  
 Justice stood mute, for demons gave the law,  
 And many a bloody scene her mountains saw.

What though this morning rose so calmly bright,  
 The eye which saw it, trembled at its light.  
 On Loudon's braes the bird might find a nest;  
 On Pentland's hills the wounded deer might rest:  
 But Terror there her gloomy watch did keep,  
 Like the death-storm which overhangs the deep;  
 And homeless man from place to place was driven,  
 Bereft of hope, and every stay but heaven.  
 No gladsome bell announced the Sabbath-day;  
 The solemn temples moulder'd with decay.  
 God's people met, amidst the lonely wild,  
 Like wretched outcasts, from a world exiled.  
 In a lone cave, the eagle's drear abode,  
 They met to worship, and to praise their God;  
 The fretted rocks around their temple hung,  
 And echoed back the praises as they sung;  
 Though half suppress'd, the thrilling accents rise  
 To God who hears, and answers in the skies.  
 The preacher rose, and every voice grew still,  
 Save echoing breezes round the lonely hill;

With solemn awe, he opes the blessed book,—  
 Earnest in voice, and heavenly in his look ;  
 While from his lips the soothing accents flow,  
 To cheer his flock, and mitigate their wo ;  
 For who could tell how soon the sentinel's breath  
 Might give the signal of approaching death ?  
 For that moment seem'd to them the last ;  
 And days to come, more gloomy than the past.

Within that place, the sacramental board  
 Was spread in memory of their risen Lord ;  
 While the deep thunder rent the thickening cloud,  
 And lightning flash'd along the mournful crowd.  
 And when with lowly hands the bread was broke,  
 The sheeted flame fell on the living rock ;  
 Illumed the table with its symbols spread,  
 As if heaven's brightness rested on their head.  
 With placid looks they saw the darkening cloud,  
 Which hid Jehovah in his awful shroud :  
 And when the voice fell deafening on the ear,  
 No murmuring word proclaim'd them men of fear ;  
 But calm and sweet the heaven-tuned *Martyrs* rose,  
 Like zephyrs sighing at the tempest's close.

Near to this place where mountain-torrents flow  
 Through broken rocks, to calmer scenes below,  
 How oft was heard the tender infant's sigh,  
 Its name pronounced 'midst breezes passing by ;  
 While, all unconscious of the holy rite,  
 It smiled amidst the dangers of the night !

In caves and glens their Sabbath-hours were spent,  
 Till the pale moon illumed the firmament ;  
 And there they wander'd at the dead of night,  
 When the dim stars withheld their glimmering light ;  
 And oh ! how oft their wild retreat's been found  
 By those who sought them like the blood-train'd hound,  
 And made that place, their oft-frequented cave,  
 The holy martyr's solitary grave !  
 Where nought but winds their dreary death-knell rung,  
 And the scared bird their mournful requiem sung.  
 Yet heaven wept, and bade their spirits rise  
 On angel-wings, from sorrow to the skies ;  
 While all they suffered shall be ne'er forgot,  
 Their grave be hallow'd, and their dying spot ;  
 For they to Scotland gave her church, her laws,  
 And fell like patriots in their country's cause.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## PATHETIC PIECES.

SECT. I.—*Elegy to Pity.*

**H**AIL', lovely Power! whose bosom heaves the sigh',  
 When Fancy' paints the scene of deep distress';  
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye',  
 When rigid Fate' denies the power to bless'.

Not all the sweets' Arabia's gales convey'  
 From flowery meads', can with that sigh compare';  
 Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray',  
 Seem near so beauteous' as that falling tear'.

Devoid of fear', the fawns around thee play';  
 Emblem of peace', the dove before thee flies';  
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way';  
 Beneath thy feet' no hapless insect dies'.

Come, lovely Nymph, and range the mead' with me',  
 To spring the partridge' from the guileful foe';  
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free';  
 And stop the hand upraised' to give the blow'.

And when the air' with heat meridian glows',  
 And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam';  
 Let us, slow wandering' where the current flows',  
 Save sinking flies' that float along the stream'.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care':  
 To me' thy sympathetic gifts' impart';  
 Teach' me in Friendship's griefs' to bear a share',  
 And justly boast' the generous feeling heart'.

Teach me to soothe' the helpless orphan's grief';  
 With timely aid' the widow's woes assuage';  
 To Misery's moving cries' to yield relief';  
 And be the sure resource' of drooping age'.

So when the genial spring of life' shall fade',  
 And sinking Nature own the dread decay',  
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid',  
 And gild the close' of life's eventful day'.

*Anonymous.*

\*SECT. II.—*Stanzas written at Midnight.*

'Tis night—and in darkness the visions of youth  
 Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind;  
 The hope they excited hath perish'd, and truth  
 Laments o'er the wrecks they are leaving behind.  
 'Tis midnight—and wide o'er the regions of riot  
 Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose;  
 And man, soothed from revel, and lull'd into quiet,  
 Forgets in his slumbers the weight of his woes.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,  
 Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest!  
 Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,  
 To omen a something like hope to the breast.  
 Hark! how the lone night-wind uptosses the forest!  
 A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals;  
 But ah! 'tis the tempest of fortune, that sorest  
 The bosom of man in his solitude feels.

Where—where are the spirits in whom was my trust,  
 Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn?  
 Alas! they have gone to their homes in the dust,  
 The grass rustles drearily over their urn;  
 While I, in a populous solitude, languish,  
 'Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold:  
 Ah! the pilgrim of earth oft has felt, in his anguish,  
 That the heart may be widow'd before it is old!

Affection can soothe but its votaries an hour,  
 Doom'd soon in the flames that it raised to depart;  
 And ah! disappointment has poison and power  
 To ruffle and sour the most patient of heart.  
 Too oft, 'neath the barb-pointed arrows of malice,  
 Has Merit been destined to bear and to bleed;  
 And they who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,  
 Have found that the dregs were full bitter indeed.

Let the storms of adversity lower; 'tis in vain—  
 Though friends should forsake me, and foes should  
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 Such may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,  
 They only can teach resignation to mine:

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For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,  
 The spirit beholds a less perishing span;  
 And bright through the tempest the rainbow is streaming  
 The sign of forgiveness from Heaven to man!

*Anonymous.*

\*SECT. III.—*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning;  
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow.

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring;  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory:  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone;  
 But we left him—alone with his glory.

WOLFE.



\*SECT. IV.—*A Mother's Love.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE,—how sweet the name!

What is a Mother's love?

—A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould;

The warmest love that *can* grow cold;

This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light;

Then, while it lies forlorn,

To gaze upon that dearest sight,

And feel herself new-born,

In its existence lose her own,

And live and breathe in it alone;

This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;

To cherish on her breast,

Feed it from Love's own fountain there,

And lull it there to rest;

Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,

As if to guard from instant death;

This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,

Its opening charms admire,

Catch from its eye the earliest ray

Of intellectual fire;

To smile and listen when it talks,

And lend a finger when it walks;

This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?

Can she forget her boy?

His pleading innocence behold,

Nor weep for grief—for joy?

A Mother may forget her child,

While wolves devour it on the wild;

—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"

Ye clasp your babes and kiss;

Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;

Yet, ah! remember this;—

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The infant, rear'd alone for earth,  
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;  
—Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Bless'd infant! whom his mother taught  
Early to seek the Lord,  
And pour'd upon his dawning thought  
The day-spring of the word;  
This was her lesson to her son,—  
Time is eternity begun:  
Behold that Mother's Love.

Bless'd Mother! who, in wisdom's path,  
By her own parent trod,  
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,  
And know the fear of God:  
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,  
Begin eternity in time,  
Taught by that Mother's Love. MONTGOMERY.

\*SECT. V.—*On the Downfall of Poland.*

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars  
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet-horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:  
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men! our COUNTRY yet remains!  
By that dread name we wave the sword on high!  
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!  
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
REVENGE, OR DEATH—the watchword and reply;

Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !

In vain—alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—  
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo !  
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;—  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciuszko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.  
The storm prevails—the rampart yields away—  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
Earth shook !—red meteors flash'd along the sky !  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

O righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save !  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God ?  
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar !  
Where was the storm that slumber'd, till the host  
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below !

Departed spirits of the Mighty Dead !—  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man ;  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own ;  
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Bannockburn !

CAMPBELL.

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SECT. VI.—*The Hermit.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:  
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his heart rung symphonious, a hermit began;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo—  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;  
 Oh! soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:  
 I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
 Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

"'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;  
 My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
 O pity, great Father of light! then I cried,  
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending  
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

BEATTIE.

\*SECT. VII.—*Who is my Neighbour?*

Thy neighbour!—It is he whom thou  
 Hast power to aid and bless,  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour!—'Tis the fainting poor,  
 Whose eye with want is dim;  
 Whom hunger sends from door to door:  
 Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour!—'Tis that weary man,  
 Whose years are at their brim,  
 Bent low with sickness, cares and pain:  
 Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour!—'Tis the heart bereft  
 Of every earthly gem—  
 Widow and orphan, helpless left:  
 Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour!—Yonder toiling slave,  
 Fetter'd in thought and limb;  
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave:  
 Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form  
 Less favour'd than thine own,  
 Remember 'tis thy brother-worm,  
 Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by!—  
 Perhaps thou canst redeem  
 One breaking heart from misery:  
 Go, share thy lot with him.

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\* SECT. VIII.—*Eliza*.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
 Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
 And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.  
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread  
 Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led;  
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm:  
 While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
 And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.  
 —Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,  
 Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,  
 Heard the exulting shout, "They run!—they run!"  
 "Great Heaven!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"  
 A ball now hisses through the airy tides  
 (Some Fury wing'd it, and some Demon guides),  
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
 "Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
 Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;  
 "Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!  
 Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!"  
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
 The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war.—  
 "Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!  
 On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"  
 Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress'd,  
 And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
 Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;  
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread  
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead;  
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood!

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds :  
 "Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,  
 "Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;  
 Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
 Why do you weep? 'Mamma will soon awake."  
 —"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,  
 Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd;  
 Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the father kindled in his heart:  
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!  
 These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"  
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

DARWIN.

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\* SECT. IX.—*Ode to Pity.*

How lovely in the arch of heaven  
 Appears yon sinking orb of light,  
 As, darting through the clouds of even,  
 It gilds the rising shades of night!  
 Yet brighter, fairer, shines the tear  
 That trickles o'er Misfortune's bier!

Sweet is the murmur of the gale  
 That whispers through the summer's grove;  
 Soft is the tone of Friendship's tale,  
 And softer still the voice of Love;  
 Yet softer far the tears that flow  
 To mourn—to soothe another's woe!

Richer than richest diadem  
 That glitters on the monarch's brow;  
 Purer than ocean's purest gem,  
 Or all that wealth or art can show—  
 The drop that swells in Pity's eye,  
 The pearl of sensibility!

Is there a spark in earthly mould,  
 Fraught with one ray of heavenly fire?  
 Does man one trait of virtue hold,  
 That even angels must admire?

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DARWIN.

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That spark is Pity's radiant glow ;  
That trait, the tear for others' wo.

Let false philosophy descry  
The noblest feeling of the mind ;  
Let wretched sophists madly try  
To prove a pleasure more refined :  
They only strive in vain to steal  
The tenderness they cannot feel.

To sink in Nature's last decay,  
Without a friend to mourn the fall ;  
To mark its embers die away,  
Deplored by few, unwept by all—  
This—this is sorrow's deadliest curse ;  
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse.

Take wealth—I know its paltry worth ;  
Take honour—it will pass away ;  
Take power—I scorn the bounded earth ;  
Take pomp—its trappings soon decay :  
But spare me, grant me Pity's tear,  
To soothe my wo, and mourn my bier.

Anonymous.

\*SECT. X.—*Presentiment of Death.*

Now spring returns ; but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known :  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass ;—

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true :  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;  
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,  
 The world and all its busy follies leave,  
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,  
 When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,—  
 Rest in the hope of an eternal day,  
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

BRUCE.

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\* SECT. XI.—*Marcelia*.

—It was a dreary place. The shallow brook,  
 That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn,  
 And widen'd: all its music died away,  
 And in the place a silent eddy told,  
 That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees  
 Funereal—cyprus, yew, and shadowy pine,  
 And spicy cedar—cluster'd, and at night  
 Shook from their melancholy branches sounds  
 And sighs like death: 'twas strange, for through the day  
 They stood quite motionless, and look'd, methought,  
 Like monumental things, which the sad earth  
 From its green bosom had cast out in pity,  
 To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves  
 Disown'd their natural green, and took black  
 And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching  
 His straggling arms across the rivulet,  
 Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching  
 With his tenacious leaf, its wither'd boughs,  
 Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which  
 Swam with the current, and with these it hid  
 The poor Marcelia's deathbed.—Ne'er may net  
 Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,  
 For not a fish abides there. The slim deer

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Snorts, as he ruffles with his shorten'd breath  
 The brook, and panting flies the unholy place;  
 And the white heifer lows, and passes on;  
 The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds  
 Go higher up the stream. And yet I love  
 To loiter there: and when the rising moon  
 Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks  
 Red and dilated through the evening mists,  
 And chequer'd as the heavy branches sway  
 To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,  
 And fancy to myself that a sad voice,  
 Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere  
 For some misdeed. The story goes, that some  
 Neglected girl—an orphan, whom the world  
 Frown'd upon—once stray'd thither, and 'twas thought  
 Cast herself in the stream: you may have heard  
 Of one Marcelia, poor Nolini's daughter, who  
 Fell ill, and came to want.—No! Oh she loved  
 A wealthy man, who mark'd her not. He wed;  
 And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,  
 And drown'd herself for love.

PROCTER.

\*SECT. XII.—*The Mother to her Infant.*

WELCOME, thou little dimpled stranger,  
 Oh! welcome to my fond embrace;  
 Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,  
 Still let me press thy cherub-face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,  
 How did I dread, yet wish thee here!  
 Whilst hope and fear, in turns prevailing,  
 Served but to render thee more dear.

How glow'd my heart with exultation,  
 So late the anxious seat of care,  
 When first thy voice of supplication  
 Stole sweetly on thy mother's ear!

What words could speak the bright emotion  
 That sparkled in thy father's eye,  
 When to his fond, paternal bosom  
 He proudly press'd his darling boy!

Oh that thou mayst, sweet babe, inherit  
 Each virtue to his heart most dear:



His manly grace, his matchless merit,  
Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,  
To watch thee is my tender toil;

I mark thy sweet blue eyes unclosing,  
I fondly hail thy cherub-smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,  
Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye;

And may the dawn of every morrow  
Shed blessings on my darling boy!

*Anonymous.*

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\*SECT. XIII.—*The Deserted Wife.*

He comes not. I have watch'd the moon go down,  
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.

He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,  
The while he holds his riot in that town.

Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep;  
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,  
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.

Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep  
Over those sleeping eyes,—that smile which cheers

My heart, though sunk in sorrow fix'd and deep!  
I had a husband once who loved me: now  
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,

And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,  
As bees from laurel-flowers a poison sip:

But yet I cannot hate. Oh! there were hours,  
When I could hang for ever on his eye,

And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,  
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I loved him then—he loved me to—my heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;

The memory of our loves will ne'er depart!  
And though he often sting me with a dart,

Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile  
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;

Though he would spurn me, I will calmly bear  
His madness; and should sickness come, and lay

Its paralysing hand upon him, then  
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,

Until the penitent should weep, and say,

How injured, and how faithful I had been. *PERCIVAL.*

## \*SECT. XIV.—A Ship Sinking.

HER giant-form,

O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,

Majestically calm, would go

'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!

But gently now the small waves glide,

Like playful lambs, o'er a mountain's side.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,

The main she will traverse for ever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!

—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread,

Are hurried o'er the deck;

And fast the miserable ship

Becomes a lifeless wreck.

Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,

Her planks are torn asunder,

And down come her masts with a reeling shock,

And a hideous crash like thunder.

Her sails were draggled in the brine,

That gladden'd late the skies;

And her pendant, that kiss'd the fair moonshine,

Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues

Gleam'd softly from below,

And flung a warm and sunny flash

O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,

To the coral rocks are hurrying down,

To sleep amid colours as bright as their own

Oh! many a dream was in the ship,

An hour before her death;

And sights of home with sighs disturb'd

The sleepers' long-drawn breath.

Instead of the murmur of the sea,

The sailor heard the humming tree

Alive through all its leaves,

The hum of the spreading sycamore

That grows before his cottage-door,

And the swallow's song in the eaves:

Anonymous.

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His arms enclosed a blooming boy,  
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy  
To the dangers his father had pass'd;  
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,  
As she look'd on the father of her child  
Return'd to her heart at last.  
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,  
And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,  
Unbroken as the floating air;  
The ship hath melted quite away,  
Like a struggling dream at break of day.  
No image meets my wandering eye,  
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.  
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull  
Bedims the waves so beautiful;  
While a low and melancholy moan  
Mourns for the glory that has flown.

WILSON.

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\*SECT. XV.—*Hymn to Humanity.*

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear  
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;  
If now the pity-streaming tear  
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;  
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast!  
A tender, but a cheerful guest.  
Nor always in the gloomy cell  
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell:  
For sorrow, long-indulged and slow,  
Is to Humanity a foe;  
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,  
Wears sensibility away.  
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,  
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

Oh! may that fiend be banish'd far,  
Though passions hold perpetual war;  
Nor ever let me cease to know  
The pulse that throbs at joy and wo;  
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,  
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;

Nor may the tear that frequent flows  
From private or from social woes,  
E'er make this pleasing sense depart:  
Ye cares, oh! harden not my heart.

If the fair star of fortune smile,  
Let not its flattering power beguile;  
Nor, borne along the favouring tide,  
My full sails swell with bloating pride.  
Let me from wealth but hope content,  
Remembering still it was but lent;  
To modest Merit spread my store,  
Unbar my hospitable door;  
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,  
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,  
The envied lot of wealth denies;  
If doom'd to drag life's painful load  
Through Poverty's uneven road,  
And for the due bread of the day,  
Destined to toil as well as pray;  
To thee, Humanity, still true,  
I'll wish the good I cannot do;  
And give the wretch, that passes by,  
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted or depress'd,  
Be ever mine the feeling breast.  
From me remove the stagnant mind  
Of languid indolence, reclined;  
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,  
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;  
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,  
And self-attending vanity.  
Alike the foolish and the vain  
Are strangers to the sense humane.

Oh for that sympathetic glow  
Which taught the holy tear to flow,  
When the prophetic eye survey'd  
Sion in future ashes laid!  
Or, raised to heaven, implored the bread  
That thousands in the deserts fed!  
Or, when the heart o'er Friendship's grave  
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save—

WILSON.

Oh! for that sympathetic glow,  
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast,  
I feel my beating heart oppress'd.  
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!  
See her dim eye; her aspect pale!  
To Heaven she turns in deep despair;  
Her infants wonder at her prayer,  
And, mingling tears they know not why,  
Lift up their little hands, and cry.  
O Lord! their moving sorrows see!  
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,  
For ever asks the tear humane.  
Behold, in yon unconscious grove,  
The victims of ill-fated love!  
Heard you that agonizing throe?  
Sure this is not romantic wo!  
The golden day of joy is o'er;  
And now they part—to meet no more.  
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!  
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear  
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;  
If now the pity-streaming tear  
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;  
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

LANGHORNE.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECT. I.—*The Order of Nature.*

SEE, through this air, this ocean, and this earth',  
 All matter quick', and bursting into birth'.  
 Above', how high progressive life may go!  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
 Vast chain of being! which from God began',  
 Nature ethereal, human; angel', man';  
 Beast, bird, fish', insect'; what no eye can see',  
 No glass can reach'; from infinite to thee',  
 From thee to nothing'.—On superior powers  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours';  
 Or in the full creation leave a void',  
 Where', one step broken', the great scale's destroy'd':  
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike',  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth', breaks the chain alike'.

And, if each system in gradation roll',  
 Alike essential to the amazing whole',  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That' system only, but the whole must fall'.  
 Let earth', unbalanced from her orbit fly',  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky';  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd',  
 Being on being wreck'd', and world on world';  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And nature trembles to the throne of God'.  
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee'?  
 Vile worm! Oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot', ordain'd the dust to tread',  
 Or hand, to toil', aspired to be the head'?  
 What if the head', the eye, or ear', repined  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind'?  
 Just as absurd' for any part to claim  
 To be another', in this general frame':  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains',  
 The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains'.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole',  
 Whose body nature is', and God the soul':

That, changed through all', and yet in all the same',  
 Great in the earth', as in the ethereal frame';  
 Warms in the sun', refreshes in the breeze',  
 Glows in the stars', and blossoms in the trees';  
 Lives through all life', extends through all extent',  
 Spreads undivided', operates unspent';  
 Breathes in our soul', informs our mortal part',  
 As full', as perfect', in a hair as heart';  
 As full', as perfect', in vile man that mourns',  
 As the rapt seraph', that adores and burns':  
 To him no high', no low', no great', no small';  
 He fills', he bounds', connects', and equals' all.

Cease' then, nor order imperfection name':  
 Our proper bliss' depends on what we blame'.  
 Know thy own point': this kind', this due' degree  
 Of blindness, weakness', Heaven bestows on thee'.  
 Submit'.—In this', or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as bless'd as thou can'st bear':  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power',  
 Or in the natal', or the mortal hour'.  
 All nature is but art', unknown to thee';  
 All chance, direction', which thou canst not see';  
 All discord, harmony, not understood';  
 All partial evil', universal good':  
 And, spite of Pride', in erring Reason's' spite,  
 One truth is clear—**WHATEVER IS', IS RIGHT'**.

POP

SECT. II.—*The Pursuit of Happiness often ill directed.*

THE midnight moon serenely smiles  
 O'er nature's soft repose;  
 No lowering cloud obscures the sky,  
 Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,  
 The throbbing heart lies still;  
 And varying schemes of life no more  
 Distract the labouring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice  
 Attends each mental power:  
 Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy  
 Reflection's favourite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites,  
 Let's search this ample round:  
 Where shall the lovely fleeting form  
 Of happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth  
 Of gay assemblies dwell;  
 Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,  
 That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy  
 A sickening heart conceals!  
 And, through the cloister's deep recess,  
 Invading sorrow steals!

In vain, through beauty, fortune, wit,  
 The fugitive we trace;  
 It dwells not in the faithless smile  
 That brightens Clodia's face.

Perhaps, the joy to these denied,  
 The heart in friendship finds:  
 Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit  
 Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,  
 Yet all agree in one,  
 To place its being in some state,  
 At distance from our own.

Oh blind to each indulgent aim  
 Of Power supremely wise,  
 Who fancy happiness in aught  
 The hand of Heaven denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
 And vain what we possess,  
 Unless harmonious reason tunes  
 The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,  
 Is happiness confined;  
 And, deaf to folly's call, attends  
 The music of the mind.

CARTER.

\* SECT. III.—*Reflections on a Skull.*

BEHOLD this ruin! 'twas a skull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full:  
This narrow cell was life's retreat;  
This space was thought's mysterious seat,  
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,  
Once shone the bright and lovely eye;  
But start not at the empty cell;  
If on the Cross it loved to dwell,  
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,  
But with contrition's tear-drop beam'd,  
That eye shall shine for ever bright,  
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung,  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:  
If of redeeming love it spoke,  
Confessing Jesus' easy yoke;  
If, with persuasive mildness bold,  
Condemning sin, of grace it told;  
That tuneful tongue, in realms above,  
Shall sing Messiah's reign of love.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them:  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
Those hands shall strike the lyre of praise,  
And high the palm of triumph raise.

Avails it whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of life had trod,  
If from the bower of joy they fled,  
To soothe affliction's humble bed;  
If, spurning all the world bestow'd,  
They sought the straight and narrow road,  
These feet with angel-wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

*Anonymous.*

SECT. IV.—*The Fireside.*

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs:  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;  
And they are fools who roam:  
The world has nothing to bestow;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When, with impatient wing, she left  
That safe retreat, the ark;  
Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise:  
We'll form their minds, with studious care,  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs:



They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,  
Or by the world forgot:

Monarchs! we envy not your state;  
We look with pity on the great,  
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;  
But then how little do we need!

For nature's calls are few:  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our power;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,  
Patient when favours are denied,  
And pleased with favours given;

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,  
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;

But, when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go:  
Its chequer'd path of joy and wo,

With cautious steps, we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath;

Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

SECT. V.—*The Road to Happiness open to all Men.*

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim;  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;  
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.  
Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,  
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.  
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;  
'Tis no where to be found, or every where;  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;  
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.  
Ask of the learn'd the way. The learn'd are blind;  
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.  
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.  
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain:  
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
Than this, that happiness is happiness?  
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;  
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive.  
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;  
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.  
And mourn our various portions as we please,  
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the universal cause  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"  
And makes what happiness we justly call  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

POPE.

SECT. VI.—*Providence vindicated in the Present State of Man.*

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, their present state ;  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;  
 Or who could suffer being here below ?  
 'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play !  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
 Oh! blindness to the future! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never is, but always to be bless'd.  
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:  
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray,  
 Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste:  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To be, contents his natural desire ;  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;  
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much.—

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes;  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of ORDER, sins against the ETERNAL CAUSE.

POPE.

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\*SECT. VII.—*The Anticipations of Hope.*

TYRANTS! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;  
 In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:  
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,  
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?  
 No: the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;—  
 It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?  
 Still must there live a spot on Nature's brow?  
 Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?  
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?  
 What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?  
 Why, then, hath Plato lived, or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
 Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!  
 Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire  
 The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!—  
 Wrapp'd in historic ardour, who adore  
 Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,  
 Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,  
 The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;  
 Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms  
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!—  
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!  
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore!  
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?  
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?  
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?  
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
 The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm!

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,  
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;  
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play;  
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all—but Shakspeare's name below!

CAMPBELL.

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SECT. VIII.—*Human Frailty.*

WEAK and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art, we view;  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast;  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.



\*SECT. IX.—*The Harvest Moon.*

ALL hail ! thou lovely Queen of night,  
 Bright Empress of the starry sky !  
 The meekness of thy silvery light  
 Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,  
 While, from thy peerless throne on high,  
 Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,  
 And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly  
 Before thy glory—Harvest Moon !

In the deep stillness of the night,  
 When weary Labour is at rest,  
 How lovely is the scene !—how bright  
 The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,  
 When thou, fair Moon of Harvest ! hast  
 Thy radiant glory all unfurl'd,  
 And sweetly smilest in the west,  
 Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestic Orb !  
 That round the dim horizon brood,  
 And hush the winds, that would disturb  
 The deep, the awful solitude,  
 That rests upon the slumbering flood,  
 The dewy fields, and silent grove,  
 When midnight hath thy zenith view'd,  
 And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scatter'd wide beneath thy throne,  
 The hope of millions richly spread,  
 That seems to court thy radiance down  
 To rest upon its dewy bed :  
 Oh ! let thy cloudless glory shed  
 Its welcome brilliance from on high,  
 Till hope be realized, and fled  
 The omens of a frowning sky.

Shine on, fair Orb of Light ! and smile  
 Till autumn months have pass'd away,  
 And Labour hath forgot the toil  
 He bore in summer's sultry ray ;  
 And when the reapers end the day,  
 Tired with the burning heat of noon,  
 They'll come with spirits light and gay,  
 And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon !

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\*SECT. X.—*Song of the Stars.*

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath;  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss by myriads came;  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

“Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair blue fields that before us lie;  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,  
In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides:  
Lo! yonder the living splendours play!  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!  
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!  
And the path of the gentle wind is seen,  
Where the small leaves dance, and the young woods lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o’er the bright planets, and shed their dews;  
And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

“Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See! love is brooding, and life is born;  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.”

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres !  
 To weave the dance that measures the years ;  
 Glide on in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the farthest wall of the firmament,—  
 The boundless, visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

*Anonymous.*

\*SECT. XI.—*The Ocean.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;  
 There is a rapture in the lonely shore ;  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews ; in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,  
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—

These are thy toys ; and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime !  
The image of eternity !—the throne  
Of the Invisible ! Even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ! Each zone  
Obeys thee ! Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone !

BYRON.

\*SECT. XII.—*Lines written in a Highland Glen.*

To whom belongs this valley fair,  
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,  
Even like a living thing ?  
Silent—as infant at the breast—  
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,  
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;  
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,  
Or 'mid the silence lie ;  
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth,  
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,  
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh that this lonely vale were mine !—  
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,  
My years would gently glide ;  
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,  
And Memory's oft-returning gleams  
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given.  
 From presence of that gracious Heaven,  
 A piety sublime ;  
 And thoughts would come of mystic mood,  
 To make, in this deep solitude,  
 Eternity of Time.

And did I ask to whom belong'd  
 This vale ?—I feel that I have wrong'd  
 Nature's most gracious soul ;  
 She spreads her glories o'er the earth,  
 And all her children from their birth  
 Are joint heirs of the whole.

Yea ! long as nature's humblest child  
 Hath kept her temple undefiled  
 By sinful sacrifice,  
 Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,  
 He is a monarch, and his throne  
 Is built amid the skies.

WILSON.

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\*SECT. XIII.—*Modern Greece.*

Know ye the land, where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime ?  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?  
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;  
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,  
 Where 'he tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye ;  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine ;  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine !  
 'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun—  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?  
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.



\*SECT. XIV.—*The Well of St. Keyne.*

A WELL there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country,  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh;  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he;  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,  
At the Well to fill his pail;  
On the Well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he;  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,  
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The stranger he made reply;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you, answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time  
Drank of this crystal Well;  
And before the angel summon'd her,  
She laid on the water a spell—

"If the husband—of this gifted Well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man henceforth is he;  
 For he shall be master for life.  
 "But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 God help the husband then!"  
 The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the water again.  
 "You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"  
 He to the Cornish-man said;  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.  
 "I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch;  
 But, i'faith! she had been wiser than I,  
 For she took a bottle to church."

SOUTHEY.

SECT. XV.—*Conscience.*

O TREACHEROUS Conscience! while she seems to sleep  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with siren song;  
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,  
 And give us up to license, unrecall'd,  
 Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,  
 The sly informer minutes every fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills.  
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen:  
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band.  
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,  
 Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;  
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,  
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.  
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal  
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;  
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats  
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;  
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;  
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,  
 Writes our whole history; which death shall read  
 In every pale delinquent's private ear;  
 And judgment publish—publish to more worlds  
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

YOUNG.

\*SECT. XVI.—*Description of Spring.*

Oh! how delightful to the soul of man,  
How like a renovating spirit, comes,  
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!  
Morning awakens in the orient sky  
With purpler light beneath a canopy  
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipp'd with gold;  
And from his palace, like a deity,  
Darting his lustrous eyes from pole to pole,  
The glorious Sun comes forth from vernal sky  
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter North  
Retire wild Winter's forces,—cruel winds,  
And griping frosts, and magazines of snow,  
And deluging tempests. O'er the moisten'd fields,  
A tender green is spread; the bladed grass  
Shoots forth exuberant; the awakening trees,  
Thawed by the delicate atmosphere, put forth  
Expanding buds; while, with mellifluous throat,  
The warm ebullience of internal joy,  
The birds put forth a song of gratitude  
To Him who shelter'd when the storms were deep,  
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.

Beside the garden-path, the crocus now  
Puts forth its head, to woo the genial breeze;  
And finds the snow-drop, hardier visitant,  
Already basking in the solar ray.  
Upon the brook the water-cresses float  
More greenly, and the bordering reeds exalt  
Higher their speary summits. Joyously,  
From stone to stone, the ousel flits along,  
Startling the linnet from the hawthorn bough;  
While on the elm-tree, overshadowing deep  
The low-roof'd cottage white, the blackbird sits,  
Cheerfully hymning the awaken'd year.

Turn to the ocean—how the scene is changed!  
Behold the small waves melt upon the shore  
With chasten'd murmur! Buoyantly on high  
The sea-gulls ride, weaving a sportive dance,  
And turning to the sun their snowy plumes.  
With shrilly pipe, from headland or from cape,  
Emerge the line of plovers, o'er the sands

Fast sweeping; while to inland marsh the heron,  
 With undulating wing scarce visible,  
 Far up the azure concave journeys on.  
 Upon the sapphire deep, its sails unfurl'd,  
 Tardily glides along the fisher's boat,  
 Its shadow moving o'er the moveless tide,  
 The bright wave flashes from the rower's oar  
 Glittering in the sun, at measured intervals:  
 And, casually borne, the fisher's voice  
 Floats solemnly along the watery waste;  
 The shepherd-boy, enveloped in his plaid,  
 On the green bank, with blooming furze o'er-topp'd,  
 Listens and answers with responsive note.

*Anonymous.*

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\*SECT. XVII.—*Heavenly Minstrel.*

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,  
 A heavenly minstrel sings;  
 And sounds, unutterably bright,  
 Spring from the golden strings:  
 Who wou'd have thought so fair a form  
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm?  
 Yet was he sad and lonely here;  
 Of low and humble birth;  
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,  
 With meanest sons of earth:  
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,  
 The jest of mortals, and the scorn.  
 A crown of heavenly radiance now,  
 A harp of golden strings,  
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,  
 And to his hymn-note rings:  
 The bower of interwoven light  
 Seems, at the sound, to grow more bright.  
 Then, while, with visage blank and sear,  
 The poor in soul we see;  
 Let us not think what he is here,  
 But what he soon will be;  
 And look beyond this earthly night,  
 To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.

EDMESTON.

\*SECT. XVIII.—*Kirkstall Abbey revisited.*

LONG years have pass'd since last I stray'd,  
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,  
And watch'd the mists of eve o'ershade  
Day's latest, loveliest smile;  
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon  
Sail up the sapphire skies of June.

The air around was breathing balm;  
The aspen scarcely seem'd to sway;  
And, as a sleeping infant calm,  
The river stream'd away,—  
Devious as Error, deep as Love,  
And blue and bright as heaven above.

Steep'd in a flood of glorious light,  
—Type of that hour of deep repose—  
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,  
Thy time-worn tower arose,  
Brightening above the wreck of years,  
Like Faith amid a world of fears.

Years fast have fled, and now I stand  
Once more by thy deserted fane,  
Nerveless alike in heart and hand;  
How changed by grief and pain,  
Since last I loiter'd here, and deem'd  
Life was the fairy thing it seem'd!

Ay! thoughts come thronging on my soul,  
Of sunny youth's delightful morn;  
When free from morrow's dark control,  
By pining cares unworn,  
Dreaming of Fame, and Fortune's smile,  
I linger'd in thy ruin'd aisle.

How bright is every scene beheld  
In youth and hope's unclouded hours!  
How darkly—youth and hope dispell'd—  
The loveliest prospect lowers!  
Thou wert a splendid vision then;  
When wilt thou seem so bright again?

Yet still thy turrets drink the light  
Of summer-evening's softest ray,



And ivy garlands, green and bright,

Still mantle thy decay;

And, calm and beauteous as of old,

Thy wandering river glides in gold.

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,

That made thee seem so more than fair;

The aspirations wild and high,

The soul to nobly dare;

Oh! where are they? stern Ruin, say:

Thou dost but echo, *Where are they?*

Farewell!—Be still to other hearts

What thou wert long ago to mine;

And when the blissful dream departs,

Do thou a beacon shine,—

To guide the mourner through his tears,

To the bless'd scene of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no richer boon,

Than that my parting hour may be

Bright as the evening skies of June!

Thus—thus to fade like thee,

With heavenly Faith's soul-cheering ray

To gild with glory my decay.

ALARIC WATT.

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\*SECT. XIX.—*A Summer Sabbath Walk.*

DELIGHTFUL is this loneliness; it calms

My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms,

That throw across the stream a moveless shade.

Here nature in her mid-noon whisper speaks:

How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,

Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,

While every other woodland lay as mute,

Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,

And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—

The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp,—the buzz,

Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,

That, soon as loosed, booms with full twang away,—

The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,

Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.

Dimpling the water glides, with here and there

A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay

The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout

Watches his time to spring; or, from above,  
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,  
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood  
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!  
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,  
—Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd—  
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,  
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,  
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;  
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,  
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,  
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky  
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now let me trace the stream up to its source  
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees  
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.  
Closer and closer still the banks approach,  
'Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,  
With brier, and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,  
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount  
Into the open air: grateful the breeze  
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain  
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!  
But, oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,  
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons  
Of toil, partake this day the common joy  
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,  
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,  
And blessing Him who gave the Sabbath-day.  
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,  
To think that now the townsman wanders forth  
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy  
The coolness of the day's decline; to see  
His children sport around, and simply pull  
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,  
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace  
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discern'd;  
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,  
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,  
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced  
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic

The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chaam,  
 As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.  
 How deep the hush! the torrent's channel, dry,  
 Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.  
 But, hark! a plaintive sound floating along!  
 'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shielin; now it dies  
 Away, now rises full; it is the song  
 Which He—who listens to the halleluiahs  
 Of choiring seraphim—delights to hear;  
 It is the music of the heart, the voice  
 Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,  
 In kindly circle seated on the ground  
 Before their wicker door. Behold the man!  
 The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks  
 Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,  
 Upon the smooth-cropp'd sward, the open book,  
 His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;  
 While, heedless, at a side, the lisping boy  
 Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

GRANANE.

SECT. XX.—*Youth.*

How beautiful the scenes of youth  
 Awaken to the mind  
 Scenes like the summer ocean smooth,  
 Serener—fairer far—than truth  
 On earth shall ever find!

Time is a tyrant: months and years  
 Pass onward like the sea, that laves  
 A solitary isle, which rears  
 Its passive bosom, and appears  
 Between the rolling waves.

In life there is no second spring;  
 The past is gone—for ever gone:  
 We cannot check a moment's wing,  
 Pierce through futurity, or bring  
 The heart its vanish'd tone.

Resplendent as a summer's sky,  
 When daylight lingers in the west,  
 To Retrospection's loving eye  
 The blooming fields of childhood lie,  
 By Fancy's finger dress'd.

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A greener foliage decks the grove ;  
 A brighter tint pervades the flower ;  
 More azure seems the heaven above ;  
 The earth a very bower of love,  
 And man within that bower.

And ever, when the storms of fate  
 Come darkening o'er the star of life,  
 We backward turn to renovate  
 Our thoughts with freshness, and create  
 An antidote to strife.

Thus dead and silent are the strings  
 —As legends say—of Memnon's lyre ;  
 Till, from the orient, Phœbus flings  
 His smiles of golden light, and brings  
 Life, harmony, and fire.

*Anonymous.*

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\*SECT. XXI.—*Westminster Abbey.*

HERE, all that strikes the admiring eye  
 Breathes beauty and sublimity ;  
 Where the cool air, and tranquil light,  
 The world-worn heart to peace invite.  
 Whence comes this sadness, pure and holy,  
 This calm, resistless melancholy,  
 This hallow'd fear, this awe-struck feeling,—  
 Comes it from yonder organ pealing ?  
 From low chaunt stealing up the aisle,  
 From closed gate echoing through the pile,  
 From storied windows glancing high,  
 From bannerets bright of chivalry ?  
 Or from yon holy chapel, seen  
 Dimly athwart the gothic screen ?  
 No: 'tis the stranger's solemn tread  
 Rescuing o'er the mighty dead.  
 He came to see thy wondrous state,—  
 The wise, the beautiful, the great ;  
 Thy glory, Empress of the wave,  
 He came to see, and found a grave—  
 But such a grave, as never yet  
 To statesman paid a people's debt !  
 The battle-strife, the hero's sigh ;  
 Is breathed for thee, or victory ;

And bards immortal find in thee  
A second immortality.

He who first raised, from gothic gloom  
Our tongue—here Chaucer finds a tomb;  
Here gentle Spencer, foulest stain  
Of his own Gloriana's reign;  
And he who mock'd at art's control,  
The mighty master of the soul,  
Shakspeare—our Shakspeare, by his side  
The man who pour'd his mighty tide;  
—The brightest union genius wrought  
Was Garrick's voice and Shakspeare's thought—  
Here Milton's heaven-strung lyre reposes;  
Here Dryden's meteor-brilliance closes;  
Here Newton lies, and with him lie  
The thousand glories of our sky—  
Stars numerous as the host of heaven,  
And radiant as the flashing leven.

Lo, Chatham! the immortal name,  
Graven in the patriot's heart of flame!  
Here, his long course of honours run,  
The mighty father's mighty son;  
And here—ah! wipe that falling tear!—  
Last, best, and greatest, Fox lies here!  
Here sleep they all. On the wide earth,  
There dwell not men of mortal birth  
Would dare contest Fame's glorious race  
With those who fill this little space.  
Oh! would some wizard spell revive  
The buried dead, and bid them live!  
It were a sight to charm dull age,  
The infant's roving eye engage,  
The wounded heal, the deaf man cure,  
The widow from her tears allure;  
And moping idiots tell the story  
Of England's bliss, and England's glory.

And they do live!—Our Shakspeare's strain  
Dies not, while English tongues remain;  
Whilst light and colours spread and fly,  
Lives Newton's deathless memory;  
Whilst freedom warms one English breast,  
There Fox's honour'd name shall rest.

*Anonymous.*



Yes; they do live!—They live to inspire  
 Fame's daring sons with hallow'd fire;  
 Like sparks from heaven they wake the blaze,  
 The living light of genius raise;  
 Bid English glories flash across the gloom,  
 And catch her hero's spirit from the tomb.

MISS MITFORD.

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\*SECT. XXII.—*A Morning Scene.*

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell,—  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;  
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliff above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;  
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!  
 Down the rough slope, the ponderous wagon rings;  
 Through rustling corn, the hare astonish'd springs;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower;  
 And the shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

O Nature! how in every charm supreme!  
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!  
 Oh for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!  
 Bless'd be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,  
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;  
 And held high converse with the godlike few,  
 Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,  
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

And hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,  
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!  
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,  
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth;

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MISS MITFORD.

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d my youth;

Oh! let your spirit still my bosom soothe,  
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!  
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;  
For well I know wherever ye reside,  
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

Then grieve not, thou to whom the indulgent Muse  
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;  
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse  
The imperial banquet, and the rich attire.  
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.  
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?  
No: let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,  
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;  
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,—  
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

BEATTIE.

\*SECT. XXIII.—*Thunder Storm among the Alps.*

It is the hush of night; and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen—  
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!  
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,  
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill—  
But that is fancy; for the star-light dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder!—not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines!—a phosphoric sea!  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
Heights—which appear as lovers who have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!  
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed!—  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years—all winters!—war within themselves to wage!

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms had ta'en his stand:  
For here, not one, but many, make their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around! of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd  
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

\*SECT. XXIV.—*The Daisy in India.*

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
My mother-country's white and red,  
In rose or lily, till this hour,  
Never to me such beauty spread:  
Transplanted from thine island-bed,  
A treasure in a grain of earth,  
Strange as a spirit from the dead,  
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,  
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;  
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,  
With unabash'd, but modest eyes,  
Follow his motion to the west,  
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,  
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
To this resplendent hemisphere,  
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower,  
In gorgeous liveries all the year;  
Thou, only thou, art little here,  
Like worth unfriended and unknown,  
Yet to my British heart more dear  
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
Of early scenes beloved by me,  
While happy in my father's bower,  
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;  
The fairy spots of infancy,  
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,  
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,  
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand;  
Oh for the April sun and shower,  
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,  
Where daisies, thick as star-light, stand  
In every walk!—that here may shoot  
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,  
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
To me the pledge of hope unseen;  
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower  
For joys that were, or might have been,  
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,  
I saw thee waking from the dust;  
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,  
And place in God my trust.

MONTGOMERY.

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\*SECT. XXV.—*Home.*

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons make lovely every night—  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
'Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.  
In every clime, the magnet of the soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;  
For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely bless'd,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;  
While in his softened looks, benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.  
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,  
An angel-guard of Loves and Graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall this land, this spot of earth, be found?  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around:  
Oh! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

*Anonymous.*



SECT. XXVI.—*Ode to Adversity.*

DAUGHTER of Heaven, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamant chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade thee form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
With patience many a year she bore:  
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know;  
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse; and with them go  
The summer friend, the flattering foe:  
By vain Prosperity received,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid,  
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend;  
Warm Charity, the general friend;  
With Justice, to herself severe;  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread power, lay thy chastening hand!  
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
—As by the impious thou art seen,—  
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

MONTGOMERY.

Anonymous.

Thy form benign, propitious, wear;  
Thy milder influence impart;  
Thy philosophic train be there,  
To soften, not to wound my heart.  
The generous spark, extinct, revive;  
Teach me to love, and to forgive;  
Exact my own defects to scan;  
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

GRAY.

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\*SECT. XXVII.—*The Butterfly.*

THE shades of night were scarcely fled,  
The air was mild, the wind was still;  
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread  
O'er wood and lawn—o'er heath and hill;

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue  
Had dropp'd a short, but balmy shower,  
That hung like gems of morning dew,  
On every tree, and every flower;

And from the blackbird's mellow throat  
Was pour'd so loud and long a swell,  
As echoed, with responsive note,  
From mountain-side and shadowy dell;

When, bursting forth to life and light,  
The offspring of enraptured May,  
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,  
Launch'd in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,  
No infant wretchedness she knew;  
But, as she felt the vernal air,  
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form—ethereal, light—  
Her velvet-textured wings infold,  
With all the rainbow's colours bright,  
And dropp'd with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,  
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;  
Drank from the skies the vital flood,  
And wonder'd at her plumage gay;

And balanced oft her broider'd wings,  
Through fields of air prepared to sail;  
Then on her venturous journey springs,  
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,  
Taste all the joys that Spring can give;  
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,  
And live—while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go! sip the rose's fragrant dew,  
The lily's honied cup explore;  
From flower to flower thy search renew,  
And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,  
Thy moments, too, of short repose;  
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,  
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

Rescoe

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\*SECT. XXVIII.—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of  
Eton College.*

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from you blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames—for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace—  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthal?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty:  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry;  
Still as they run, they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast.  
Theirs, buxom Health of rosy hue,  
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play!  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
No care beyond to-day;  
Yet see how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murderous band!—  
Ah! tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,—  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind:  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,—  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mock'd the tear it forced to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest wo.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,  
 A grisly troop are seen,—  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?  
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,  
 And Happiness too swiftly flies:  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more.—Where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAT.



\* SECT. XXIX.—*Mont Blanc.*

MONARCH of mountains! in thy cloudy robe  
Thou sitt'st secure upon thy craggy throne,  
Seeming to lord it over half the globe,  
As if the world beneath were all thy own;—  
Encircled with thy pure, thine icy zone,  
Thou lift'st towards heaven thy proud, majestic breast;  
Above this nether world thou stand'st alone,  
And seem'st to dare the sun to touch thy vest—  
Thou laugh'st and shakest the storm from thy tremendous  
crest.

Thy cataract, rushing on with maddening force,  
Leaps in its sport along thy fertile base:  
No human eye can search its mighty source;  
No human thought its origin can trace;  
They can but see it rush into the vase  
Heaven hath assign'd it in the vale below—  
They can but see it foam its desperate race,  
Amidst the scatter'd avalanche of snow  
That thou hast shorn, and thrown from thine exalted brow.

The sun is setting, and his parting beams  
Their own pure beauties o'er thy bosom shed;  
And light clouds float around thee, like the dreams  
That weave their pinions o'er the sleeper's bed;  
And round thy form, so desolate and dread,  
A flood of soft and rosy sun-light plays;  
And brightness o'er thy snowy breast is spread,  
Like memory revelling in past pleasure's blaze,  
Or calling back the calm of other happier days.

Faster and faster sinks the setting sun,  
And now he reaches the horizon's verge;  
His task is o'er—his daily race is run,  
His flaming steeds their course no longer urge;  
And now, like the low dash of distant surge,  
The evening breezes sing their mighty song,  
Solemn and low, as floats a funeral dirge;  
The night-wind and its echoes creep along,  
And the pines rustle that they walk their way among.

'Tis night, and all is silent, all is dark—  
 No light is seen, and not a sound is heard,  
 Save 'tis a shepherd watch-dog's distant bark,  
 Or the short twitter of some startled bird,—  
 Until, as if by some enchanter stirr'd,  
 The moon slow rises in her bright array,  
 As, in obedience to the wizard word,  
 She came to chase the awful gloom away,  
 And smile the night into a sweeter, softer day.

Mountain of mountains! thy stupendous height,  
 On which the moon-beams now so softly shine,  
 Must bow before the Lord of power and might,  
 Must quake if touched by the hand divine;  
 Wrench'd from thy seat by mightier power than thine,  
 Hurl'd from thy throne of rocks, thou—even thou—  
 Must all thy steadfast dignity resign;  
 And, headlong thrown, even thy gigantic brow  
 Must kiss the earth thou frownest proudly over now.

ANN BROWNE.

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\*SECT. XXX. — *To the Evening Primrose.*

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
 Yet lovest to open, meekly bold,  
 To evening's hues of sober gray,  
 Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering, owing long  
 To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
 Of one brief tributary song,  
 Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,  
 Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light;  
 And have my inmost heart receive  
 The influence of that sight.

I love, at such an hour, to mark  
 Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill;  
 And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
 The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,  
 When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
 Is friendship's animating smile  
 In sorrow's darkening shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,  
Glistening amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up,  
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,  
The holier hope of grace;

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray.

BARTON.

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\*SECT. XXXI.—*The Evening Hour.*

THIS is the hour when Memory wakes  
Visions of joy that could not last;  
This is the hour when Fancy takes  
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind  
The hallow'd scenes of earlier years;  
And friends who long have been consign'd  
To silence and to tears!

The few we liked—the one we loved—  
A sacred band!—come stealing on;  
And many a form far hence removed,  
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,  
And young affection's broken chain;  
And hope, that fate too quickly crush'd,  
In memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,  
But muse on hopes as quickly flown;  
Tint after tint, they died away,  
Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when Fancy wreathes  
Her spells round joys that could not last;  
This is the hour when Memory breathes  
A sigh to pleasures past.

Anonymous.

SECT. XXXII.—*Ode to Content.*

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!  
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh!  
 Receive my temperate vow:  
 Not all the storms that shake the pole,  
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,  
 And smooth, unalter'd brow.

Oh! come in simplest vest array'd,  
 With all thy sober ch  er display'd,  
 To bless my longing sight;  
 Thy mein composed, thy even pace,  
 Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,  
 And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,  
 Oh! gently guide my pilgrim feet  
 To find thy hermit cell!  
 Where, in some pure and equal sky,  
 Beneath thy soft, indulgent eye,  
 The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest;  
 And Innocence, with candid breast,  
 And clear undaunted eye;  
 And Hope, who points to distant years,  
 Fair opening through this vale of tears,  
 A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide  
 The temperate joys in even-tide,  
 That rarely ebb or flow;  
 And Patience there, thy sister meek,  
 Presents her mild, unvarying cheek,  
 To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage,  
 A tyrant master's wanton rage,  
 With settled smiles to meet:  
 Inured to toil and bitter bread,  
 He bow'd his meek, submitted head,  
 And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!  
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy  
 To tell thy tender tale?

BARTON.

Anonymous.

The lowliest children of the ground,  
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,  
And lily of the vale.

Oh! say what soft propitious hour  
I best may choose to hail thy power,  
And court thy gentle sway?  
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,  
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,  
And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,  
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,  
And every storm is laid?  
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,  
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,  
Low whispering through the shade.

BARBAULD.

SECT. XXXIII.—*Ode to Peace.*

COME, Peace of mind, delightful guest!  
Return, and make thy downy nest  
Once more in this sad heart:  
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,  
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;  
We therefore need not part,

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,  
From avarice and ambition free,  
And pleasure's fatal wiles?  
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare  
The sweets that I was wont to share,  
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake  
The heaven that thou alone canst make?  
And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove, and the sequester'd shade,  
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,  
For thee I gladly sacrificed  
Whate'er I loved before;  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—  
Farewell, we meet no more?

COWPER.



\* SECT. XXXIV.—*A Field Flower.*

THERE is a flower—a little flower—  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,  
In gay, but quick succession shine;  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline:

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moon and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, the golden broom,  
On moory mountain catch the gale;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale:

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
And blooms on consecrated ground,  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast;  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms every where.

BARBAULD.

COWPER.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;—  
The Rose has but a summer-reign,  
The *Daisy* never dies. MONTGOMERY.

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\*SECT. XXXV.—*Spring.*

Now the golden morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing ;  
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,  
She woos the tardy spring ;  
Till April starts, and calls around  
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;  
And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
Frisking ply their feeble feet :  
Forgetful of their wintry trance,  
The birds his presence greet ;  
But chief the sky-lark warbles high  
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy ;  
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,  
Rise, the rapturous choir among :  
Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,  
And leads the general song :  
Warm let the lyric transport flow,  
Warm as the ray that bids it glow,  
And animates the vernal grove  
With wealth, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday, the sullen year  
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
Mute was the music of the air,  
The herd stood drooping by :  
Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
No yesterday nor morrow know ;  
'Tis man alone that joy describes,  
With forward and reverted eyes.

See the wretch that long has toss'd  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigour lost,  
And breathe, and walk again:  
The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.

GRAY.

\*SECT. XXXVI.—*Genius.*

FROM Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven descends  
The flame of genius to the human breast,  
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,  
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun  
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night  
The moon suspended her serener lamp;  
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,  
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;  
Then lived the Almighty One; then, deep retired  
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,  
The forms eternal of created things;  
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
The mountains, woods, and streams; the rolling globe,  
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first  
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,  
His admiration; till, in time complete,  
What he admired and loved, his vital smile  
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
Of life, informing each organic frame;  
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves;  
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;  
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers;  
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye  
Is this great scene unveil'd. For, since the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active powers of man; with wise intent,  
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil.  
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,

The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave  
To weigh the moment of eternal things,  
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,  
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand  
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
What healing virtue swells the tender veins  
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn  
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind  
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes  
Were destined : some within a finer mould  
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.  
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds  
The world's harmonious volume, there to read  
The transcript of himself. On every part,  
They trace the bright impressions of his hand;  
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,  
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd  
That uncreated beauty which delights  
The Mind Supreme. They also feel her charms,  
Enamour'd : they partake the eternal joy.

AKENSIDE.

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\*SECT. XXXVII.—*Memory.*

DEAR to fond Memory's pensive hours  
Are the young thoughts which early bless'd her,  
When, 'midst gay Fancy's fragrant bowers,  
Sweet Hope, and Joy, and Peace caress'd her.

But soon—oh ! soon, Hope faithless grew,  
And Joy's bright eye was dimm'd with sorrow;  
And Peace on angel-pinions flew  
Back to some infant's dawning morrow.

Yet still the thought,—they once were thine,  
Revives afresh those dreams of gladness,  
While like gay evergreens entwine  
The heart,—though all around is sadness.

Then weep not, though life's changing sky  
Frowns dark—'twill lighten at the even;  
And Hope's bright star will beam on high,  
Amidst the cloudless blue of heaven.

Yes! lovelier far that light will be,  
 Than ever rose on life's gay morning,  
 Which hope will then unfold to thee,—  
 The realms of peace and joy adorning.

No change shall mark thy blessed hours;  
 Thy sky shall wear no cloud of sorrow;  
 No wintry winds shall nip the flowers  
 That blossom in eternal morrow.

*Anonymous.*

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\*SECT. XXXVIII.—*The Hour of Death.*

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set;—but all,  
 Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,  
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;  
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
 A time for softer tears;—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
 May look like things too glorious for decay,  
 And smile at thee; but thou art not of those  
 Who wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,  
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;  
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale  
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
 They have *one* season—ALL are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air,  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art *there*!

ARENSIDE.



Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
 And stars to set;—but all,  
 Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O Death!  
MRS. HEMANS.

\*SECT. XXXIX.—*On Parting.*

FAREWELL!—and if for ever!—what a doubt  
 Strikes through the soul at that tremendous thought!  
 'Tis not the world's *for ever*; that will pass  
 Brief as the dew-drop on the morning grass.  
 And I shall lose thee, even as a dream  
 That flies before the day's unwelcome beam.  
 Such dreams as those that deck the weary night  
 With many a fairy phantom of delight—  
 Phantoms so true, so real while they stay—  
 We love not to exchange them for the day;  
 We feel that they are going, and we try  
 To hold them yet a moment ere they fly.  
 'Tis but a dream—but yet a little on—  
 'Tis but a dream—we wake, and it is gone!  
 And we may sleep, and we may dream again,  
 But we would find the broken thread in vain.  
 So pass the joys of earth—and so, I deem,  
 The thread is broken of our friendship's dream.  
 And thou art gone!—and never more the tide  
 Of fate will cast us at each other's side.  
 But is this all?—there is a distant sphere  
 Where partings are not; shall I meet thee there?  
 The path is strait, the passengers are few;  
 You look'd, and did not like it, and withdrew.  
 Wilt thou forget it, and, though now refused,  
 Not once look back to see if it is closed?  
 Affection's anxious voice, to silence driven,  
 Suppress'd on earth, perhaps was heard in heaven;  
 For they whose adverse pleadings triumph'd here,  
 And gain'd their suit, forgot to plead it there.

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O Death!  
MRS. HEMANS.

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Though truth's unwelcome whispers now be still'd,  
Though life's exhausted chalice be refill'd  
With yet another and another draught,  
Each more insipid than the latest quaff'd,  
'Twill ill suffice thee. There will come an hour  
When life, exhausted, will supply no more;  
And pleasure, urged, solicited in vain,  
Refuse to fill the golden bowl again.  
'Tis then, suspended between earth and heaven,  
Disclaim'd of both, the last, dead pause is given.  
And there will come, amid the shadowy train  
Of things that were, but cannot be again,  
The thought of one fair spot on memory's waste,  
Whose bright but slighted promise is not past;  
One only flower, that, placed upon thy breast,  
Would not have died and left thee like the rest.  
And then, perhaps, thy spirit's lorn estate  
Will faintly whisper, "Is it yet too late?"  
"Is it too late?"—Ten thousand voices round  
The vaults of heaven will repeat the sound.  
Is it too late for mercy to forgive?—  
Too late for folly to repent and live?  
Oh! grant it be not! May the Father hear  
From his high throne the long-expected prayer!  
That prayer at which his mercy has decreed  
Love should prevail, and justice should recede;  
The prayer for which his yearning pity waits  
To draw the bar of heaven's eternal gates,  
Before rejoicing angels to avow  
The child he loves and pardons even now!

MARGLINE FRY.

\* SECT. XL.—Seasons of Prayer.

To prayer, to prayer,—for the morning breaks,  
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness, and life, and love.  
Oh! then on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer,—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on

Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of Night.

To prayer,—for the day that God has bless'd,  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of Creation's early bloom;  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies,  
Oh! hour of bliss when the heart o'erflows  
With rapture a mother only knows;  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer,  
Let it swell up to Heaven, for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand;  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parent and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow,  
Oh! what is earth and its pleasures now?  
And what shall assuage his dark despair,  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words a believer saith;  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends,  
There is peace in his eye that upward tends;  
There is peace in his calm, confiding air,  
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!—  
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer,—  
It commends the spirit to God who gave;  
It lifts the thought from the cold, dark grave;  
It points to the glory where He shall reign  
Who whisper'd—"Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss,  
But gladder, purer, than rose from this,—  
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;  
But a sinless, joyous song they raise,  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, gird up thy strength,  
To join that holy band at length :  
To Him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,  
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven. WARR.

\*SECT. XLI.—*Meditation on the Woods.*

FATHER, thy hand  
Hath rear'd these venerable columns; thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen  
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks  
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes  
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art here: thou fill'st  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summits of these trees  
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,  
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the ground,  
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
Here is continual worship; Nature, here,  
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,

Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
Of all the good it does. 'Thou hast not left  
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,  
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—  
By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem  
Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,  
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
In silence, round me—the perpetual work  
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd  
For ever. Written on thy works, I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay,  
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly, that their ancestors  
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost  
One of Earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her fair beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch enemy, Death; yea, seats himself  
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms, and smiles,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seem'd



Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
 Around them; and there have been holy men,  
 Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.  
 But let me often to these solitudes  
 Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure  
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,  
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,  
 And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou  
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
 With all the waters of the firmament,  
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,  
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call  
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
 Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight  
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
 His pride, and lays his follies by?  
 Oh! from these sterner aspects of thy face  
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath  
 Of the mad, unchain'd elements, to teach  
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty;  
 And, to the beautiful order of thy works,  
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

BRYANT.

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\* SECT. XLII.—*The Pilgrims to Emmaus.*

It happen'd on a solemn even-tide,  
 Soon after he who was our Surety died,  
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,  
 The scene of all their sorrows left behind,  
 Sought their own village, busied as they went  
 In musings worthy of the great event:  
 They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,  
 Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife;  
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.  
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,  
 The further traced, enrich'd them still the more:  
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one  
 Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done;

To exalt a people, and to place them high  
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.  
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,  
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend;  
And asked them with a kind, engaging air,  
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.  
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,  
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well  
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,  
That reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,  
We must not now be parted, sojourn here."  
The new acquaintance soon became a guest;  
And, made so welcome, at their simple feast  
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,  
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!  
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?  
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

COWPER.

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\*SECT. XLIII.—*The Beacon.*

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day, in its pride, had array'd it;  
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed  
On the shadowy waves' playful motion;  
From the dim-distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;  
The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gentle slope;  
All hush'd was the billows' commotion;  
And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as Hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long pass'd, and the scene is afar;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will Memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
And Death stills the soul's last emotion.  
O then may the seraph of Mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

*Anonymous*

\* SECT. XLIV.—*Hymn on a Review of the Seasons.*

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks; thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.  
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not thee—marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

COWPER.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join! and, ardent, raise  
One general song! —————

Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn!

For me, when I forget the darling theme—  
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east—  
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis nought to me;  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste, as in the city full;  
And where HE vital breathes, there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerfully will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE smiles not around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in him, in light ineffable!  
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

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*John, N. B.*

